VOL. XXXIV Toronto, August, 1921 Number 14

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# MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"




AUGUST
1921

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# "Served Perfectly!" How it is done with the favorite National Beverage



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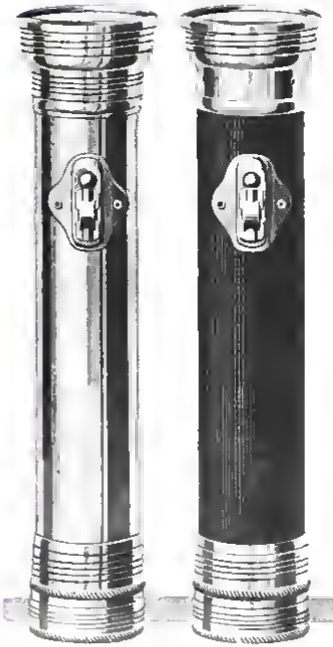
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**FOR THE GUMS**
*Checks Pyorrhea*


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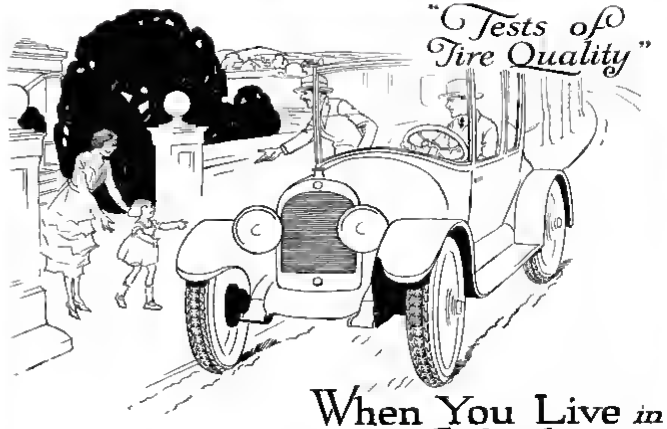
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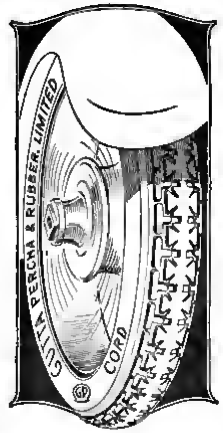



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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## German and Austrian Bonds Now "Peddled" About Canada

A RATHER insidious form of "investment," so-called, is being offered to Canadians these days peddled about would be the more correct expression. And these "investments" are—German and Austrian bonds! The "profits" are something magnificent. 2000 per cent or more. The great wonder is that if the offers are really genuine, the small millionaires of America and England and France, and Sweden, yes, and of Japan are not pouring those surplus millions to gobble up these delectable securities and create of each million now possessed, a future nest-egg of twenty or thirty millions. The evening Canadian millions might thus be replenished, and a library provided for every home, or the modest Rockefeller Foundation Fund be magnified to such proportions as would enable it to present a germ proof habitation to every one of the billion and a half inhabitants of the earth's surface.

The opportunities for "cashing in" through German and Austrian bonds are being passed up through a negligence that is sad to contemplate. The only consolation is that if the holders of surplus wealth had gone into the get-rich-quick scheme, the law of supply and demand might have driven the "bargains" off the market, and the enterprising salesman could not have offered, as he did during July, a $200 value for $100, "regular price, $2.00." Think of it! And buy Victory bonds!!

The theory underlying the specious temptation set before the investor is that the German mark and the Austrian kroner are now far below par—the mark being quoted towards the end of July at 1.3 cents compared with a normal price of 23.5 cents. Therefore buying 1000 marks at $13 one stands to receive $235 "if" and "when" the German mark becomes normal.

There are some missing links, however. One does not get the exact equivalent of the low exchange rate in purchasing the "bargain" bonds offered by the arrogant agency to-day, sometimes the price paid works out at an equivalent of at least double the current rate of exchange. Again, much of the stuff that is being offered carries no effective guarantee of interest payments.

The most obvious weakness as to "investment," however, lies in the present fluctuating character of exchange of all European countries, and the absolute uncertainty as to when German and Austrian exchange will regain a normal position. Generations yet unborn may benefit, not lovingly, those same securities, and also wonder. When?

But, there is not even a guarantee that the value, that is, the selling price of these "securities" may not slip back, even while you wait. In a single month, between the middle of May and the middle of June, the value of the German mark reached 20 per cent. and another 5 per cent came off during the next month; it was worth less in July only three-quarters of what it was late in May, the 1000 marks had shrunk to 750, to all intents and purposes your purchase would have netted you only three quarters of the rest price—if you could have sold it at all.

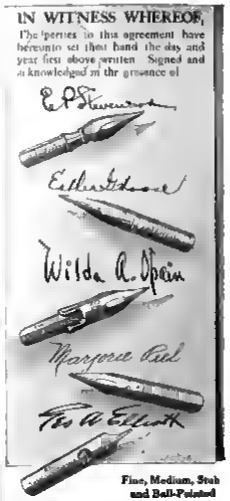
That's another point. One of the most considerations in investment choice is the "convertibility"—the "saleability"—of the security. If an investor needs money and cannot realize on his securities, of what value are they? "Land poor" has become a trite phrase after every land boom. The holders of Austrian or German bonds, if they desired to exchange their holdings for cash, might be in as fortunate a position as a man who might erect a sign "Builders' Sand for Sale" in the Sahara Desert.

Such a purchase is a gamble, utterly unjustifiable for the average investor. The "Financial Post" late in July, in a campaign of warning against attempts to induce holders of Victory bonds, to exchange them for these foreign bonds, attacked this scheme as follows:

"There is a possibility that those who purchase bonds of the stronger German and Austrian cities and bonds of those countries will reap a substantial profit on their purchase but it is only a possibility. The purchase of these securities is gambler more nor less than a gamble. The person with plenty of good security in his investment reserves and with an excess of funds with which he wishes to speculate may find sometimes attractive in Continental securities but for the small investor who is about the only person who would be reached in the house to house canvass there is danger of much disappointment if he buys them."

The warning of the investor who "cannot afford to lose"—as so many express the situation in letters or inquiry—should be extended much more widely. It is only natural when two possible avenues for investment open up—a 6 per cent. and a 9 per cent. yield—to choose the latter as necessarily 50 per cent. better than the former. But the guessing of common and even preferred dividends during the last six or eight months should help to destroy that illusion. For not only has the income from the investment frequently been wiped out, but, "pass forth," the market value of that security is heavily reduced. At the best, the investor has a long wait ahead of him, not only to regain his income, but his original capital expenditure, it is quite possible he may be forced to sell out at the low current market price and thereby lose most of his savings. Therefore, he should scan carefully every investment he contemplates, and particularly be careful as to existing conditions in the industry to which the security is related.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, The parties to this agreement have hereunto set their hand the day and year first above written. Signed and acknowledged in the presence of



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There are motorists whose battery has apparently enough power for the trip. But they pull that power down with too many stops and starts to the mile. And when they need just one more start to reach "port"—the battery gives up the ghost.

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## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question**—Do you think the United Rubber Company with head office on Bathurst Street is good ——— stock now? I understand it has not been paying, still as my holding is small risk is good. Do you think money invested in the Steel Company of Canada 7% Preferred and Dominion Steel Corporation Bonds is safe and profitable for investment?—A. Subscriber.

**Answer**—The United Rubber Company is a comparatively small organization registered in the manufacture of tires and certain small mechanical goods for the drug and hospital trade.

We understand that they have been operating for a year and a half and have been meeting a fair amount of business, though we cannot make any statement as to the possible profit or loss which has been made thereon. The company was taken over some time ago by Mr Henry Stanyon, who, we understand would be successful if any management could be. The difficulties which many rubber companies, even the largest, have experienced in the past year has been that they have been caught with large stocks of raw material on a falling market. We understand that the United Rubber Company has not suffered in this way inasmuch as, due to restricted working capital, they are all holdered to have stocked in heavily if at all, they are in a favorable condition.

We would suggest that your correspondent write to the Secretary Treasurer direct for financial information of an intimate character.

Regarding the E. G. Scott Company—we very much regret that we cannot recommend their investment as safe or profitable. The Company may have made some money out of its business lately, but its gains for the future are not sufficiently known for us to be able to commend them

**Question**—Two years ago I bought 25 shares of Nickel Stock. I bought it on account of the assurance given that they would guarantee a supply of fuel that winter—did not have any idea of making anything on it particularly. Recently representatives of the firm have called on me with a proposition something as follows: A coal briquetting company in the States has offered to buy all the Nickel stock at $5.00 per share. They are trying now to give the shareholders a chance to make some money and are giving us a chance to purchase a pro rata amount of stock according to the amount we hold at $5.00 per share that we are guaranteed can be sold at $5.00 per share in thirty days. What is your opinion? I have written them twice and they keep coming back.—M. N. W. Nanwerket.

**Answer**—We have not seen any quotations recently to indicate the market for Nickel stock. We would doubt, however, if you could get anything like $5.00 a share for it. Of course it may be possible that they have an opportunity to sell their stock at that figure as they say, but we would rather if very much because the methods they employed of going back to present holders are in keeping with a terrible if brief reformation being introduced at the present time to get the money of small shareholders. We would be surprised if a further purchase of this stock turned out as successful as the prospects which have been held out to you. We would advise you to have nothing to do with it except as a gamble rather than an investment.

**Question**—I purchased Abitibi stock at 75. Would you advise me to hold on or to sell?—A. C. S. Sherbrooke.

**Answer**—In regard to the advisability of holding Abitibi common stock the situation as we see it is about as follows: The earnings of the company have fallen off greatly this year so far, and it seems reasonable to suppose that they will fall below those of last year when the net amounted to over $4,000,000. The demand for newsprint is considerably below that of last year and is likely to be down for some time. Then, again, the price seems certain to fall below $100 a ton for the rest of the year as compared with a present contract price of $110 a ton. It is true that the company in a month or two will have nearly double the capacity it has now, and will be able to produce nearly 500 tons of newsprint a day; and that its costs of production will be below those of any newsprint mill in Canada to the best of our knowledge. If the demand picks up and the company can operate these new machines the earnings will stand up well, and will be very high in normal times, so that if you are content to hold your stock for a couple of years we look for a steady improvement in the security after the present rather unfavorable conditions are cleared away. For instance if the price of newsprint is arranged as below $100 a ton for the third quarter of this year—an announcement that may come next week—it is quite irretrievable that the stock will fall a little even below the low price of to-day. But for the future of the company we have strong faith, in spite at the fact that we have always felt that the right at five to one was excessive and the market price of the stock will feel this for years to come. If business improves somewhat the company should be able to continue paying four per cent. in spite of the very heavy interest and sinking fund requirements and contractors' payments almost each month. If the earnings do not considerably exceed 34,000,000 the four per cent. is in danger temporarily. So you see it is impossible for anyone to guarantee this dividend, as the company's earnings under present unfortain conditions. But for a long hold Abitibi looks an attractive security.

**Question**—Would you consider shares bought below $40 in the Brompton Pulp and Paper Co. a good and safe investment?—C. C. R., Bishop's Crossing, Que.

**Answer**—There are very few common stocks to-day that could be placed in a category of a "good and safe investment." General business conditions will affect for some time to come the earnings of industrial companies and therefore the amount available for a common dividend, and there may be other causes besides these where action has been already taken where the common dividend may have to be reduced or passed entirely in the next year or so. We could not recommend an investment in any common stock except where the period of difficulty appeared to be at an end and where a definite upward movement was in progress. This is not the case with the pulp and paper industry. So far as the common stock of Brompton is concerned the information we receive supports the view that it will be able to continue on the present reduced 4 per cent. basis and in time this dividend should gradually increase as under normal conditions the Brompton concern should work out in a gratifying manner to the shareholders.

If you are looking for an investment and are favorably disposed towards this company, why not invest in the 7% $100 or $500 or $1,000 bonds that have been recently issued in connection with this company? Any investor has the right to exchange these bonds at any time up to May 1st, 1931, for two shares of the common stock of the Company on the basis of $100 par value of bonds. In this way you would be assured of over 8 per cent yield on your investment for the twenty-year mortgage bonds of the company and at the same time, if in the next few years the prices of the common stock should advance over 60 you would have an appreciation in the value at your investment. These bonds can be bought on the basis of 99 giving a yield of 8.10

**Question**—I would like your advice on the purchase of stock in the Mutual Finance Corporation of Windsor. Do you consider this stock safe and is it likely to increase in value?—C. A., Hamilton.

**Answer**—The Mutual Finance Corporation, as you may be aware, specializes in financing the sale of houses on the instalment plan in the City of Windsor, Ont. The management appears to be satisfactory and the company is making fair profits. The fiscal agents of this company are the Bankers' Service Corporation of Toronto and this firm has been engaged for some little time in pushing a stock selling campaign. The management of the two institutions are quite distinct. We are not in a position to certify to the standing of this latter company, but to outward appearances the members appear reliable. The stock appears to have some attraction, although possessing speculative features which would probably render it unattractive to the strictly conservative investor.

**Question**—Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the advisability of investing in stock of Dominion Steel Products Co. Limited of Brantford at the present time?—E. H. S. Buford, Ont.

**Answer**—If the price of the stock of Dominion Steel Products is satisfactory we believe that it would make a good speculation for a business man, with a view, not of immediate profit, but of results when the company has emerged from the depression that is now holding up practically every line of industry. We understand that this company is affected by the general slump in trade, and is in need of additional working capital. The management is conservative and capable, and for this reason there is every prospect of ultimate success. This company enjoyed an unusual measure of prosperity during the war years, and was able to pay large dividends as a result of war contracts received, but their branch of the business has of course been wiped out.

**Question**—Would you advise me about the theres now selling of The Zenith Companies Inc Head Office Winnipeg and being sold by the Underwriters of James A Craig & Co. Toronto?—J. R. E. Galt.

**Answer**—The Zenith Companies Inc. is a holding company, controlling the Merchant's Casualty Co, the Union Fire and Casualty Co, both with head offices in Winnipeg, Man. and the Merchants' Life and Casualty Co, with head office in Minneapolis Minn. The Canadian companies do business in every province and the Merchants Life operates in eighteen states on the other side. According to the annual statement covering the operations of the subsidiaries for the year 1920, each company shows a gain in premium income the Union Fire from $198,021 in 1919, to $264,000; while the Merchants' Life from $294,184 to $491,240. We are informed by the fiscal agents of the company in Toronto that dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. were paid on the common's stock for 1918, 10 per cent for 1919, and 10 per cent for 1920. The company has been building up along conservative lines and with reputable management there should be a splendid opportunity in Canada. Until the company has passed the direct stage, however, and has become established upon thoroughly stable lines we can only regard the stock as speculative

**Question**—Would you kindly advise me what are the prospects of and how valuable in stock is the Colonial Realty and Securities Corporation Limited Toronto.—J. E. M., Almonte

**Answer**—No sale of Colonial Realty and Securities, Ltd., has been recorded for some time, and it is impossible to enlighten the value of the stock on the market at the present time. The company as you are aware does not pay dividends, and during the war suffered extensively from the rising in Western real estate. It is building up, however, and has large holdings of bond upon which it should realise profitably in the near future. There has been no very extensive movement in vacant lands for some time past, but with building costs lowering steadily it would appear that the vacant lands should rise once more in demand before long. It will undoubtedly be some little time yet for the company to get back upon a normal basis or before the stock will be paying dividends

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto*

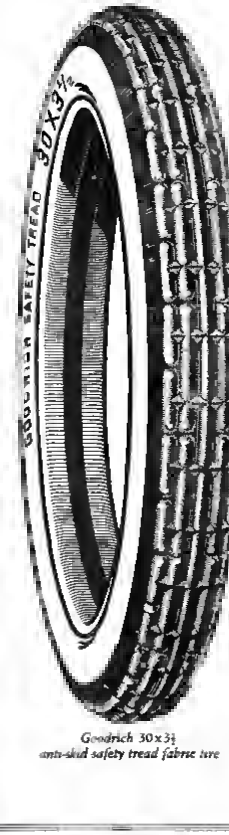

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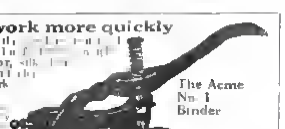
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AUGUST, 1921

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# MACLEAN'S

J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

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VOLUME XXXIV NUMBER FOURTEEN

# GOUIN, THE SAGACIOUS

*By* "THE MAKE-UP MAN"

A brilliant biographical sketch from "Ottawa in Masquerade," a book to be published shortly. Other pithy, pungent chapters will follow in succeeding issues of MacLean's

EARLY in January, 1917, a remarkable dinner was held in Toronto, the first of its kind ever held in that city of Orange Walks. Protestants and Catholics sat side by side. They applauded the same sentiments. Orator after orator dug into the mines of national idiome. They cracked jokes and told stories and worked up climaxes. The three hundred rose again and again upon plasses of orangeade, and Apollinaris, toasting—Quebec, Ontario, and United Canada. They waved napkins and cheered and sang again and again "For he's a jolly good fellow."

A Methodist minister sat at the back of the room near a Congregationalist preacher and pretended to unwrap a de luxe cigar. Orangemen sat at the same table with Catholics. Mace hobnobbed with cans. They exchanged one another's menus. The books of songs were bilingual—French and English. "God Save the King" was sung in both languages. "O, Canada" was done in French. Methodist orators vied with French speakers. Col. George Denison sat next Gen. Lessard. They fraternized as soldiers. The Methodist local preacher, Premier of Ontario sat with the Roman Catholic Premier of Quebec. Sentiment ran high.

But no French-Canadian was so emotional as N. W. Rowell, who glorified the heroes of Carrcellette, and no Anglo-Canadian was quite so stolid, serious and impressive with homely common sense as Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier of Quebec. This man spoke slowly, massively, almost gutturally like a Saxon, in fluent but accented English. He was far less excitable than the Premier of Ontario on the same subject—"The Race Unity of Canada Prefigured in the Bonne Entente."

Three hundred public spirited men, of whom eighty came from Quebec, were as one family on this occasion.

At one in the morning the concordity broke up. Not a drop of wine or liqueur in any form had been served. The enthusiasm was, therefore, as natural as the tide of the St. Lawrence, which in the form of the Great Lakes and Niagara does its best to get its ocean round the neck of Ontario before it runs through the heart of Quebec. To the pure imagination it was somewhat as though a procession of St. Jean Baptiste had suddenly dreamed it was an Orange walk.

This unusual *Entente* was held between the rumors of the bilingual dispute of 1916 and the Quebec revolt against conscription in 1917. Those present who doubted the sincerity of passionate speakers anchored a timidly steadfast hope to the practical, broad cooled Premier of Quebec, who had sat between Mr. Bourassa and the Premier of Ontario, would have inclined his ear to Ontario.

### Gouin's Influence

NOTHING is more certain than that four French-Canadian leaders, had they been given or had they seized for the opportunity and had acted together, could have put a different face on Quebec's relation to the war. Four men memorable in that capacity are Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Ernest Lapointe and Cardinal Bégin. Of these Gouin was at that time the most able. For ten years he had been uninterruptedly Premier of Quebec with a moral guarantee that he could occupy the premiership by an overwhelming majority until he should be gathered to his fathers.

Again and again rumor slated Sir Lomer Gouin for Ottawa. He wisely declined. He had a pessimistic attachment to *la page* and the white villages. In Quebec he was the Chief of Ministers, the little elected father of his country. In Ottawa he would have been



SIR LOMER GOUIN, Ex-Premier of Quebec

perhaps a grand Minister of Public Works, building docks in Halifax, customs houses in British Columbia, post offices on the prairies, armories in Ontario and court-houses in Quebec. Yes, there would surely be armories in Ontario.

I met Sir Lomer but once, in his office in the Parliament Buildings. There was no particular reason for seeing him—except the pleasure of encountering a dreamboat of the people who run gallantly lengthy under Montcalm as the people could enjoy a city in part exclusively English and for the most part idiomatically French. A few evenings previous I had talked on the Terrace in a glowing Nationalist, a young expert in cultural idealism, who spoke very earthy about the premier. We sipped good ratafia Scotch whisky and together gazed out on the blue-hazed dories of the arbitrary hills that mark the valley of St. Lawrence. The roofs of Old Lower Town were sizzling in the heat. Drowsy lumber laden bateaux and ocean liners crept and smoked about the docks. Beyond the grey scarped citadel the bells of parish offer perish clanged a divine discord into the calm of the great river.

"What do you think of Gouin?" I asked him.

A cynical smile flickered over the Nationaliste's face. For a moment he did not answer.

"*Pardonnez moi*," I mumbled. "I am *Anglo*."

"Oh!" he said, sharply, laughing. "Have you seen the Monteulm suite in the Chateau here? Do so. The C.P.R. discovered an old bed and some creaky chairs said to have been used by the great general. They placed them in a suite of rooms which they rent to curiously humbug Americans who sentimentalize over history at twenty-five dollars a day. Such is Quebec when she is commercialized into a highway for tourists."

"But what has that to do with Sir Lomer Gouin?"

"Directly—nothing. Sir Lomer is not even a director of the C.P.R. or of the Bank of Montreal, though one never knows what he may do with his money and his talents when he gets tired of manipulating elections."

"Oh, you mean that Gouin does not reflect the Idealism of Quebec; its love of the land that bore our fathers, its poetic isolation among the provinces——?"

He blew a shaft of cigarette smoke.

"Sir Lomer," he said, "is chairman of the board of directors of the Province of Quebec. His chief duty is to go about inspecting and improving practices and to sit at directors' meetings declaring provincial dividends instead of deficits."

### The Pope and Quebec.

I REMARKED that since Quebec is so prosperous and so large and populous with so many cradles, the Premier need not perhaps vex himself deeply about ideals such as the French language in schools outside the province.

"What!" was the reply, as a glass banged upon the table. "Would you cage us in here like Indians on a reservation? Bar the French-Canadian nature no richir outside Quebec?"

"What would you do?" I asked him. "What could you do?"

"I? Secede!" he exclaimed. "Become the Sinn Fein of Canada."

"What about the Pope at Rome?"

"He as much to do with Quebec," he laughed icily, "as the President of France! If the Pope should issue instructions to the bishops of Quebec—asking the clergy to educate the people of Quebec or their duty to go to war or to vote for either of the old parties, the people would openly disregard them. We would as much resent the interference of Rome in our affairs as the American colonies did the tyranny of George the Third."

Three were the French consistories of the French mind wedded to a much magnificent idea. The nationalist idealists—the possibility of secession made sure that it would not be to the United States which puts the French language on a par with Dutch or Chinese. When I suggested as a recipe for national unity that French and English be learned by both English and French all over Canada, in Central Ontario French Canadians learning more English than they needed in business and in English-Canadians learning French at all. He formally held to the idiotic notion of making a preserve of the French-

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Canadian race, language, literature and customs whatever may become of the religion, yet his objected to putting the race into a reservation like the Indians. He observed that in 1911 the Nationalists backed reciprocity with the United States.

"I think we should become an independent republic," he said as he plopped a fresh cigarette. "We have the north part of the St Lawrence. No, you will not find Goulin say so. Goulin is a Tory prefect. He plays politics, not nationalism."

I observed that the band was about to play.

"Ho!" he exclaimed, stretching his legs with a yawn. "After the concert will marriage with the anarchic farce O Canada" followed by 'God Save the King!"

### What Sir Lomer Is Not.

THIS Nationalist situation is given at some length because it illustrates much of what Sir Lomer Gouin is not, and if he were, would not openly say so, because in search for a majority the watchword of which is 'Strip, Look, Listen.' I went in once to see the Premier. He was closeted with conflicting—perhaps more than one—priests, and with outside habitant folk who stood not in awe but in affection of the premier. He might have been himself a father confessor.

Talking to him I found Gouin peculiarly on his guard, broad-faced, heavy jawed view of speech almost devoid of gesticulation. he was an unusually dispassionate as a bank manager. There was no militant passion of the martyrly in this man, no heroic lifting against windmills, no expression of ideals. He was amazingly practical, with regard to education to discuss freely the native peculiarities of either race. He understood Ontario—as a politician only, England as a democracy and a form of government. He had no delightful idiosyncrasies and made no attempt to pose or even to be interesting.

I felt that Sir Lomer was sensing himself—what did the stranger want? He would have been infinitely more at ease discussing with a bishop how to prevent a stroke in a rotten will, or with a political outpester what to do to keep some seat for the administration. If I had made to him such a statement or once I made with such volcanic rewrite to Bourassa that nine-tenths of the population in a village like Ninilet could speak no *Anglais* he would have been eloquent. Had I observed that 70 per cent. of the operatives in a great Quebec industry could read and write French, that Ontario has a policy at good roads comparable to that of Quebec, that Orangemen do not dominate Toronto, that the Ontario farmer is a better producer than the habitant, or that Protestant clergy do not interfere in politics, he would have bristled with information to rout me profoundly right. But he resisted no atmosphere of free discussion with a stranger. He was coldly aloof, yet earnestly endeavoring to say something worth while.

What I really wanted to tell Gouin was that he was personally very much like the late great Tory, Sir Joseph Whitney. But he did not warm up to personal comment. The bilingual question was too complicated. The atmosphere of the *Bonne Entente* was lacking. Gouin and myself were in different envelopes.

### He Has No Gallic Sparkle.

FROM what is said of him I am sure most of the fault was my own. I did not understand him. He was too much the premier, the master executive. The Nationalist was almost right. Gouin suggested the dividend and the ransom. He was the chief executive of a province larger than almost any country in Europe but Russia, and with a population about half that of Roumania, of whom about one sixth are the Anglo Saxon minority. He seemed to know Quebec from Montreal to the edge of Labrador almost by telegraph poles. You recall that the French in Canada evolved the modern census with its intimate penetration into the affairs of the people, some time before the Germans did it. The premier of Quebec was a handbook encyclopaedia of Quebec. He knew the precise location by the roads of almost any white village, pulp mill, water power, mine, timber limit, knew as much as a man can about the number of horses and cattle and cradles to a township. could talk with enthusiasm about the pioneer arts of the habitant—the rugs the hooks, the furniture, the handmade churns, the open air bake-ovens. He could give the address and the full name of many and many a priest.

But beyond this there is a Quebec which Sir Lomer Gouin did not know, because he himself with his bourgeois excellences and his great good citizenship has not the Gallic sparkle in his mentality. He never deeply knew the soul of Quebec. He was too much concerned with its practical and useful politics to be conscious of its passions. From the shrug of his shoulder, and a certain twinkle in his eye when he mentioned diplomacy with clerics one surmised that among the clergy he was the master among politicians who circumvolve warily. But he was too strut, too thrifty, too much of a high type of budgeteer to be spiritually informed of the erratic but basically beautiful passions that ordscurcent all peasant communities. There was no parity in Gouin. No fire. Little imagination.

"Those Nationalists?" he repeated shrewdly slowly. "Yes. I know their talk. Oh, they are not so dangerous, but a troublesome minority. I think—I know Quebec better than they do. You have I daresay Nationalists in Ontario?"

What he perhaps expected was a statement about Orangemen, who of course are nearly all Imperialists. Yet these rare Orangemen represent an intense phase of Canadian life, the backwoods era, the ample industries, the old villages, the quaint settlements. The U E Loyalists as picturesque on the upper as the darmer-windowed villages of the French are on the lower St. Lawrence. To these men the Empire was as visual as to the intense Quebechrr it is nebulous. And as the politrion in Ontario has to regard carefully the Orange vote, so the Premier of Quebec had to be wary of the franchises of his rinolomo friends, the Nationalists. He was somewhat afraid of the minority as all masters of majorities are. Clearly—it was Gouin's main business to continue being rirted. And he gone out on behalf of instruments, to educate his people from to speak for France, he would have been in dongrr of converting Laurin Liberals into Nationalists.

### Gouin and Conscription

ONTARIO cannot fail to make an asset of Goulo's anti Nationalism. Hr was nrrrr for any of the violent doctrines propounded by my friend on the Terrace. Hr would not oppose Quebec going to war I am sure he God speeded the 22nd who died at Courcelette. He was the premier of a free province. Those men had freely gone. Others—the majority—had freely stayed. But an election was coming, where everybody would be free to vote.

Then three were the clergy, most of them friends of Gouin. The Cardinal of Quebec had been interviewed by Sir Sam Hughes on aid to enlistments. Gouin could have told Hughes that he would fail, that Begin, though not a Nationalist, was a reactionary. The hierarchal controversy was still acute. Gouin could not have gone out on any mission to, to reason with French-Canadians about marching with a province which had denied the French language rights in contrast to the Government's own claim that it had given rights to the 'Angle' minority in Quebec.

Conscription was coming. It was a pressing time. The minister of Quebec had to move cautiously. His loyalty to Britain was never questioned. His faith in a United Canada was never doubted. Had Quebec been all for Gouin instead of Gouin all for Quebec the premier's way would have been easier. Better let well enough alone, encourage those to enlist who really wanted to go—because Quebec was a free country.

Then there was the Laurier influence. Had the old man gone in with the Premier to help the Ottawa Government——

Impossible. Neither of them was asked before Coalition rear on the heels of conscription. And when conscription came the minority of Nationalists opposed to the war became the majority of Quebecrre who preferred not to comply with the law. From disregarding the law to rebellion, to Nationalism was not far. Gouin had the balance to hold.

The Cardinal's attitude on conscription made Gouin's position still more difficult. His letter to the press bluntly put the Roman Catholic Church above temporal law. One hazard of co rebellion from the Premier of Quebec to the Cardinal.

Sir Lomer was playing the game of safety when from his own temperament and position and unbacked by other leaders he could do little more. He stood for the law and did not hinder its operation. But if there was a rhief executive in Canada who wished the war were righteously over it was Sir Lomer Gouin. No premier had such a predicament, so much in the end to lose, so much at first to have gained—if only he could have foreseen, as nobody did, that conscription was coming and that law would be more awkward than liberty.

The Premier of Quebec had experience in keeping his government immune from agitators. It was not alone the Nationalists who had made him uneasy. On the other extreme there had been for some time orr Cadrier Langlois, former editor of *"La Patrie"* and later founder and editor of *"Le Pays"* whose platform was compulsory state education away from control of the clergy and in defiance of the archbishops. Gouin did not endorse Langlois. How could he? *"Le Pays"* when it condemned clerical schools attacked the administration. Politically Gouin was right in opposing Langlois. Nationally he was playing provincial. Langlois had a mission, in line with a broader, nationalized Canada, the same mission which is now being reflected in the National Council of Education.

### Gouin's Compromise.

SO BETWEEN the reactionism of Bourassa and the radicalism of Laeglois, Gouin was the compromise and Langlois was conveniently given an official post in Europe.

Gouin has compromised his whole political career. With that leverage of enormous success in elections and administrations he never had the vision to declare himself in favor of a bigger Quebec than could be got by extending its boundaries to Ungava.

Hr was too old to begin. Quebec to him was a vast prefecture to be administered, not a vision to be realised. Ontario—except politically—was almost as far away as British Columbia. He was known to Toronto and Montreal was as a rule the Last West for Ibie voyageurs. He seldom or never went to the Maritimes. He knew the people down there regarded the *Star Quebec* as a denationalizer. He had little or no desire to see the prairies. He wanted Quebec to prosper. He delighted to see pulp mills and cotton factories and power plants and railways and irrigation ditches along the St. Lawrence. He loved to dream of the great unpeopled hinterland—all Quebec of the other hinterland—all the rest of Canada; of the transcontinental conveying of Montreal, of the steamship lines terminating there, of a land where there are few empty cradles or idle factories or wasting farms.

All these things Gouin, growing staid and somewhat heavy of face, loved to behold, and out of that grew all the vision he seemed to have. In this enormous prefecture within the Empire he beheld a far more comfortable state than the Nationalist dream.

*Continued on page 31*

## *September Issues As Usual*

*WE will resume our two issues per month beginning with September 1. There are two or three features in the September 1 issue which are of extraordinary interest to all readers of MACLEAN'S. Ira Sweetin, the "Official School Trustee" for Manitoba who has had some amazing experiences in the past six years "Canadianizing the children of our foreign population, tells his story. It is chock full of actual incidents which make fascinating reading.*

*There are two more chapters from "Ottawa in Masquerade," that book by an anonymous author who discusses Canadian public men in a way similar to that done for the statesmen of England by the 'Mirrors of Downing Street.' This book will be published some time during the autumn but readers of MACLEAN'S are given some of the very best chapters in advance.*

*There will be several short stories and particularly a most laughable one by "Sapper"—H C. McNeile—the famous English writer, who outdoes his rib-tickler 'Uncle James' Golf Match."*






# At Owner's Risk

## *By* W. L. GAYLORD

[ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH P. COLEMAN

BESIDES its usual load of commuters and bandoms turbaned bikers bound for various blistering summer resorts in Fraser County, the asthmatic five-fifteen to Boundary Bay and Point Hayes carried on the first Friday in August a plump mellress and a bed spring billed to "Miss Marian Pomeroy, Boundary Bay." On the way bill which accompanied it, according to the Central B C. Railway Company's records, was stamped in red or indelible letters the instructions: "Put off at owner's risk."

The way bill showed that the bed had gone through without mishap, the baggage man o' Westminster said so; the harassed conductor and the undersized brakeman of the asthmatic five fifteen backed said so, volubly, passionately with mouth-twisting anathemas, the tracer that the Second Assistant Adjuster of Claims sent rrurrying over the system of Miss Pomeroy's importunity said so in rigid dulcetrested type such as official communications of the important nature use. Miss Pomeroy herself dirled the dairrey of the bed in such florid and expressive terms that the Second Assistant Adjuster of Claims himself a master at making words jump to his bidding, was moved to whole-hearted admiration.

"Look at that friendly little note, Mr. Starling," he said to his superior, handing him a very correctly typewritten letter on heavy bond paper. Mr Starling read:

Kayelf Cabin Boundary Bay

August 12, 1920.

Mr G Cadewalder Tuckrr
Claim Department
Central B C Railway

My dear Mr Tucker:

Your endorsing communication of last Tuesday was forwarded here from my Vancouver address. Please note that I shall be at Boundary Bay the rest of the summrr—providing I can get a bed—the bed, I may as well say, for I refuse to strip on any other. At present my sister and I are sprending our blankets over the highly carpeted floor of our cabin and I must say it reminds me of certain happy impressions of your estimable right of way halrress here and Westminstrrl. Mr Sangeniito the post master swears that my bed was not put off the five fifteen train on the fifth. I myself arrived two or three minutes after the train pulled out and I know that the bed was not there when I arrived. Both of that one don't usually walk all on three own legs. There must, I think, be some light fingered person in your employ who makes a specialty of beds and him! - Won't you please put the President and the General Traffic Manager and the Superintendent on this case at once? If I don't get my bed pretty soon I shall appeal to the Dominion Railway Board.

Sleeplessly yours

Marian Pomeroy

"Well I'm a son of a gun!" fervently ejaculated the Adjuster of Claims.

"What do you make of it, Chief? Nervy old bird, isn't she? She sure hit us where we live or that right-of-way business!"

"Quite irrelevant," Mr Tucker—has no bearing on her case at all. Tell her the bed is gone. Inrl drml's closed."

TUCKER moved toward the door.

"Neither thing," rolled Mr Starling. "Tell her hereafter to be brief!"

"I will, sir."

Of course the Second Assistant Adjustrr of Claims had no idea of doing anything of the sort. Second Assistants are paid to keep the mod out of trouble. He wrote the thoroughly incensed Miss Pomeroy a letter calculated to soothe her troubled soul, and the next day but one received the following reply without salutation or signature:

'I WANT MY BED"

Not another word met the inquisitive eye of Mr G Cadewalder Tuckrr. "I want my bed!" capitalized and spaced rirer across the page. The same impeccable hand, he noted.

"I bet you," he solemnly asseverated. "I bet you she gets her bed! Just the same, if old Starling would let me I would wring tears of gratitude from that old girl's eyes and not harr to buy her another bed either! G Cadewalder knows all their little tricks. The personel touch—that's what thus case needs.

"Old' Starling settled Mr G Cadewalder's hopes with a bang.

"Go to Boundary Bar about that fool bed'. I should say not! What's railing you Tucker? This department has other things to do besides calling on hair-ressed females with lost beds. We shan't take up hir case again.'

I think perhaps I could pacify her if——

Pacify rot! Who wants to pacify her? Let her pocket her loss and buy another bed!"

Saturday morning just as the Tadpwaldrr had begun to rise up his dish preparatory to cookin, his usual room got away. He, therefore, in the case of his sewing aped. He did not look up. He fussed himself running an important finger up and down a purely imaginary column of figures in the back of a blotter which thumbed to be handy. Then time he added three rimonary figures, capped his pursed lips with his pencil, frowned, shook his head and began to trace certain mystic hieroglyphics on the edge of the blotter.

"I beg your pardon."

G Cadewalder did not respond. Others had begged his pardon in tones so dulcet as these and he had looked up only to be rudely disappointed. He was glad at least that it was not a man with whom he had to deal.

"Do you really hair to draw those shared figures? Because if you do I'll come in some other time!"

G Cadewalder jumped. Confronting him he beheld a girl dressed in white rirrge with a floppy white legborn hat that somehow reminded one of open fields and orange orchards.

"Certainly. I rirun no—that is—well— Were you looking for some one?"

"I was looking for my bed but if that is the way you've been tracing it, I don't wonder you haven't found it yet."

"Your bed?" stammered G Cadewalder, his mental machinery still functioning heavily. "I'm afraid you're come to the wrong place. The freight office is at the other end of the building."

"You are Mr Tucker, aren't you?"

G Cadewalder thought it best to acknowledge this baser although the tone in which the question was put robbed the admission of much of its dignity.

"I thought so. You have a wonderful gift, Mr Tucker, for putting your personality into your letters."

G Cadewalder took heart again. Yet he could not recall—

"I think you have the advantage of me," he groped. "I don't believe I remember——

"I'm Marion Pomeroy, and I've come to get that bed!"

"Oh yes, of course. I remember the incident quite well, now. You've lost a bed I believe."

"The railroad did! The bed was never put off the train."

"It is most likely still in the baggage car then. The problem unsolvable would be to find that particular car and——"

"Have you more than one?" I fancied.

MISS POMEROY'S voice trailed off into venoms whither Mr. G. Cadewalder could or will could not follow. He realized that she was making fun of him but the feeling was not thoroughly pleasant that he did not object in the least.

"You remember I wrote you that we could do nothing further?"

Miss Pomeroy's face betrayed the ripple of inward mirth.

"I am keeping the correspondence as a memento. Can model it I shall never forget!"

"You flatter me."

"Not at all. I'm afraid you didn't quite get my meaning."

G Cadawalder's heart smote his ribs violently.

"I understand you perfectly. Please please go on, Miss Pomeroy."

"The case is perfectly clear."

"Really, Miss Pomeroy, you can hardly expect us in the circumstances. We have already done all in our power. Our responsibility ceased when—"

"Oh don't go over that again, please! I've heard it in a million variations! I want action, not words!"

Miss Pomeroy threw out her hands. G Cadawalder thought he had never in all his twenty-four and a quarter years seen such an appealing gesture. He would have snapped his fingers in Old Starling's face—yes, I wonked the nose of the President himself—just to have her make that appeal to him again. Old Starling was a crabbed brute, and the Central B. C. Railway an unfeeling machine! But G. Cadawalder Tucker would find Miss Pomeroy's last spring and mattress if he had to travel the whole dinky system from Wealmins ter to Cowichan!

Upon this touching tableau burst Mr. Starling, returning from a conference.

"Well!" I say, what's all this Tucker? Doing a scene for the movies?"

G Cadawalder gulped.

"Miss Pomeroy has lost that bed she wants. I mean she wants that bed again! Or something else in its place. She hasn't been able to sleep since she was last here—I mean—"

"What in blazes do you mean?"

Mr. Starling was looking from one to the other, amused astonishment and admiration written large upon his face.

"Oh I'm so glad you've came in! I think I can explain it better than Mr. Tucker. I'm Marian Pomeray—the some one that lost that awful bed about a month ago, and I wrote you—and nobody would do anything about it—and—"

"They wouldn't, eh? Why wouldn't they, I'd like to know? Tucker, why the devil didn't you report this matter to me at once? Don't you know we can't have people losing beds right out from under em on our trains? Won't do at all—should have told me right away!"

"I did and you said—"

"I'm afraid, Tucker, you'll never be much of a railroad man until you learn that the public must be served at all costs. Your bed, Miss Pomeroy, will be sent out to you without delay. Do you remember what make it was?"

"The spring was just an ordinary three-quarter spring; but the mattress was a new Sleep-Easy mattress, speckled red with green polka dots, an it."

"Um—a Sleep-Easy mattress with green speckled poker chips. I didn't know they made them that way!"

"Green polka dots, please! P-O-L-K-A—and speckled red!"

Oh polka! I thought that was a kind of dance! You know now that you've described it, I believe we have that very bed down in our warehouse now!"

"Oh have you? Mr. Tucker told me the bed was lost! Can I we go right down there now?"

"Well—ee—no—I wouldn't advise it—pretty busy this time of day, especially Saturday. We'll send the bed out this afternoon. Yes—come to think about it that's just what we'll do. I'll see to it personally."

"Oh if you will!"



"Do you always—or—dissolve so neatly as that?"

Where did you say the bed was to be sent to, Bundary Bay?"

"Keyeff Cabin, Boundary Bay."

"Oh yes. Don't happen to know the Stafforths do you? They're cousins of mine."

"Well I should think I did! They live next door! Isn't that the funniest! Thank you just ever so much!"

Everyone else had left the office. Finally he lingered on his hat, slammed the door and departed.

Monday morning Mr. Starling breezed into the office about ten o'clock in much the same humor he had been in when he bed left Saturday noon—rather more so, if anything. G Cadawalder thought, but he went on with his disfiling with only a smag nod.

"Ho Caddie! Have a good week-end? Great day, isn't it? No more o' this blue Monday stuff for me! I've discovered the antidote. By George, Caddie, I have. The great cure-all, the Fountain of Youth! What'll you give me for a small vial of the essence, Caddie? Want some?"

"Um, what is it?" responded G Cadawalder, unappreciatively. He was watching his superior out of glum eyes within which glowed a strange new fire.

"The simple life—the rough untutored wilds—back to nature—how down a redwood before breakfast! Then bacon and eggs and flap-jacks and coffee, oceans of it steaming hot! Oh, I tell you it's great stuff! You better try it if you want to come back ten years younger!"

Starling gave G Cadawalder a cousinous thwack on the back and went on into his own office, whistling.

"Say," called G Cadawalder presently, "how do you like sleeping on a corrugated floor?"

He waited for Mr Starling's reply as a jealous and distrustful lover waits for the words he expects but dreads to hear.

"Ha! Ha! You're barking up the wrong tree, Caddie! Who said I went up into Fraser Country?"

When the mail came Tuesday morning G Cadawalder was Johnny-on-the-spot, just two seconds ahead of Starling, and had already noted the presence of the plain white envelope in the tell-tale hand that Miss Pomeroy used.

"I'll send to that correspondence hereafter, Caddie," said the Chief Adjuster, disappearing into his office with the letter. G. Cadawalder waited, a faint moaning flicker of a smile beginning to tickle the corners of his mouth.

Hey why do you s'pose that bed didn't go through Saturday afternoon?" Starling came forth, angrily brandishing the letter. "Here's Miss Pomeroy writing about that bed again, and I sent it off in plenty of time for the two-twenty five! Mitchell must have a deucedly rotten system. He can't locate it anywhere along the line."

MISS POMEROY'S flappy hat flapped cordially, she flashed a smile that seemed to be about equally divided between the Adjuster af Claims and the Second Assistant and was gone through the outer office like a vagrant breath of summer. G Cadawalder looked at his superior and frowned. Mr. Starling returned the look, supplemented by crinkly lines of mirth in the corners of his eyes.

"I've always told you, Tucker, your mind works too slowly for a railroad man!"

"But hang it, Mr. Starling, you know as well as I do that bed is gone! And as for the one down in the warehouse—"

"My dear sir, we can't afford to have people like Miss Pomeroy sore at us, not if it costs us fifty dozen Freeze-Easy mattresses with speckled pink polka dots!"

Mr Starling struck blithesomely into a yodel and passed on into the inner office, emerging a few moments later with his straw hat set rakishly on his head and his light summer overcoat over his arm.

"Bye-bye, Caddie, see you Monday."

G Cadawalder watched him dash joyously through the outer office, waving his hand as he went.

"Of all the poor nuts!" he growled fervently, jabbing his pencil into his mutilated blotter. "Of all the poor, white-livered fishes! Fell for her right away—let her wind him around her little finger! Sleep-Easy mattress and a bed spring down in our warehouse! Why, the poor boob is going down to buy one and send it to her. He's a rubber check's what he is—a regular he-vamp!"

G Cadawalder Tucker sat long and wrathfully after.

"I said you'd better order another bed sent up to her. I'll pay for it, of course."

"Say, what the——"

"You're paid to do what I tell you, not to ask fool questions! I do the thinking in this plant."

"Of course, but I couldn't help wondering how the road could afford to send a whole fleck of beds where only one grew before!"

Altogether G Cadawalder was quite well satisfied with himself as he took his way jauntily toward the furniture store.

"Blocking the old boy at every turn—plays right into my hands easy as shaving fish! Thinks I'm going to send up another bed for him, huh? I'll knock him cold there, too! Thing is do is buy it with his money and send it in my name. Hold an though, maybe——"

G Cadawalder hagged himself. He would purchase two beds one with his own money for the immutable, bedless Miss Pomeroy, which he would convey to her with his own hands the following Saturday, and one with Starling's money, to be sent out to Starling's own rooms! He pictured to himself Starling's chagrin when he should discover the awful mistake, apparently committed by the furniture company, his wrath, his utter damaillion. Oh it would be sweet and poetic revenge!

G Cadawalder regarded his two purchases with the cunning eye of one who is about to commit murder.

"This one," he said, counting out Starling's money painstakingly upon one of the beds, "this one is to go to Mr Burton F. Starling, 4033 Westwood Avenue." He gave the bed a final parting slap. "But don't send it out till next Monday morning. Please be careful to get this right. You will, won't you?"

THE saleswomen scrawled a flying note on her memorandum of the purchase, smiled, poked her bosh balls and shot him a glance of approval.

"We scarcely ever make mistakes like that, sir."

G Cadawalder graced her with one of his most seductive smiles.

"This one," he said in tones as caressing as the love-song of a turtle-dove long inhibited, "this one you will address to Miss Pomeroy, Keyeff Cabin, Boundary Bay; to be delivered to the Central B.C. Railway Company's station Saturday morning." He laid three ten dollar bills tenderly upon the mattress, as one might strew flowers on the bier of a loved one. "You—it is very important that you send three beds out just as I have directed." G Cadawalder sighed like a locomotive when the engineer releases the air.

Not until Saturday morning did he behold himself at that first bed that Starling had sent—the one he had headed off and managed to have crushed in a remote corner of the baggage room. He hurriedly called up his accomplice in crime, the obliging but unscrupulous clerk in the baggage room.

"Listen Bill. This is George Yeoh Caddie Sam. You've been poned to that bed billed to Miss Pomeroy at Boundary Bay? Sure you know. That's the one. There is it? Well, let it go. Two of 'em? I know there is. It's O.K. Sure! Ya ah Uhhuh!"

G Cadawalder hung up, reassured. Everything was working out as he had planned. By the Great Jehoshaphat, he'd fix Starling yet, he would! He of the office sparkling in a high rirkety lener the continental sprains of "Do you ever think of me?"

Mid afternoon found him entering Boundary Bay in the choky ash mate boat that wound its way down the canyon toward Cowichan. He detrained with a blithesome mob of hikers that fairly overran him. He was glad when they scattered in rollicking groups to disappear up the canyon, leaving him to the solitary pursuit of his own vexing problem. The bed, he made sure, had been put off as he had directed. It reposed amongst considerable other miscellaneous baggage, against the side of the red three-sided shed that served as a station. The sparkled red mattress with green polka dots lay securely rolled up near it. At last Miss Pomeroy was to get her delinquent bed!

"Buck town. I'd say," commented G Cadawalder disgustedly. "Where the deuce are all the express men? Gee, a feller could die here and rot before they'd haul him away! Some town!"

AT LENGTH, despairing of rescue, he made inquiries at the store.

"Ain't no regular expressman. Sometimes carry stuff for customers. Got about all we can do in dry, though. Nope, can't do anything for yer. What was it ye wanted this f'reaches? Yes, eggs is high to-day, higher'n a ridge pole but they're good 'n' fresh."

G Cadawalder wailed fifteen minutes while the proprietor attended to the wants, spiritual nonversational, and edible, of a dozen discursive customers.

"Can you tell me," he asked when the last of the hurds had departed "where a Miss Pomeroy lives?"

"A Miss Pamerey? Which one do you mean, Marian or Alles?"

"Oh, are there two? I wanted Miss Marion Pomeray."

"Well, guess it don't make no odds which y'want, seein's both on 'em live together!" The proprietor slapped his thigh in exuberant appreciation of his own scintillant humor. "Yes they live up the hill a spell. How far should y' judge Hank? Little better'n a half a mile, ain't it? Kayeff Cabin, they call it. Y' go on up the road till y' reme to where it forks—no, don't turn off there, just keep on goin till y' git to a big white house around the bend, but 'tain't the white house—her place is just t'other side, a' it up a long flight a steps. Y won't see the cabin from the road, but when y' come t' them steps y're there. An' when y' head it up them steps you're there too! Ain't it the truth, Hank?" How many be they, anyhow? Hank he counts them steps pretty near ev'ry day—like 'em don't ye, Hank?"

G. Cadawalder nodded.

"Thanke a lot. Sounds like a long way."

"Wagon's goin up that way little later on, if you want to wait."

"No, guess I'll try to make it myself."

G Cadawalder went back in the station. The bed was just where he had left it. He sat down on the mattress and smoked a contemplative cigarette.

"If it isn't more than half a mile, bet you I could carry that bed."

He tested his strength upon it, tossing it sat arm's length and balancing the mattress on his opposite shoulder.

"Easy as shooting fish!" he assured himself. "Yes, sir, I'll carry it. That's just what I'll do."

There was something about the idea that thrilled the very cockles of his soul. In town, nawp, he would not have considered such a thing, but out here in the wilderness men hacked the forms of nature with bare hands and heaving shoulders. What was that line he peel sang? "None but the brave—None but the brave——something or other—— Oh, yes. None but the brave deserve the fair!"

G Cadawalder started off valiantly, the bed spring balanced neatly over his right eyebrow, his left hand gripping the corded mattress as a fearful mother grips her fond offspring.

"Simple enough!" he chortled. "Old Starling was right, it is great stuff. But I'll have it on him now, the old corrugated rhinoceros!"

THE road crossed a small creek, ducked into a ravine thicketed with mudroots and bays, and presently made sharply upward. About him, invisible but unmistakably audible, the voices of untrammelled hilarity echoed through the woodland. He paused to rest, mopping his forehead.

"Jerusalem, that bed is heavy! Longest half mile I ever travelled! That old crab of the slave bed some idea of distance!"

His appearance had suffered on the way up, and he took steps to repair it. Presently he marred an, but more slowly. The bed was no longer jauntily perched athwart his right eyebrow but hung sagging from his shoulder. It had developed a fault, an annoying trait of bumping along the ground swaying sideways until it cracked his shins, and every now and then attacking him unawares from the rear. The mattress had grown so heavy and unwieldy as a mountain of lead. He paused often.

By the time he reached the sign "Keyeff Cabin" done in rustic letters tacked on a tree near the road, he was about done himself and feeling as wobbly and rustic as the letters of the sign. G Cadawalder's eyes climbed step upon step up the path that resolved interminably into the shadows—step upon step until the leg grew sick with sliding and the heart palpitated with the effort. He could never make the top without shouting his tortics. He sat down to think.

Below him sounded the long wail of a mate climbing the grade on high. Would somebody catch him there at the foot of the steps in his ignominious plight? He hastily undid the mattress, spread it upon the spring and tied it with the rope. Then he tilted up one end, backed into the centre of it,

Continued on page 42



"My bed came last week and those—those five there from the mission while we were all on the fridge raft."

# TELLING 'EM OFF:

By GUY MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS



"No, what I didn't say to him wasn't worth thinking of"

IN SPITE of the monotonous rattle of the disgruntled car which was freighting its regular cargo of weary-limbed, home seeking passengers, there was still sufficient demiscence in the tail person's tones for his voice to carry clearly for the space of a half-dozen seats or more.

Yet it was the prideful scorn in his laughter, even more than the arrogance of the voice which first compelled my attention. There was a tang of the past in that laughter, particularly in its scorn.

So I shifted my newspaper just a trifle, and peered beyond the edge. The action synchronized with the words.

"Dora he know what I think of him?" Laughter, deeply dyed with that decoration of scorn. "Well, what I said to him was a shame. No, what I didn't say to him wasn't worth thinking of."

Across the top of the paper, I saw the tall, lanky form of the speaker or rather those fragments of him which were not wedged behind sections of humanity. His skin was tanned and just now he appeared to be holding forth to an innocuous person at his elbow. But the voice, through which there now ran a familiar strain, was couched in that pleased-listen to me tone which was already causing some of his nearest neighbors to glower. Others appeared to be edging a trifle closer, as though keen to discover to whom their sympathies should be extended.

The pose of the man somehow seemed familiar. It brought a whip to memory, to the same extent that the voice and the laughter sort of harked back to something in the past and left the brain searching.

There was also a vague familiarity in the earnestness or rather in the loud prevision of the man's clothing. Prosperity shimmered from him to such an extent that the first thought was that surely it must be all upon the surface.

Then the face turned and the eyes roved slowly down the line of strap-hangers, as though challenging others to rum—berth in admiration. The instant the face swung I shouted, that search in my brain ended.

It was Bud Shippington.

The revelation was mutual. Wetrom fixmed in on Bud's eyes for there was another person to whom that tale of his could be told.

"And if it ain't Freddie Kerne," he exclaimed still in that heedless tone and immediately he began to plow his way down the string of strap holders.

Now, I dislike that name "Freddie." It didn't get into the family Bible in just that way; besides it is belittling. Some people can use the name in that form without reminding one of its littleness, but not me. But Bud has the patronizing air, and he always uses it even towards his seniors. And I am one of them, by two or three years.

"How's old pal Freddie?" he demanded, in a key which served us my personal introduction to at least a score of strap hangers.

### Why Bud Changed Again

UP TO that moment, I had been feeling fine, but I did not tell him so. Instead, I switched the conversation with remarkable speed, for I knew there was only one topic in the world which Bud really wanted to discuss, and that was Bud.

"How's the job coming, Bud?" I asked.

Bud's face grew straight, and through firm lips he laughed that laugh of prideful scorn.

"It just ain't, Freddie. You didn't think I'd work for that old skinflint for a couple of lifetimes, did you, Freddie?"

"No, but I was beginning to think you were becoming a fixture at last."

For the life of me, I could not avoid putting a little of Bud's own patronage into those two last words. In a woman, it would have been catish.

"At last?" Laughter again. "Say, Freddie, that old skinflint Grover and me couldn't look through the same doughnut if it's the last one in the world. Now, listen to me, Freddie, I'm telling you something. If you ever meet Grover, you steer around him like he's a bag of poison, for if you don't, it's good night for yours. He'll get you in the end. He ain't such a bad old skate up to a certain point, but after that—"

"The deluge, I suppose?" I inquired, somewhat meekly, I must confess.

Bud laughed, at that remark of mine, which was an unusual thing Oedinarily he reserves his merriment for his own wittiisms, but this time my remark left an opening for some more of Bud's scorn to slip out, and he grasped it.

"The deluge?" Bud exclaimed. "That's just what old man Grover's thinking about now, I'm betting. Say, Freddie, I wised him up to himself alright. And if he believes one quarter of what I told him, he'll have to get his ears pulled out to keep his hat from hitting his shoulders. The old pelican! And I'm some teller. You know me, Freddie. That old parcel of human contrariness sure knows what I think of him."

Bud paused obviously for some remark of admiration.

"You told him off, I gather?" I asked.

"Did I tell him off? You betcha."

There was a lot more of it details couched in such an insensive manner that all three of us Bud Slippington, Grover, and myself were adequately advertised long before the car reached my regular stop. So I decided that I needed some exercise, slipped off a half dozen blocks ahead of time, and escaped with a vast sigh of relief.

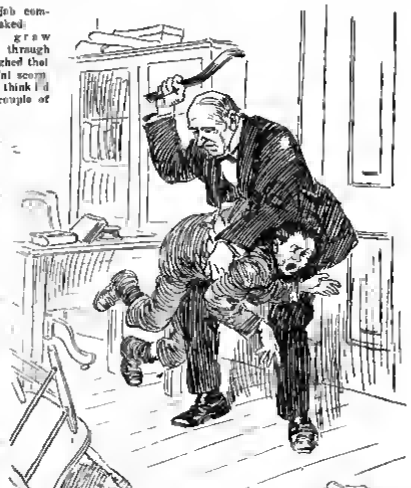
For a block or more my mind toyed idly with the past, wondering how old man Grover must be feeling after Bud's telling off, and sympathizing, perhaps, just a trifle with the both of them. The facts, it appeared, were that Bud, after working for nearly a year with Graver, and after encouraging his friends to think that he might, some day, become a fixture at something, had found it essential to his dignity to tell Grover many things about himself, his business, his personal habits, and goodness only knew how many other things.

For Bud, we all know, is a running storter at that "telling off" business, and he has never yet been known to quit before that part of his work was well done. But the upshot of it was that Bud was now on the list of the unemployed.

The thought of Bud and his special gift at "telling 'em off" clung for a definite number of strides, then it was lost somewhere among the pigeon-holes of memory.

### The "New" Soil Gets Shabby

BUD SLIFFINGTON was a mousey so far hidden behind the routine of life that I would probably never have thought of that incident again if he had not himself recalled it.



We afterwards had Bud's word for it that "What I told that old geezer will make his hair stand for a week."

The recalling of it was a simple matter. That was merely a flash-back of the brain some six months later when Bud stepped into my office with his hat corked on the back of his head and with the dangling end of a cigarette at his lips.

"Lo Freddie," he greeted. "Knew any old boys who've got the welcome sign painted on the front door?"

That requires no interpretation, as it was merely a harping back to our collegiate days when Bud coined the phrase to apply to shopkeepers who wanted a little work done after school hours. So I knew instantly that Bud was still among the workless, and that knowledge flashed my brain back to the affair in which Grover was concerned.

Bud, one could see at first glance, was making a courageous struggle to keep up that prosperous front but the sad, baggy of the same load cheek, advertised itself as the one he had been wearing when he let Grover in upon many things about himself. It was getting shabby now, and, when one came to look closer, so were the shoes and the hat.

My appraising glance was entirely involuntary, and therefore much more impertinent than I had intended it to be. But Bud merely shrugged his shoulders and pulled his shirt cuffs up beyond vision. That act called my attention to the fact that they were fringed, and once in that train of mind, it becomes difficult to overlook those obvious flaws in Bud's sartorial make up.

Sure, Freddie, been hitting the skids a little," Bud confessed freely. "But I'll come back all right, old boy. You'll see me sitting on top of the pile yet. I've had to knock a few of them over, so I've got a pretty big stack ready."

Even in his youth Bud had talked in that facetious manner, so I fancied I gathered his meaning.

"You mean you're making a moanment of all those bosses you've had to live?" I asked, and immediately appreciated that the question was none too polite.

"Right you are, Freddie. I've got 'em on my list, and when I get where I can take a good look at them from above," Bud paused with relish. "Say, boy! they're going to hear from me!"

"Haven't been adding any to the list since Grover, have you?" It was sheer curiosity which prompted this question.

"Two of them, Freddie. I'm piling them high. They can come fast or slow, straight over the plate or under the hurdles but they're going to find that little Bud Slippington doesn't have to take any of their dirt."

That was a way Bud had. He possessed the knack of mixing metaphors in weird manner, and it seemed now that he could juggle jobs with the same felicity.

"Let's hear about those last two," I prompted as I handed a fresh cigarette over the desk.

### The Perversities of Employers

BUD GAVE the details, without a second invitation. He was so generous in sketching the perversities of those two definite employers and he was so eager to paint his dismissal scenes with the exact shades of the sarcasm in his "telling off" that I began to suspect, long before he had finished, that he had come for no other purpose.

At the same time I was forced to admit that Bud had a way with him, a certain force of invective which must have made any but the most globe-lungued employer writhe. Grover, I recalled, had run some sort of an advertising wheel, and Bud had done the canvassing. Now these two stray jobs which Bud had picked up since showed considerable descent. For a month he had solicited business for a photographer concern, but had found it necessary to "tell off" the boss because certain orders were a day late.

"That's what's the trouble with some of the rubes in this town," Bud confided to me. "They send a chap out to get orders and when he lands them, they don't give him a chance. But old Finkle was a dub anyway. Say, Freddie, you should have heard what I told him. I bet he'll walk around me for a year. He knows there's one little boy in this burg who won't lie down in the mud and beg Finkle to walk on him. And say, Freddie, do you know old Hopper—over in Bosworth's? You don't? Well, it don't matter. Just here Bud paused long enough to get that scornful laughter of his working again. Old Hopper thought he could teach me something about book-keeping, but Freddie, I forgot more about book-keeping years ago than that old stiff-neck ever knew. You should see the antiques he keeps, and calls them books. I told him a thing or two. It makes my double up and laugh every time I think about it. That old stiff, who got his system out of the ark, thinking he could teach me anything! But from what I told him, Freddie, I bet he'll go straight home and buy a noffin.





The scandalous tongue left him completely foundered and wordless.

One could not deny the fact that Bud had a certain amount of breeziness of manner which lent interest to his experiences, and which, except for the frayed edges of his costume, might have made him something of a character.

Bud helped himself to two more cigarettes and rose to leave.

"Don't know of any more of the old boys who are polishing up the welcome sign?" he asked, with a vague suggestion of wistfulness in his voice.

That wistfulness almost made me weaken.

There was a junior book-keeper's position open right in my own office. Bud, I knew at once, could fill that post to the last letter that is, up to a certain time. After that? The thought of "the deluge" was too much for me.

So I tossed on hat and coat.

"Take lunch with me, Bud," I suggested.

He nodded gratefully in a manner which betrays the fact that even the stray free lunch must be a deference to him.

"Now, you're the kind of a guy I'd like to work for," Bud began confidentially, on the way to the lunch room. "You're the straight sort. You haven't got any kinks in your back or any crooks or grafts on you anywhere. You'd give it to me square and—"

Bud was still talking along that line when I left him after lunch. His remarks were highly flattering. They told me some of the things which I hoped were not about myself. Still, I could not take the chance of putting them to the test. For there was Grover, who had turned out to be a cantankerous individual, minding some of the most cutting of Bud's epithets, and who, up to that time, I had regarded as being just a trifle more straight and free from kinks than myself.

### So Bud is "Stalled" Again

SO, INSTEAD of inviting Bud to fill that post, my parting remark was a non-committal:

"Drop around sometime, Bud."

I said it in just that indefinite way, and when Bud had vanished around the corner I found myself reflecting that he had always been just like that. At least, the streak had been in him ever since I knew him.

Even back in those collegiate days, Bud had worn his patch of louder dignity loosely balanced on his shoulder with a "Dare" sign tacked in front of it. But that is not the way we looked at it then. For even we older boys regarded him as something of a hero or as one of those champions who go out to fight the dragons in the cause of humanity.

To the best of my memory, the first dragon who spurred on subsequent Bud's pet vein of dignity was Plummer, the science master. There can be no doubt of it that Plummer was something of a curmudgeon, but the real reason he stood for his nagging as one of the inalienable punishments of youth. Not so Bud. The provocation is forgotten, but the scene when Bud stepped forth as the doughty knight remains fresh upon the memory.

For Bud opened up with a broadside of invective which was withering, and which left Plummer a palpitating wreck of anger. At least for a few minutes. After that came the second act to the scene when Bud, with a some-too-gentle hand on his collar, was propelled into some inner sanctum. What happened there, none of us really will ever know, though we afterwards had Bud's word for it that "What I told that old geezer will make his hair stand for a week."

I have suspected since that the actual scene was not so complimentary to Bud as his word-painting would indicate, but at the time we were compelled to accept his biased view of it, as that was the only one forthcoming.

There was a corollary, however, but first only added to Bud's heroics. It took the form of a sharp comparison of Bud's educational career. Enter, at the gate, when Bud's locks were all neatly parted under an arm, he condescended to give us others a little sage advice.

"If all right, boys. I wouldn't stay in the same room with that old crawfish for a million dollars a minute, but not yours truly. You got to learn some time not to take everybody's lip, and if you fall old short horn Plummer run on you after I'm gone I bet is your own fault. But take it from me, kids, if you don't let him know you're alive, they'll walk on you every time."

There was enough more of it I remember, I tempted to tweak up the part of hero over hippers, but he left us in time to our own wallowing sore.

### Bud's First Job of Fib-ing

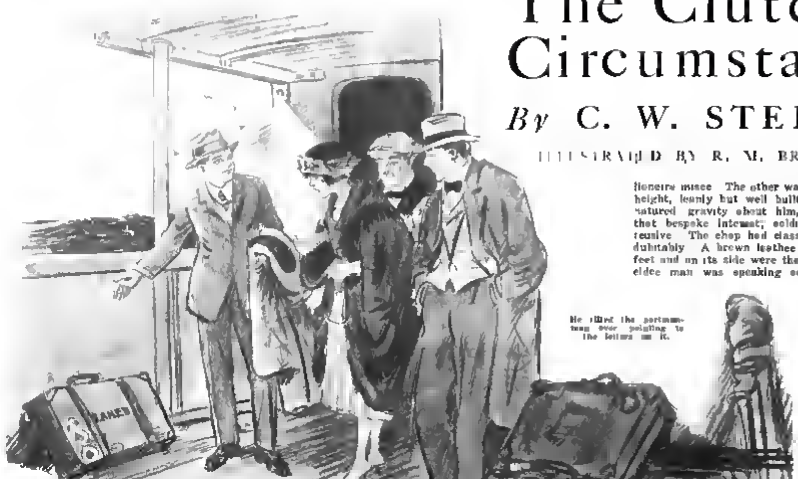
NATURALLY we kept on Bud Shippington for some time thereafter. A number of us severely envied his courage, while others openly

(Continued on page 42)

# The Clutch of Circumstances

## *By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



TWICE a year the Country Club plays a golf match with the beach fishermen. This was one of the dates and Algernon and I watched the finish at the home hole, the last pole was coming in, upon the issue of this particular fight the match depended and delving to the eighteenth the men were all square. They got away good shots and advanced for their seconds; the contrast between the two men was notable; our chap had his caddy bag loaded up with the latest devices of artful club-makers, infallible putters mashies guaranteed to pull a ball up as if Westinghoused, irons that would almost pick up balls and carry them to the hole; the blue guernseyed fisherman had one club, a cleek that had, from its appearance, been used for hoeing the potato patch and cracking unctuous knobs of coal. One man was patently nervous as he fussed over his cleek and shot, pulling out one shiny implement, shoving it back and taking out another; finally he played neatly enervated a small cleek and left the ball untouched, smiling up at him. The fisherman walked up to his ball, took a waggle at it, laid to a couple of yards from the pin, and ran it down with his monstrous implement, making it appear that really there was no other place for the ball to go than the hole.

Algernon dropped his mongrels, groaned and countered with me to the nineteenth hole, where we dropped into chairs and watched the small throng depart.

"And thus it ever was and ever will be, world without end, Amen!" said Algernon. "The heart of things the man, not the circumstances, the victory to the warrior, not the weapons

'I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul,'

enterprising clubmakers notwithstanding."

He lay back, hands behind his head, closed his eyes apparently wrapped in philosophic meditation, a smile on his somewhat ascetic visage that promised a yarn.

Plummer, he began, presently, is a constitutional kicker, he was born kicking, he has kicked his progress way through life, he will die kicking, and if St. Peter loiters at the upper gate when time Plummer appears there, a heavenly picket or two will be kicked in. We were in London on joint business, had finished it, and stood on the platform of Euston Station about to take train for Liverpool, en route home. The hour was 10.45, the train due to depart at 11, and Grace Semple had not shown up.

Grace was a home town girl, I had known she was in England, but had not supposed I should have the luck to meet her when, sauntering idly along the Strand the previous day I had been confronted by a radiant feminine vision that made my heart sing a paean of utmost joy. The vision was Grace, blithe, winsome and heartening as a Canadian June morning with carolling birds in the sky. We found our way into the Park and—but that is a different story, suffice it to say that we scooped to meet at Euston the following morning since she was taking one boat home. Truly the gods were good this morning. And now the hour of departure approached, and no Grace in sight. Plummee was in a dervish kind of fever as usual in such a crisis.

"Did you ever know a woman catch a train except by accident? Did you ever find her on time for anything?" She is contemplating the vision in her mirror, she has seen a hat in a shop window, she is having a few final weeds with a friend. She'll stroll in when the train's miles off and raise a rumpus with everybody because the railway system wasn't held up for a paltry ten minutes. I know 'em."

"As a bachelor of fifty-two years' standing you ought to," I retorted. "Moreover, Plummee, Grace is not the kind of girl to raise rumpuses. I think her eminently sensible. What there is about Euston to spend fifteen precious minutes upon passes knowledge, but your ideas of the salubrious and picturesque are notoriously quaint."

"I didn't mean Grace so much as women in general," he tried to squirm out. I turned my attention to the throng gathering about the train. Two men over me attracted me poetically. One was rather elderly and reminded me of a figure from one of Leech's old-time cartoons in "Punch"—aristocrat in suggestion, side whiskers, Inverness cape, English hole black-green slouch hat, country made shoes; he might be anything from a dilapidated squire to millionaire miser. The other was a young man—middle-height, loosely but well built, with an air of good-natured gravity about him, and eyes and mouth that bespoke intense, solidocity, too, trimly unobtrusive. The chap had class stamped upon him indubitably. A brown leather portmanteau lay at his feet and on its side were the letters J.A.N.E.B. The elder man was speaking somewhat solemnly, and this is what I caught:



He lifted the portmanteau over, peering to the letters on it.

"I ees from my Morning Post' that ever t'heee window cleaners ora striking foe two pounds o day, milkmen for ten pounds a week, it would seem that the outlook is not altogether cheerless. Do not waste money cabling in the absence of positive news that you have been drowned we will assume that you have arrived. Good-bye, John, I have a directors' meeting to attend—two guineas you know!' and with no further farewell the man turned about and took his departure. The young fellow threw portmanteau into his compartment, lit a pipe, and paced the platform briskly, taking short turns and keeping an eye on his belongings.

"Five minutes!" groaned Plummer from the depths of his soul, and as he spoke I saw Grace approaching on the swift run, a loaded porter at her heels. She saw me and coming along under full sail collided smartly with the young man who was just making one of his abrupt turns. Grace is a tall girl, wore a wide brimmed hat, and the brim neatly sheared the bowlee from the chap's head, and made a valiant attempt to scalp him with the same stroke.

"I'm awfully sorry—my stupid fault!" the assaulted one apologized earnestly, eyeing Grace not hostilely in any way. There is a vivacious charm about Grace that disarms and leaves the average man childishly helpless. It lies deeper than beauty of feature and coloring, the laughter of deep warm eyes, the enmeshing lure of bright brown hair. Blend the frank friendliness of a boy with the engaging candor of fine womanhood and perhaps in the combination you would discover the secret. For an instant the two regarded each other, eyes meeting eyes, frank, unembarrassed, approving, friendly.

And after all what is time? A thought—the soul in eyes that recognize and acknowledge kinship—a glance that solves all mysteries and forfashes all knowledge immediately requisite—swifter than light, the electele epath, the ethereal wave—and time ceases to be a measuring medium.

"Not at all, it was entirely my fault, I'm very sorry. I was afraid the train would start without me. Where did your hat go?" She was a picture of most charming penitence. A porter retrieved the hat, and I observed Grace just on the guard signalled in lordly fashion for depature.

"I nearly missed it," said Grace triumphantly as the train glided out. "But that is the way I like to catch trains; what is the use of hanging round Euston hours and hours?"

"When you get married, Grace, choose a man who has nothing wrong with his heart," I recommended.

But how ran I marry him if there's nothing wrong with his heart?" she retorted. "I hope I didn't hurt that young man."

"He may get over it," I opined. "He appears strong if not sturdy. The marvel is that his uppermost two inches was not removed by the horizontal buzz saw you are wearing."

"But isn't it a love?" she asked, removing it from her delightful head for the better inspection of Plummer and myself. "I got it from Louise and it broke into my last ten-pound note. If I have carfare home I'll be lucky."

"Straw — ribbon — feather," I mused critically.

"It's a cocket, Grace," chimed in Plummer, all obsequious amiability.

"You and Plummee delog apoplectic stunts on the platform," I got back at him.

"Not at all," lied the chap. "I knew you'd make it all right."

"Well, it really wasn't my fault," the said. "I was coming in heaps of time, but had a telephone call at the last minute."

"Never morning were to evening but some heart did break," I mused.

"No it was just Mary Dugdale—a girl I met in Norfolk. She called me up to tell me about somebody who is crossing with us, somebody called Jane. She and told me that when I was out off—you know what these telephones are like here."

"I know," gloomed Plummer sympathetically. His sufferings at the hands of the London telephone operator would have made Hamlet sense musical comedy.

"All I heard was that someone called Jane were crossing," resumed Grace. "Before I could get the connection again I realized that waiting meant losing the train, so I tore away. I must find out who Jane is."

"Quite a task," I suggested. "You must imitate that Scotsman of whom went round London howling for Gilbert à Becket."

"Oh, I'll get to know the captain and the purser, they'll help me," she said.

"Likewise the head man tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig!" I added.

"Don't be frivolous, Algy," she rebuked. "I shall devote myself to Mr. Plummee and you, especially if you are seasick, as you probably will be. I suppose that young man I bettered is going across."

"I should suppose so," I replied. "Probably joining the staff of the Governor-General, or on his way to be ambassador somewhere."

"More probably going to skirt-dance on the American stage, or stalk a Chicago heiress?" grunted Plummer, who had eyed the young man without enthusiasm.

"Quite wrong, Plummee," I contradicted. "He has a chin, his forehead done out slope backward he does not lisp, and talks real English, he wouldn't fill the ballyass role that the American stage requires and the funny novelists feed to the public; he's real English."

"I think he looks nice," said Grace, nodding approval of my observations then she began to talk about her holiday. It had been her first trip over and of course everything had been wonderful. Her father was the minister of a large poor parish, living on the slender stipend the faithful pay to those who minister to their highee interests. The holiday had been made feasible by the kindness of a relative, who, visiting Canada, had taken Grace back with him for three months.

Plummee, though restored somewhat in mind, was not very talkative on the journey. He and I had known Grace ever since she was born, she was twenty-three each of us in the fifties. Sometimes I had suspected that Plummer's regard for Grace was more than that of a friend of the family. The gap in age was not unbridgeable, he was younger than his years, a solid, dependable chap, extremely well off with the wherewithal of being still richer. Of course it might all be guesswork, and mistaken guesswork, on my part, but I had my suspicions. Did she realize something of Plummer's hopes? As we journeyed on, he reserved she paying most of her attention to me.



"All square?" he grinned resuming coat and badged but as the other came to.



I flatter myself that I created the real sensation when I strolled into the grounds with my friend whose badged hat bore the legend "Pluvills Traction Company—Conductor 27."

—a hoffee state as it were—I fancied she did. When did the guarding devices about a woman's heart fail to sound the alarm? However, presently we came to Liverpool.

II.

"YOU knew how the sea inspires sense and sociability," Algernon peseeed ad ofter his pipe was going satisfactorily. "The three of us were leaning upon the rail watching the Welsh coast slip by when the young man whose scalp Grace had menaced appeared. In response to her smiling nod he drew near. We made ourselves known to him and learned that his name was Beaufort. For a few minutes we chatted then he took himself off. When he had gone, Grace grabbed me by the arm.

"Why, Algy he's an Honorable," she exclaimed.

"What of it, my dear Grace," I answered. "Probably he has a kind heart and you know the relative values of hearts and coronets—not that I fancy he wears a coronet; anyway it may not be his fault—the sins of the fathers, and so forth."

"But a real Honorable, not a mere justice of the peace or pound keeper," she said. "Isn't an Honorable the son of a belted Earl or something?"

"I suspect so—speaking without precise knowledge," I replied. "Belted is merely suspendered, I connect say. But how did you find out?"

"From the passenger list, of course," she replied. "I was hunting for James, and saw the name—The Honorable John Beaufort——"

"Do not hold it too severely against him," I advised. "But what of the Jone investigation—any success?"

"Not yet, but the purser, who is most obliging is making a collection of the Janes on board then I shall proceed by elimination process to find Mary's Jane. Why, here is the purser, and surely that amiable official showed up a large sheet of paper in his hand, a triumphant look on his visage.

"If there is another Jane on board this ship Miss Semple, she is a stowaway," he said. There are fourteen Janes in the saloon, nine in the second class, thirty-seven in the steerage, and eleven among the stewardesses—that's all, seventy-one."

"Quite simple, I observed. Now at the sound of harp, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and other kinds of music let the glorious company of Janes appear, there is light at the horizon's edge." Beaufort, circling the deck on a constitutional, paused at the sound of hilarity and I addressed him.

"You are press-ganged, enlisted, conscripted, and sculptod, and you can't escape, obviously might, Beaufort," I said to him.

"Where is the war?" he asked obscurely.

"It is a campaign of Miss Semple's," I replied.

"Excuse me," and he raised his cap, but I explained.

"We are looking for a Jone."

*Continued on page 46*

# The DANCING MONUMENT

By JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. CHAMBERS

FATE HAS acted unkindly to Peter Mullins, ancient truck driver, now private in the Canadian Cracks' cavalry regiment. Fate made Peter the hero in an unbelievable adventure which he will persist in relating whenever he can find an audience. Peter has told the story on one hundred and thirty-three different occasions, and the recounting had drawn him into one hundred and twenty-seven fights with unsympathetic scoffers who were rude enough to scoff openly at the tale.

Peter Mullins was employed by T. Sampson and Co., at the outbreak of the South African War, and as soon as the Canadian offer of a contingent was accepted, he resigned his position and raced to the nearest recruiting station. He was placed in a cavalry squadron and left for South Africa on a transport which went via the Suez Canal. In due course the transport arrived at Malta, Port Said and Aden, and at the latter place Peter took part in the Big Adventure, the recounting of which had given him much training for the welter weight championship of the Canadian Army.

Peter, with four companions, went ashore at Aden on the evening the transport reached that sun-scorched port. They landed at Steamer Point and walked along the Crescent to the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, a hostelry whose claim to the first and last words in its title is a matter of wonder to all visitors. Here Mullins became separated from his companions and Dame Adventure, taking his calloused hand, led him up the little side streets whose dilapidated bowels were made beautiful by a big moon which rose out of the desert behind the town.

It was a night of magic. Little winds came in from the sand wastes, little scented winds that touched the hot forehead of the westwhile truch drives as lightly as the moist lips of Zeba touched the cheek of the gallant Feerish. The throb of a dhaenbooka came from the native quarter, insistent, nerve-tingling. From behind latticed windows came laughter and soft cries that had an intoxicating effect upon Peter Mullins.

Peter delved into a quiet street, an end of which was walled up. In a half trance he walked along and he had nearly reached the stone wall at the end when he halted. There came within hearing the sweetest voice that he had ever heard. At the instant he compared it with the voice of Lizzie Doherty, back home in Blenkee Street, and Lizzie lost without a murmur. It was a voice that came out like a soft lariat of purple silk and wound itself around the soul of Peter Mullins so that he rocked backward and forward in a state of emotional drunkenness.



In the centre was a weather-worn statue of a youth around which a girl, dressed in white garments, was dancing. Peter crouched behind the pillar.

THE UNSEEN songster was singing the Song of Longing which Leela the Beautiful sang to the dead body of her lover. Peter did not know it was Leela's song but people familiar with the vassas and who have heard the strange story of Mc Mullins' have identified them. The words to Peter's ears were like the wine of Galaba to the thirsty soldiers of Saigon and he listened with mouth open and eyes wide.

The song ran:

'Beloved, it is night. The moon as pale
Swings low above the sands. The nightingale
Sings sweetly. Soft desert winds, the breath of
Allah, sigh
About my casement as they harry by
To kiss the severed dunes. Beloved, hear
My voice and come to whisper sweet things in
my ear."

It is a remarkable fact that Peter Mullins, who never committed these lines of verse to memory in his quarter century of life, is able to repeat the song without making the slightest blunder. His ability to do so has impressed many who consider the story the most impossible narrative that was ever told. Peter repeated the verses when requested by the captain of the transport on the morning after that memorable night.

To use his own words, he couldn't forget them. "If his brain gorage was run over by a C.P.R. flyer."

Peter Mullins walked to the brick wall that fenced off the grounds in which was the singer. The song dragged him to the wall. It made him climb it, too, really. He dropped down behind a stone pillar and peered out at a little lawn whitened by the moonlight, in the centre of which was a weather-worn statue of a youth around which a girl dressed in white garments was dancing, singing as she danced.

Peter, crouched behind the pillar, watched the unusual performance. He could not tear his eyes from the girl. She was the loveliest thing that he had ever seen—and the face of Lizzie Doherty was blotted out by the beauty and grace of the dancer. She was fairer than the seven maids who meet the faithful at the gates of ivory and her movements were the poetry of motion.

Peter's ears drank up the song. He listened as the beautiful words of the "Song of Longing" were poured out into the silence of the night:

"Beloved, little sands from Tarma down to Leel
Whisper thy name when touched so lightly by my slipper heel.
And in the night I bear them tell
My story to the stars they love so well,
They tell of death, by Love of Mine, I see
Your shining eyes and know that you'll return to me."

Of the one hundred and twenty-seven fights which the telling of the story has brought upon him, ninety-eight have been caused by Peter's description of the happenings which took place immediately after the girl sang the second verse of "The Song of Longing." It is at this part of the narrative that the scoffers always makes his presence known, and to show that the doubter has cause to empanel his disbelief, we might use the very words which Peter uses in telling the amazing story. He tells it slowly, alert to note the presence of the unbeliever and quick to challenge the laugh which invariably greets this section of the yarn.

"She was hoppin' and singin'," related Peter, "her white dress swishin' round her legs as she bowed to the statue. Suddenly she stopped an' held out her hands to the thing, held 'em out as if she was going to grab hold of it and then—may I never see Hanlan's Point again, if I ain't tellin' yeh the gospel truth—the statue moved! It moved, I tell yeh! It moved its stone legs! It moved towards her an' she sprang away from it, swingin' across the grass an' it after her. It's gospel, an' if there's anyone who says I'm tellin' a lie he can come outside an' we'll see who the best man."

THE NUMBER of acceptances which Peter Mullins has had to this challenge speaks well for the courage of the Canadian Army, the rank and file of which have constituted his audience on nearly every occasion. Ninety-eight soldiers, at various times having laughed, were willing to support their right to laugh by their fistic ability although Peter Mullins is a person that the peace lover would not care to jostle on the sidewalk.

"I saw him hoppin' after her," continues Peter, if no scoffee shows an inclination to do battle, "an' I got on me feet an' watched. She didn't seem afraid of him, the statue, I mean. She just wanted to keep out of his way. She danced an' skipped an' dodged, an' he clumped after her like Paddy the Cop chasin' a kid who's quicker'n a jackrabbit.

"He'll get her,' I says to meself. 'He'll get her in a corner.'

"But he couldn't. Every time he would round her up in a corner she would dodge away from him. Gee, it made me blood run cold to watch it! A statoo, mind you, a carved statoo, skippin' after a girl an' shakin' the ground every time he made a sudden hop at her.

"'Look out!' I yelled. 'Look out or he'll jump on yer toes!'

"That's what I yelled out to her but she was that busy dodgin' an' duckin' that she didn't hear me. Jumpin' catamaunts, wasn't I the excited kid! I was runnin' thrills up and down me spine at the rate of sixty-three to the second as I watched.

"Stoneiega ran her up the grass patch to where I was hidin' like a second-story man, an' just as she got near me she trips as her muslin draperies an' goes flop on her face. I thought the statoo man would be on top of her but he stopped for a minute as if surprised, an' that gave me time to act. I jumped into the open an' swung at his jaw with me right, unhitchin' a left jab for the heart as that both would sort of connect at the same moment.

"Say, did any of yeh hit a stone wall in the face when yeh was real mad? Did yeh? I unloosed a yell that could be heard over in Bombay, an' I cuddled me brabee heurkles like a monkey huggin' a burnt finger.

"Sufferin' snakes, didn't I yell? I forget, mind yeh, forget that he was stone! Slammed him like as if he was flesh an' blood an' smashed every bone in both my hands.

"The girl gave a scream at the moment I yelled. She screamed at me an' just for a moment I turned me head an' looked at her as she lay on the grass.

"'Don't hurt him!' she shrieked. 'Don't hurt him!'

"'Hurt him?' I roared, swallowin' me oath because she was so pretty. 'Why, you couldn't hurt him with a sledge hammer!'

"I jerked me head around to the spot where Stoneiega was standin' when I swatted him an' then I gave a yelp like a frightened coyote. Do you know why? Yeh don't? I'll tell yeh as' if anyone laughs he can be ready to pull off his tunic. Why, Stoneiega was back in the spot where he was when I first saw him an' he was standin' there as erect as as a brigadier, an' looking as if he never galloped up and down that grass patch after the girl!

"'Shades of the Geek of Wellington!' I said an' then cautiously, very cautiously I walked over an' examined him. He was as dead as Pharaoh's chariot mules. Yes, sir! He was stone, plain stone, an' he looked as if he had not moved since they put him there.

"'Yeh swine!' I says to him, kickin' him in the shins. 'Yeh swine, I've busted me two hands on yeh!'

"I handed him another kick an' I was that mad that I nearly broke me big toe. I was just goin' to lash around for an axe or a hammer to crack Stoneiega into little pieces when the girl caught hold of me by the arm.

"'How did you get in here?' she says.

"'Over the wall,' I snapped back at her.

"'But what brought yeh?' she questions.

"'I heard yeh singin',' I says, 'an' I climbed over the wall an' watched yeh. When I saw old Mr Monument here playin' tag with yeh I came into the open an' played the giddy fool by slammin' him one or two on his prehistoriral dial, that's what I did.'

"She looked at me hands an' she looked at me face, then she came closer.

"'You saw the?' she said kind of surprised like.

"'Saw it an' felt it.' I said. 'I've broken five fingers an' a thumb.'

"'Where are yeh from?' she asked.

"I'm-ete,' I growled, because I was a bit mad at her questioning me after I saved her from that animated quarry. 'An it's lucky I'm not in Canada now or he would have mashed you up with his blue-metal chews.'

"She stood lookin' at me for a few moments as if she was puzzled, then she caught hold of me arm and started to lead me up the lawn.

"'I must dress yer poor hands,' she said. 'Come into the house an' I'll bandage 'em up.'

"'Thanks,' said I, 'an' when yeh've fixed 'em up I'll get a sledge hammer an' come back to Mr Monument.'

"'No, no!' she said. 'Yeh mustn't touch him! Promise me yeh won't hurt him!'

"When she said that she caught hold of me jacket an' looked up at me. Say she was the goods! She was little Miss Beautiful with all her headlights burnin'. I forgot old Stoneface an' just grinned at her like a blue-nosed baboon smilin' at a peanut seller.

"'If yeh don't want him hurt,' I said, I'll forget him although I'd like to smash him into little bits that they could use to makin concrete.' Me hands were hurtin' me and then I was mighty mad with old Red Sandstone.



"After a while I slipped me arm around her waist."

"'No, no,' she said, 'you mustn't touch him with a hammer.'

"'Very well, kiddo,' I said. 'But I hope that a bull or an elephant or something with a hard head, with a very hard head, will climb into this garden an' hurt him. That's what I said to her.

"She laughed when I said that. Say, did yeh ever hear anyone laugh like as if they was makin' music? She did! When she laughed I got the little thrills like yeh get when the orchestra is playing the creepy stuff on the gentle pedal.

"'Yeh'll feel better when I bathe yeh hands,' she said, an' with that she yells me through the door of the house.

"Say that was some camp she lugged me into. It was a palace. When I was truckin' in T'eente I excited stuff into all the best dumps on St. George St. but that house in Aden was way up over the best of 'em. It was a gorgeous place. Gee, there was things there that was worth their weight in gold. There was gold statoos an' carpets that yeh sunk in 'ike as if they was quicksand. An there was sweet pets hangin' on the wall that glittered with gold an' silver threads, an' there was gold swords an' uprera an' big cups with spachlers stuck all over 'em, cups that could hold a bucket of wine without bein' full.

"'Holy Moses!' I said, 'why yer dad must be richer than T. Sampson an' Andy Carnegie rolled into one.'

"I don't know who T. Sampson and Andy Carnegie are,' she says, 'but my father is very wealthy. He is called the Midas of the East.' 'Midas of the East' is the very words she said, an' a lieutenant in the Strathcona Horse' told me that she meant her father was as rich as a guy who lived hundreds of years ago an' who could turn a brass door knob into a gold nugget by touchin' it with his nose.

"'He's either a steel king, or a baseball magnet,' I said, 'an' I take off me hat to him as a simoleon gatherer.'

"She laughed again an' then she clapped her hands an' a girl brought her warm water as that she could wash me knuckles that had come up against that bunch of rocks.

"She was scrubbin' away at me knuckles when I heard someone comin' along the passage, someone that was awreal'n worse than the skippee of a cattle ship. She stopped like as if she was frightened an' I popped a question at her.

"'Who's the little percussion cap?' I said, nodding me head towards the passage.

"'It's father,' she whispered.

"'An won't he be pleased to see me here?' I asked.

"'Yes—yes, but yeh mustn't tell how yer got hurt,' she said. 'Yeh mustn't! Dont tell him that yeh hit the statoo. Tell him that yeh saved me from robbers who climbed into the garden.'

"'Don't worry, Brighteyes,' I said, if yeh wants me to I'll tell him that I got hurt in a fight with a yellow wasp or in a wrestlin' match with a duckchafer.'

"Just as I said that the little bit of wrebel flyna-mite rambled into the room an' the girl starts out to make us acquainted. Say she told him a story that beats anythin' I ever

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# QUEBEC'S BUSINESS Ppremier

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

SOME MEN spring into public prominence through a series of spectacular achievements and their very personalities appear to lend themselves to the picturesque mode of securing notoriety. Then, again, there are public men who gain their grip on the people without resorting to the strenuous methods that provoke the screamy headings in the daily newspapers. They seem content to avoid the spotlight and prefer to win their laurels by steady, consistent effort.

In the latter category is included Hon. Louis Alexandre Taschereau, prime minister of the Province of Quebec.

It is said that Mr. Taschereau is lacking in vigor and somehow energy, for the man who seeks the premiership in any of the nine provinces of this Dominion has little chance of gaining his ambition if he cannot first give proof of a fighting spirit. Nor is it outward appearance. L. A. Taschereau is rather distinguished in appearance. But he is decidedly not spectacular. With him it seems to be a matter of mood—a sort of clock-like inconspicuity that he consciously or unconsciously lets fall about him except in those rare moments when his enthusiasm runs high or his fighting blood is stirred.

Though the premiership of Quebec has seated him in the middle of past political warriors who found it highly to their advantage to be at times picturesque and spectacular, Taschereau seems intent on holding his popularity as he won it—through sheer elegance and vigor of accomplishment. He won his place in the estimation and affection of the people of Quebec through unrelenting effort intelligently directed—in other words, hard work. At the top of the ladder, so far as provincial politics are concerned, he is still a hard worker.

Lest there be any misconception as to what that term "hard worker" means, let me here set down what I discovered Premier Taschereau essays to wade through before he nails it "a day," for I found that he, like most others who have won their way to the top—is obsessed not by a desire for shorter hours of employment in useful affairs, but by an almost fretful regret that the period of his working day passes all too quickly to accomplish what should be accomplished. His standard of duty is not measured in a given number of hours but by the bushel-measure of production, so to speak.



HON. LOUIS ALEXANDRE TASCHEREAU
Premier of Quebec.

### No Forty-four Hour Week

THE PREMIER of Quebec rises about 7.00 o'clock every morning, breakfasts at 8.30 and spends an hour reading some nine or ten leading newspapers of the Dominion. He arrives at his office in the Legislative Buildings at 9.45 sharp. If the House is not in session and there are no outside calls on his time he can be found there most of the day. He first thoroughly peruses the more important press clippings with reference to Quebec and its Legislature, these being selected by his secretary from the mass that comes to him through the mails.

Premier Taschereau keeps in close touch with current editorial opinion, not only of his own province but with that in the leading dailies, financial and agricultural weeklies and magazines from coast to coast in the Dominion. One of the important duties of a branch of his office staff is to locate and mark all articles in newspapers and magazines touching on national subjects. He says that this getting into touch with Dominion wide events and Dominion wide opinion every morning keeps him alive to what is going on and very often suggests new ideas.

Callers commence to drop in for appointments with the Premier from 10.30 o'clock onward, and sometimes a large portion of his day is taken up with meeting the people. He remains at his desk till 1.30 o'clock, at which period he leaves for lunch returning to work at 2.30. It is 6.45 in the evening before he goes to dinner. Daylight's departure, however, does not end Premier Taschereau's office hours. "His real work starts in the evening," a close friend of the premier told me. "He often returns to his office immediately after dinner and is there till late-finding that in the evening hours, with less interruption, he can accomplish much more than he can in the same given time through the day."

Mr. Taschereau is not a difficult man to meet. His office is quite a democratic place and the "open sesame" to his private sanctum is being able to state a practical reason for taking up his time. I was dubious about my chances of getting in to see him the morning I walked out on Grande Allée, Quebec City, to the Parliament Buildings, because I had had no opportunity for making an appointment in advance. But his secretary blandly reassured me. "Mr. Taschereau will be pleased to meet you," he announced after taking in my card and a brief statement of my business. "You will have to wait only a few moments."

Candidly, I first accepted the secretary's statement as pure optimism. There were three people ahead of me, one man had just passed into the Premier's office and another man and a woman were waiting on the seats near the door. 'Likely a wall of an hour or more," I thought to myself. But in fifteen minutes all three callers ahead of me had been in to see the premier and were out again. Five minutes each!

I was ushered into a large square room, which, being at the corner of the building, is favored with daylight from two sides. Its furnishings reflected something elegant yet essentially practical, bright and observant. On the walls hung a number of trophies of the premier's hunting expeditions and in one corner of the room was a large table on which were placed files of current newspapers and magazines. The premier's desk was located almost in the centre of the room.

### His Personal Appearance

HE WAS making marginal notes on some sort of a document when I walked in. "Business Man" was spelled all over the lithe-looking figure at the desk from the modern cut of his clothes to his slow moving, capable-looking hands.

There is a certain quiet reserve about Premier Taschereau, not exactly a look of warmth, but something akin to it that puts him in marked sentinal with many of the French Canadian leaders whose geniality and penchant as "mixers" is one of their large personal assets. His is a self-contained reserve—the dignity and poise of mind of a deep thinker. It makes him a bit irresistible but one senses it as the inscrutability of a man preoccupied with and under the pressure of numerous plans for the future.

His eyes are the most striking of his facial features, including a scholarly head, rather aesthetic lower face, a square jaw and a straight, full mouth. They are large, expressive eyes out of which glow all the eagerness and enthusiasm of a boy. But Taschereau, with his highly developed legal mind works along practical lines that leave little opportunity for impulsive speech or action. What he does or says is invariably first carefully weighed and considered. Before he went into politics Louis Alexandre Taschereau had earned an enviable name as one of the most brilliant lawyers in the country.

Evidences are not lacking that he believes in direct action in the open once he has mastered with his cabinet and advisers and has crystallized his plans. When the liquor legislation was brought down in the House a few months ago whereby the Quebec governmental officials were to take over the control and sale of intoxicating liquors in the province, there was much conjecture about the sincerity of the measure. It was quite generally conceded that the Taschereau government would not dare to cancel the privileges of the powerful interests in control of the liquor traffic. The liquor men themselves laughed scornfully at the idea. It was expected that the legislation would be so modified that the private liquor interests would not be driven out of business but merely temporarily suppressed. The proposal to confiscate all liquor held in stock by private dealers after May 1 was too arbitrary to ever come into effect, it was predicted.

Then as time progressed and as modifications were forthcoming the liquor interests began to take things seriously. They sent representatives to see Premier Taschereau. They found the premier adamant. He said their very actions made him realize more than ever that their power should be taken away from them. Then other threats went the rounds as to what would happen any government that attempted to enforce the new legislation, Premier Taschereau put all doubts to flight by his frank announcement in the House. The Government," he declared, "is prepared to stand or fall by the success or failure of this liquor legislation."

That declaration and the subsequent vote of the House on the bill settled the matter permanently.

He had all the finished legal man's penchant for analytical treatment of a given national or provincial situation, and he has certain fixed convictions as to the methods that should bring Canada prosperity in the future. "The economic and financial power of Canada depends upon its industrial and agricultural activities," he points out. "We can therefore only lighten the burden of our budgets and discharge our foreign debts according as an increased agricultural production, added to a large industrial development, sees us to reduce to value the vast latent resources of our country. The crying need is, how to swell the centres of commerce without fatal depletion of the rural population. In order that a country's industry may develop securely and permanently, it should be based upon agriculture; production sufficient for all the needs of the people and should not drain the rural population from the fields. By thus keeping pace with each other our industrial and agricultural interests could mutually support one another and flourish without injury to either. All is a fact indeed that the abundance and excellence of agricultural produce often gives rise to the most profitable industrial operations."

For all his rather reserved and retiring characteristics he is a keen observer and student of human nature. He is quick to perceive the temper of the people, as the following incident during the unveiling of the Cartier monument in Quebec City on the sixth of September, 1920, illustrates. Premier Meighen was present with Premier Taschereau to address the large concourse of people who assembled at the unveiling. The two premiers were pretty much of the same height and build, which fact was the subject of considerable comment as they walked to the platform together. In the audience were two stalwart French-Canadians from Montmorency county, both organizers for Premier Taschereau during his political campaigns. While Premier Taschereau was speaking these two men listened attentively and applauded normally. But he noted that when Premier Meighen opened his address they became quite animated, nudging each other and nodding heads as though some problem had been solved for them. Every once in a while when Premier Meighen would pause the two man would exchange comments of some sort at the same time gesticulating toward the Dominion Premier.

Rather puzzled to know what it was all about, Premier Taschereau approached his two organizers afterwards. "I see something that the Conservative

*Continued on page 65*



# THE FIBRE EVERLASTING

*By* NICHOLAS NORTH

CHARLEMAGNE King of the Franks and Emperor of the West, back in the eighth century was somewhat of a past master in the science of effective advertising. When the celebrated conqueror and champion of the liberal arts and sciences was not busy mopping up rebellious among the Saxons or other warlike races in his numerous dominions, he was usually to be found addressing his talents to the promotion of one or another sort of novelty that would keep his name on history's pages through the ages to come.

It is recorded that Charlemagne, at the conclusion of a wonderful banquet, at which dignitaries representing church and state from all the known corners of the earth were present, ordered the curiously woven table-covers removed, cleansed and returned to the tables. To the amazement of the guests, the servants held the table-covers over the leaping flames of braziers and what was more astounding, the covers came out of the fire not only undamaged, but cleansed to a whiteness no amount of washing with water could have accomplished. They were of asbestos texture, the cloth "indestructible, unquenchable, eternal," as its Greek name implies.

Thus, a little more than eleven centuries ago, the greatest ruler of his time took the most effective means in the range of his picturesque imagination to tell the world of the potentialities of a marvellous mineral whose genesis and characteristics present almost as baffling an enigma for science as electricity or radium. Did old Charlemagne live to-day in this Dominion of Canada, whose province of Quebec is the greatest producer of asbestos in the world, he would probably be an asbestos magnate using methods to popularize its use of a spectacular order that would make Barnum turn over in his grave for very envy. There seems to be a dearth of Charlemagnes and Barnums now.

Generally speaking asbestos is a sort of accepted mystery with the public. In one of his papers Boyd, the asbestos expert, laments that after he had written and published several learned volumes on the subject, a friend one day inquired of him as to what part of the world the fish was caught in from which asbestos was extracted and manufactured.

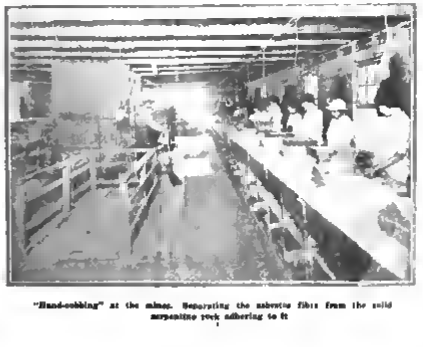


Scene in one of the huge quarries from which the serpentine is taken for the manufacture of asbestos.

### The Ancients Knew Asbestos.

YET ASBESTOS, of which ninety per cent. of the world's present supply is quarried in the province of Quebec, is by no means a modern discovery. Neither is it because scribes of the past neglected it that so little is known about the grey white fibrous substance that defies the ravages of air, flame and acids. The ancients quarried and refined it and knew many of its uses. Pliny describes asbestos napkins in vogue in his day and tells how they were placed over a charcoal brazier, emerging therefrom much fairer and whiter than they could have been made by being washed in water and subsequently bleached through exposure to the sun and air. Strabo and Plutarch refer to this perpetual lamps of the vestal virgins whose wicks remained unconsumed though continually in use. That the wicks of those lamps were made of asbestos is borne out by the records left by Pausanius, Pliny, Theophrastus and other Greek and Roman writers. The famous globe trotter, Marco Polo, whose sojourn through the empire of Tartary, now Siberia, commanded much attention in the thirteenth century, describes indestructible cloth made of Chinese and Siberian asbestos, as well as the manner of manufacture in those days.

Thousands of years have elapsed between the time when the ancients first made use of asbestos and the date on which it became an article of commerce. It remained for the newest among the nations of the earth—Canada—to produce asbestos of such quality and quantity that it finally came into world-wide use for myriad purposes. The modern asbestos industry, in which millions of dollars have been invested and many more millions made in production, is only a little over forty years old. It began in a very quiet manner with the modest investments of Scotch and Anglo-Canadian capitalists in asbestos properties in the eastern township of Quebec. A Leonard Summers is one of the authorities for the statement that Canada had supplied each year from eighty-nine to ninety per cent. of the world's total output since she entered the field.



"Hand-cobbing" at the mines. Separating the asbestos fibre from the solid serpentine rock adhering to it.

The first specimens of Canadian asbestos were exhibited in London, England, in 1862, but there was no serious attempt at mining till 1878, and even then it was carried on in a desultory manner. The pioneers of the business brushed a considerable amount of rock and produced marketable fibre, but in those first experimental stages the product met with but a tardy sale. The history of the asbestos industry in Canada is just another striking example of what wonders may be attained by human ingenuity when backed by courage and faith. No surprise ever met with more chilly indifference on the part of the moneyed public at the start—and, unlimited capital is the greatest requisite in developing asbestos properties even when the mineral veins appear right in the surface.

### Quebec a Virtual Monopoly

FIFTY years ago asbestos was scarcely known as a commercial product and barely forty years ago its discovery in large quantities in the province of Quebec awoke only the mildest interest among British capitalists whose money was sought to promote the development of the mines. Another ten years saw sudden strides toward real development. United States millionaires became interested and queries were opened up in the Thetford and Black Lake districts of Quebec as a proximate scale. Back in the eighties, 1,500 tons was considered a fine output for a year. To-day the tonnage mined in spectacular manner has reached the hundred thousand mark. In 1919 the total value of asbestos mineral shipped out of Canada was $10,932,000, and in 1920 it was $11,768,000. The industry gives employment to a considerable amount of labor. Several thousand hands are employed in the Quebec quarries and adjacent mills and this number will continue to increase as new veins are opened up and new factories for the roofing, spinning, weaving and mill boarding of asbestos are established in Canada.

One of the larger and better known companies operating in this country is now erecting an immense new plant at Asbestos, Que., and another company, astonishingly known through its progressive advertising policy, has had a manufacturing plant at Lachine, Que., since 1906. This company alone supplied over 7,000,000 square feet of asbestos shingles for the devastated regions of France. The bulk of the asbestos mined in Canada is shipped out to other countries for manufacture. Britain and British dominions and colonies take thirty-five to fifty per cent. each year and the United States the balance the world's largest factories being located in the Old Country and the United States.

Quebec's world supremacy as a producer of asbestos is to-day undisputed. Fritz Cirkel, M. E., in an official report made recently to the Dominion government, declares: "So great are the advantages of the mines in the eastern townships of Quebec, particularly as regards accessibility and the ease with which the extraction of fibre is now accomplished in the collin that, unless fields as yet unknown and as easy of access can be discovered, the province of Quebec will long enjoy the privilege of being the principal source of supply for the particular mineral, not only in the North American continent but in the world." One of the larger companies operating in Quebec I am told an first-hand authority recently refused $8,000,000 for one of its mining areas. The product of the Quebec mines is in constant demand. Recent prices quoted for the finest quality grade asbestos were as high as $2,000 a ton, No. 2 grade was quoted at $1,500 a ton, fibre at from $300 to $700 a ton, and paper stock at $65. High quality asbestos weighs about 160 pounds to the cubic foot.

THE LAURENTIAN serpentine species of greenish-colored rock which bear the same affinity to asbestos that quartz does to gold, are largely confined to the eastern townships of Quebec, from southern Vermont to Gaspe, the area covering parts of the townships of Bolton, Orford, Brompton, Melbourne and Danville. The famous Thetford-Black Lake belt covers parts of the townships of Ham, Wolfestown, Coleraine, Thetford and Broughton. Most of the big producers in the way of quarries are located in that region, though new territories are constantly being prospected and some bright indications are said to exist in Northern Ontario. The big companies already have such huge areas in Quebec proximate N. fibre that only an exceptional find elsewhere would attract capital into new fields. Credit for the discovery of asbestos in Quebec is quite generally given to a French Canadian named Fortune, though there are other claimants for the honor.

Though the pith of the fibre which asbestos is taken in

*Continued on page 40*

# DRIFTING ON THE ROCKS

*By* J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SAUCE




He packed his trunk and hiked off to London to give Lloyd George a few pointers on diplomacy

THE political dog days may be upon us, but no political movement in this Dominion is a recital of drift unless that schoolboy heat be cold, calm or shine makes no appreciable difference to its trend Whether the election comes soon or late apparently makes no choice in the estimation of the Meighen Government. It is in the same old boat with nothing to lose and nothing to hope for If there is a change in sentiment at all it is to be found among the closest followers of the young premier This cry once was "Things are at their worst. Give them time to settle and the people will learn to love a brilliant young leader who has the courage to nail the protectionist flag to his masthead" — now those same optimists mean sadly "It would have been better had Meighen gone to the country with a reorganized Cabinet the moment he assumed the Premiership Then he would have come back with a compact minority that could well have waited till the new Government wrecked itself on the rocks that strew the course of the ship of state"

But Premier Meighen elected to wait. And while he waited the country continued to drift. Some of his cabinet colleagues hanged him up with this hope that Quebec is protectionist and would split on that issue. He angled for the Frenchmen by every device known to the amateur political fisherman. He loaded Gauthier and got at least a nibble from Belvin But the by election—Yamaska—showed the foolishness of it all By an overwhelming majority the habitant shouted that he was French Catholic,—yes alas anti conscriptionist. After that he may have had a few protectionist ideas concealed about his person But of what use are even protectionist principles if they don't make a man vote?

### Making a Noise Like a Fact.

ANYWAY, a lot of people have been repeating Quebec is protectionist" for so long they have come to look on the noise as a simple statement of fact. But it is open to argument Just after the Yamaska fight a French leader remarked to me with a quiet smile "Let them go on believing that Quebec is for protection. As a matter of fact rural Quebec, and that is the greater portion of it, knows little about the tariff and cares less And that figures out about the truth. Even in the cities protection is not going to be the issue on which the election is fought in Quebec The tariff is business Elections are not fought and won on business Sentiment is the deciding influence in elections Anyway experience has taught the habitant that whether he is ruled by low tariffed Liberals or high tariffed Tories it makes little difference to the size of either his bank account or his family. And it might be worthy of note that while Hon. George Boivin was being importuned to change his politics and enter the Meighen cabinet and encouraged to believe that patronage would ensure his election one of the men who came to Ottawa to warn him to keep away from Meighen entanglements was a prominent manufacturer of Granby. And in case it all up Quebec will vote on Yamaska voted

In fact following on the heels of the Quebec reverse Premier Meighen was worked on by some of his political advisers who urged him to get busy with an anti Quebec campaign They would have him take that fighting Orangeman, Dr. Edwards of Frontenac, into his cabinet, give him the portfolio now held by Col. Blondin; bring on the Leeds and West York by-elections and make the issue whether a "solid Quebec" was going to be the dominating influence in Canadian Government.

But Premier Meighen shook his head with considerable decision. He does not take kindly to advice, neither does he learn quickly from experience. He packed his trunk and hiked off to London to give Lloyd George a few pointers on diplomacy

### Bouquets for the Peerless O'Leary

AND according to his Roswell, Grattan O'Leary, the young Premier has been somewhat of a sensation in Major League politics He appears to have




How the house misses those Old Boys!

accepted all chances and hitted about 1,000. To be sure, definite results are not yet to hand, but these are called reasons for believing that blundering British diplomacy has been put on a sane basis, the Japanese treaty is on its way to the waste paper basket, the Irish problem has been solved and an extensive world is peopening to turn its swords into pruning hooks and its warships into pleasure crafts. Not a bad month's work for one little Portage lawyer, assisted by a few colonial premiers and one able and industrious press agent, it all now?

But there is always a danger that those slow going Britishers will suffer a relapse When Premier Meighen has departed and the spell of his eloquence is no longer upon them they may slip back to their old "muddling through" methods. And if they do, will Canada's own little statesman awake to the fact that all he has accomplished is to commit Canada to fuller burdens in connection with Empire defence? Stranger things have happened. The race is not always to the speedy nor the argument to the eloquent.

Anyway, while Hon. Arthur has been busy in the Old Land Hon. Willie King has not been idle in the New He has prepared and delivered another speech. Nay, more, he has made a discovery By earnest industry and careful research he has unearthed the fact that Canada's crying need is more Liberalism.

Just what Wavering Willie means by Liberalism has not yet been explained. But judging by past performances more Liberalism means more speeches. If that is so, then right here and now I nominate Willie for Premier He can furnish more speeches, or the same one more times, than any infant prodigy who ever tried to convert a minimum of ideas into a maximum of words, and more power to him.

Neither does that here all the hired men appear to be enjoying the same season of well earned rest he did a year ago. He drifted away from Ottawa to home into a by election in Medicine Hat and a Grain Inquiry that spread over most of his immediate domain How he handled both is a matter of history. He first claimed that the inquiry was a political move and then tied it up by injunction proceedings when the commission overplayed its hand a bit and called on a little side-show at Port Arthur in order to bring out some evidence that might be thought useful in Medicine Hat.

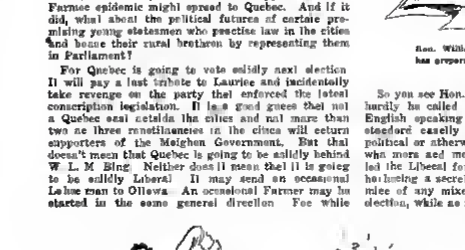
### "All Hail As Its Bottom"

THEN hurrying on to the Hat, he declared the commission a political movement to destroy the Farmers movement. Did the Farmers believe him? They oppose to have His candidate carried the constituency by a majority of nearly 10,000, the farmers valley pretty nearly solid while the city of Medicine Hat alone gave a majority of about 800 in his favor.

And when you come to think that Medicine Hat with its natural gas and its hopes to become a western manufacturing centre has been called the most protectionist point on the prairies you begin to believe that said West has pinned its faith to Crerar and is practically prepared to "go it behind" when the great showdown comes upon us

Of course the Unionists are trying to extract a little comfort from the fact that they won in York and Sunbury But said comfort hardly comes in paying quantities "Carry York and Sunbury," exclaimed a New Brunswick senator ten days before that election "We've got to. If we can't carry that old stronghold we're lost in every seat east of the Quebec lines" And a victory from which about three-fourths of the regular majority is lopped off leaves rather a bad taste in the mouth But the contests in Medicine Hat and York and Sunbury evidence the difference in the feeling in the East and West. In the Hat, Labor voted with the Farmers despite the fact that Han Gideon Robertson made the long traverse and tried his rude eloquence on the horny handed In the East the Farmers had a majority outside the city of Fredericton but Labor there stayed with the old party and helped to keep down the Farmer uprising

In both constituencies that fighting young leader, Hon. MacKenzie King, failed to put up a candidate. Does he realize that only in French-speaking constituencies does his party have a chance? Or is he staying out so that the opposition to the Government will not be split? Well, he split the opposition in East Elgin and the Farmer won. He split the opposition in West Peterboro and his own candidate won. He could have split the opposition in about four ways without helping the Government candidate in Medicine Hat. And as for York and Sunbury, the Liberals, or a large part of them, voted for the Meighen candidate. So it will be seen that Mr. King is hardly holding his hand in order that what Premier Meighen calls "the adjunct" to the Liberal Party may have the right of way As a matter of fact, Farmer candidates in the East appear to run better with a Liberal in the field The latter splits the urban vote while the peasers of the tall timothy appear to have forgotten the politics they learned at mother's knee and vote pretty solidly for one of their own kind




He angled for the Frenchmen by every device

### Guessing What Will Get the Eighty

AND THEN there's a new phase of the political situation opening up Students of the game are now prepared to admit that the group that gets down in front in the next Parliament will have little difficulty in forming a Government and carrying on. There are 235 members in the House at present and though there will be more after a redistribution, you can take this as a basis If Meighen comes back with eighty, it is held he can draw enough Quebec protectionists and "independents" to his standard to let him keep an premiering If King has the eighty he can pull the Farmers to his aid—on their own terms—and become the prominent little premier this country ever knew. If Crerar has the eighty there are enough low tariff Grits ready to break away from their moorings and hurry to his side to form a Government in which Hon. W. L. M. King may not even be offered a portfolio.

Of course all the is based on the supposition that the country will split into four about three equal parts But a close study of the political map shows that it won't. Unless all signs fail the Liberals and Farmers will run neck and neck well out in front with the Unionists a bad third

Now you can hardly blame Mr. King if he carries little admiration for a Liberal-Former victory that will leave him out of the premiership and probably out in the cold altogether. It may have occurred to the Roy Statesman that it would be just as well to have an occasional Tory elected in place of a Farmer Too many Farmers, you know, may spoil the game Better throw a few Farmer seats to Meighen than allow Tom Crerar to come back with too much of the whip hand. "Safety First" is a doctrine that should not be confined to street car signs

Then, too, some of Mr. King's young French followers are not viewing the forward march of the Farmers with any loud shouts of approval. That Farmer epidemic might spread to Quebec. And if it did, what about the political futures of certain promising young statesmen who practise law in the cities and beome their rural brethren by representing them in Parliament?

For Quebec is going to vote solidly next election It will pay a last tribute to Laurier and incidentally take revenge on the party that enforced the latest conscription legislation. It is a good guess that not a Quebec seat outside the cities and not many than two or three constituencies in the cities will return supporters of the Meighen Government. But that doesn't mean that Quebec is going to be solidly behind W. L. M. King. Neither does it mean that it is going to be solidly Liberal It may send an occasional Labor man to Ottawa An occasional Farmer may be started in the same general direction For while Quebec is solid for its race, tongue and religion and just as solidly against Arthur Meighen it has little family quarrels all its own

### There Are Many Ways to Jump

THESE were evidenced at the Grit convention where the populace headed by Lapointe and Bureau turned on the classes headed by Gouin and rent them limb from limb. It is evidenced in the House of Commons where there are two distinct factions neither of which is overburdened with loyalty to the nominal leader of the Great Liberal Party And the "solid" Quebec that reaches Ottawa is liable to split two or three different ways when it gets there It has ambitious men in its ranks If Hon men who could travel hand in hand with Crerar without any noticeable change in their principles It has men who see eye to eye with Meighen on fiscal matters. And, sad to relate, it has men who could jump either way if they could see that their political future might be improved by the jump.




Hon. Willie King has not been idle He has prepared and delivered another speech.

So you see Hon. W. L. M. King's French flock could hardly be called "well in hand" Nor are the few English speaking statesmen who carry beneath his steadfast casually prepared to lay down their lives, political or otherwise, for him Hon. W. S. Fielding, who more and more towards the end of last session led the Liberal forces in the House is said to be still harboring a secret ambition to be a compromise Premier of any mixed Government that may follow an election, while as for Hon. Charles Murphy—well, the young leader doesn't need to say that he loves me, he loves me not lest to discover his exact frame of mind. Certain of the smaller fry, such as Duff of Lunenburg, Kennedy of Essex profess a fondness for King that may mean that he may have portfolios to hand out.

So you see the Liberals will come back a rather hard bunch to handle. It has also to be shown that Mr. King has the ability to do the handling. If he can arrive with a good lead on both Crerar and Meighee he should make the grade But if, as looks likely he and Crerar come under the tape neck and neck there will be a hundred pitfalls in his path and he may disappear into any of them

From a strategic standpoint the Farmer leader will have much the best of it. He won't have to watch his followers. They will have been elected for a purpose and will know exactly where they are at. Moreover, most of them will be new to Parliament—too new to have developed Cabinet ambitions. Crerar can go ahead knowing that he can deliver, that one section of his group is making another dicker behind his back.

Oh, yes, the days following a general election will be interesting The available supply of political wires will all be needed and then some And when it is all over one, and possibly two, of the old parties may have been wiped off the political map.

### What Hit Alberta?

IN FACT these old parties are already putting on a disappearing act all their own There is that Alberta provincial election A Farmer opsam, largely engendered by the Medicine Hat by-election, resulted in an upheaval that swept the Tory party into the ash barrel and left about as many Liberals as you could carry out in a shovel And it wasn't that they didn't like Premier Stewart. As a matter of fact, as this is written, they are still talking of asking him to lead their new Government. It was just that the people appeared to want a new deal

In Saskatchewan, Premier Martin dodged the inevitable by practically making the Government a Farmer concern He removed his Attorney-General by resigning from the Liberal advisory committee He made his Government small still more of the hayfield by pluching J. A. Maharg from a seat to the federal Parliament and giving him a portfolio in Regina. And this Maharg happens to be president of the Saskatchewan Cooperative Elevator Company which is the big noise in Farmer circles on the banks of the Sas-Katch-e-wan Having practically doffed his Liberal uniform and put on overalls, Premier Martin pulled through but it can hardly be argued that his Government is less "truly Agriculturral" than the one opening up business in Alberta

So there you have it. The West is Farmer; Quebec is French; Ontario is an open guess, while the Maritimes, with the exception of a few rural constituencies and two or three others that may take the bit in their teeth and go Labor, will vote as their forbears voted though returning more than the usual number of Liberals.

It's a sorry mess isn't it? And sticking out of it all you'll notice that just preceding the Alberta debacle Hon. Frank Oliver took a Tory partisee into the Edmonton "Bulletin" Chanced days since Hon. Frank, "Neil" Macdonald and "Sweet William" Pugsley held the Liberal beehive in the fighting trail at Ottawa Then there was no compromise There only party principles held Those the battle raged—a lines told down by preceding generations and preserved by a deep seated revelation that nothing short of total Liberal could possibly be right. How the House misses those Old Boys Hon. Frank's specialty was laughing. "What a gift of grace that even would make," men remarked and strangers a whiff of Hon. Frank's pipe is treasured as flashed by. And as the House he was ever ready to pull a grouse if what I see on the floor that seats it vaguely brings to mind for there also Neil had many blasts with an occasional hustle of almost equal vigor what Sweet William was ever ready with the merry jest that left a barrel in its tail a kick that would have done credit to the traditional mule Will those Old Boys ever come back? Or has the chastening politics taken their places few more proven politicians whose chief characteristic is deadly dullness and whose simplicity is emphasized to the point of nudity?

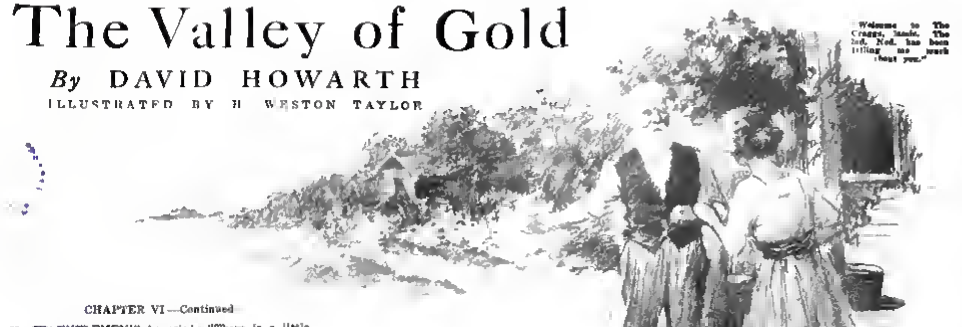
But to get down to cases again What about the election? The Medicine Hat returns coupled with

Continued on page 38

# The Valley of Gold

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR




CHAPTER VI—Continued

"GENTLEMEN!" he cried. "There is a little preliminary or two I must pull off before I can announce the winner of the threshing bout between Rob McClure and Ned Fuller. Whatever the result, I append to the winners and losers to take their medicine. I want the word of both houses that they will not stand for any scrubland business or rough house. I'll not hand out the totals until I get that word."

Butte paused significantly.

"Go ahead," said Ned, with a grin. "We'll be good."

"Agreed!" exclaimed McClure. "My gang is no bunch of squealers. Spit it out."

"Thank you gentlemen," said Butte. "That is satisfactory. But there is another matter. Before I hand out the stakes I want you to choose two rank outsiders from this crowd who shall go into the Square Room with me and verify my figures. When they have made an audit I will come out and give you the facts."

Speedily the arrangement was effected and the three men went in behind the Green Baize Door.

During the interim Easy Murphy chaffed close to Snoopy Bill Baird. Grinning insolently into his face he undressed him in a cavernous stage whisper.

"How's the buttercups, Snoopy?" said he. "Ye did not consave yerself wid a second bokay!"

Andy Blewitt, standing near, placed his hand deterringly on Easy's shoulder.

"Steady, lad!" he whispered. "Ned's given his word. Keep in line!"

Snoopy Bill ruffled instantly at the thrust. With a quick snatch at his breast pocket he drew out a bunch of hills and flittered them flauntingly in Easy's face.

"How about a bokay of these nice green shamrocks?" said he, with an exasperating laugh. "Have you the eye for a fresh fifty?"

"Indade, and they are the purty flowers," was the quick response. "They're to be had for the pickin' I'm wid ye, Snoopy."

Quickly he covered the bet, placing the stake with a bystander. The incident stimulated an emulation in the crowd, and by the time Butte appeared again the excitement had risen to the point of explosion.

"Hold your horses for a little!" he cried, smiling into the glaring eyes of the gamesters. "I'll go right to the point. For a month past these two gangs have been hammering away to roll up a big total, and I want to tell you they have done it. The gangs have worked evenly seven full days and have made the record rune of the Pellawa country."

Butte's deliberate manner was too slow for his strained audience.

"Cut the talk, Jack! Cough up the totals!" yelled a voice.

"Hear, hear!" came an applauding roar.

"To resume," said Butte, bowing pleasantly, "in estimating the cuts I reduced them to a total weight and then dividing by sixty, found the equivalent in weight of wheat. The total is therefore stated in terms of wheat. This was agreed upon by the two bosses. Rob McClure's machine has turned out a total of seventy thousand eight-hundred and twenty-two bushels."

AT THE announcement the McClure gang and their partisans lifted a shout of elation. Above the ensuing hubbub rose the brogue of Easy Murphy.

"Shure, Johnny Butte, 'tis a swall towtal. But ye'll hev till open yer mug wider, begobs, when ye give the Valley count."

In spite of the extreme tension a boisterous roar greeted the defy.

"Against this," said the stakeholder amid a breathless silence, "the Valley Outfit have rolled up the huge total of seventy-one thousand, nine hundred and fifty five bushels ——"

His words were drowned in a wild ringing cheer. Led by Murphy's deep bass roar, the Valley Outfit let go. As the rumpus died down Andy Blewitt lifted his cap and shouted:

"Three cheers for Rob McClure's gang. They made a great roe!"

Ere they could raise the shout McClure yelled:

"No! Saw off your blankety howl. We want none of it. You doped one of my men or you would never have turned the trick."

Easy Murphy's lips were framing a reply when Ned spoke up.

"I want to state," said he with quiet deliberateness, "that as far as my knowledge goes, the Valley Gang has run this thing as straight as a whip. I appeal to Jack Butte. Do we win on our merits?"

A chorus of applause greeted Ned's words.

"Gentlemen!" replied the stakeholder. "This game has been run on the square. My figures have been verified and are open to the public. The Valley Outfit are the undisputed champions of the Qu'Appelle. Come up to the counter and I'll pay over the cash."

The convivial spirit ran high as the wagers were collected. In the rear of the room McClure and his men held angry consonse. Suddenly they pushed their way to the counter. McClure spoke loudly, his face and eyes aflame.

"Come, Swale," commanded he. "We set up the drinks for the house. Make it hard stuff all round."

The manner was offensive. Ostensibly the host, he was really the bully. The Valley Outfit made no move to accept the proffered treat. Ned Fuller stepped up to his sullen opponent.

"No, Rob McClure!" was his crisp exclamation, accompanied by a flash of indignant eyes. "We don't drink with gentlemen who insult us in the same breath. The Valley Outfit, with their little thirty six inch mill, beat you to a frazzle. You'll never have a chance like this again, for next fall will find the Qu'Appelle Champions capering about the finest mill on the Pellawa plains. You look, Rob, almost mad enough to fight. Very well. I have given Jack Butte my word to keep quiet. The Valley Outfit is going to get out and leave you the whole house. If you want to mix up with us don't let me get away. If you are afraid of messing up Louie's joint we'll wait for you outside. Meanwhile, will you accommodate us gentlemen, by clearing away from that door?"

AT THE words he brushed past McClure, who stood glowering at him with eyes that streamed a liquid hate. For all his rage McClure was held from battle by a subtle enervation that baffled him.

"The Valley Outfit will leave at once," was Ned's cry as he flung open the door. With his head on the knob he waited for his men to pass out before him. With surprising promptitude they complied. Easy Murphy was the last to leave. Pausing on the threshold he turned about.

"'Tis a brave bunch ye are, McClure, wid yer blower bunged and yer engine buckin'. Begobs, I cud put the howl gang av ye till aispe on a wathurr wagon. Come out intill the moonlight."

With that he went out, followed by a flying flank and the nurses of McClure.

"Good night, gentlemen!" said Ned, a mocking light in his eye. "We'll hang around outside for ten minutes or so. If you can make it, why—the Valley Outfit would be delighted."

Once out among his men they urged him to go back. But he shook his head.

"No, lads!" he said firmly. "I do not want to fight. If they come out we'll mix in. I think I've something better than even a good fight. I'll put you next when we pull away from Louie's."

The ten minutes passed. The door opened once but closed again. The Valley Gang hooted derisively. They waited five minutes longer. McClure had evidently passed up the challenge. Though his men knew it not, Ned was intensely relieved. He could scarcely understand. The fact was McClure appraised the situation exactly notwithstanding his rage. He was no coward, nor was he a fool. He knew that gang for gang Ned had him beaten in more ways than in the mere threshing. Let the Valley Outfit pull off its bluff. He would nurse his chagrin and strike—later.

When Ned got his men well out of ear-shot he addressed them in a sudden light-heartedness that surprised them.

"I want to thank you, lads, for holding yourselves so wonderfully when I knew you were itching to get your hands on McClure and his carry-eyed crew. This is a great night. We've thrashed Rob McClure twice to-night. We've out-milled him for a month and gathered in the wager and we're handed him a mighty hard punch by forcing him and his gang to funk. We are now going to pull off a little stunt that will be remembered for many a day along the Qu'Appelle. Easy will come with me. The rest of you get back to the caboose with Andy. He'll put you next. We'll meet you there at eleven o'clock. You will all remember that to-night's Hallowe'en."

By a mighty effort of self restraint the men acceded to Ned's request to leave the village. Eleven o'clock found them waiting with Andy, all agog for the next move.

## VII

### HALLOWE'EN ON THE QU'APPELLE

AT ELEVEN o'clock McClure and his men staggered out of Swale's joint. For half an hour they prowled the streets, alarming the village with their wild whoops. At twelve they scrambled into their grain wagon and tore down the main street at a furious pace. Out to Smithers they raced, a rollicking company of drunken fools.

Ned and Easy, posted among the poplars in the grove north of the barn, saw them ride into the barn yard. In the light of the moon the two men could see them tumbling out of the waggon, sprawling over each other, noisy and ill-humored.

"I see Rob of the heads uv the horses," said Easy. "He cliver goes home whin he's rale wull plinked."

"We've got the whole crew at home, then," whispered Ned. "We are in luck. Come, let us round up the boys."

Slipping quietly away, they arrived at their own caboose.

Andy and the rest were awaiting them. Briefly Ned rehearsed his plans and was gratified to find them primed and ready to the last detail. In a few moments they set out for McClure's caboose. They carried planks, ropes, hammers and spikes while Easy Murphy brought up the rear with his huge span of greys. The team was shrouded in great dark blankets with black nets covering their light hands. Each man was masked with his bandana handkerchief, giving the marauders the appearance of a gang of bandits or a lynching posse.

At the edge of the grove they peered and listened intently. Not forty yards away stood the caboose with its crew of quarrelsome men. A confusing dialogue of altercations was in progress. After a time the men settled into their bunks, where the bibulous debate was drowsily maintained, finally simmering to the thick-tongued harangue of one persistent individual.

At a signal from Ned the Valley Outfit crept noiselessly upon their unsuspecting prey. Arrived at the caboose they made a swift survey. The farmstead was quiet. Smithers and his men were sound asleep. No interruption from that quarter. The caboose was the usual midget bunkhouse, a rectangular box on truck wheels with a low roof. At the tongue end was a door. In the other end near the roof was a tiny window, too small for the exit of a man's body. Andy and his men stole around to the rear of the caboose. Striking an end of the plank solidly into the ground, they placed the other against the middle of the door. Two men held it in place while two swung their weight on it, holding the door shut as with a vice. McClure and his men were trapped. Quickly a stout plank was placed across the top of the door and nailed with five inch spikes to the corner posts. Another plank was nailed similarly across the bottom, perfectly sealing the caboose.

BY THIS time a new motion had arisen within. Snoopy Bill could be heard shaking the men and dragging them out of their bunks. Above the tumult soared McClure's heavy voice, disclosing in the angry vehemence of his curses a swift conclusion as to the identity of the assailants. Outside in the moonlight frolicked the cooked figures. The excitement was intense. At Ned's desire all audible speech was to be suppressed. Easy Murphy was in his element and wanted to bellow.

"Be the ghost uv me grandfahthurr!" he whispered to Jean Benoit. "'Tis the happiest hour since Oi left Owld Oireland."

Amid ill-suppressed laughter the freak proceeded. Backing his horses to the tongue, Easy speedily hitched on and pulled out of the barnyard. Long before Smithers and his men could wake and realize what had happened the big greys had spirited away the caged crew surrounded by the triumphant body guard of Valley threshers.

Urging his horses to a trot Easy turned into the usual road and bowled merrily along over ruts and stones to the fierce accompaniment of the pandemonium from within. Once a head unwisely protruded itself through the small opening only to receive a smart rap and to be instantly drawn in.

"Head across the Northwest Cut," directed Ned. "We'll run them up on Bald Hill, where they can get a good view of the lake."

When the brow of the Cut was reached Easy reined in his horses.

"Shall we cross be the threil?" said he in a loud whisper to Ned, "or shall we hannee sthraight on over the rocky road till Dublin?"

"Give them the rocky road," was Ned's grim response.

"Begobs, yer a darlin'!" cried Easy, with a muffled whoopee as he swung the greys off the prairie down the side of the Cut.

Then began a half-mile of rocking and tossing, pitching over hillocks, boulders, badger holes and stumps, the caboose lurching about like a ship in a heavy sea and thoroughly churning up its human contents. The little trunkhouse became hideously vocal as execrations came forth, vengeful chorus from its tormented interior. Easy's eyes seemed to have uncanny vision for holes and hidden logs and jolting rocks, while the big greys, alarmed by the outrageous lemnit, snorted wildly, plunging through everything with irresistible force.

The weird passage of the quick was at length accomplished, winding up on the windy skull of Bald Hill.

"They'll have a very fine stretch of the Valley to look into from here," said Andy with a grin, as his eyes took in the sweep of the hill.

"Indade, 'tis rale illigint," said Easy. "Bah will be chargin' a tickel a pape from the hay window above."

"Unhitch the greys, Easy," said Ned, his eyes darting mischief. "We are not going to leave the caboose here. The fun is about to begin."

Ned's remark was cryptic. "If we are not going to leave them here, why unhitch?" was the query in every mind.

"Ah, Ned! 'Tis a darlin' I said ye was!" exclaimed Easy, seized by a sudden inspiration. He had tumbled to Ned's dark design. "Ye will be affthur shoolin' the shoot wid anny frinds in the paskin'-box?" was his sly guess.

"Hats off to our little boss!" cried Andy softly, shaking with laughter.



—By gar, dat caboose yump on de lake lak beeg carpenter!" He" Jean forthwith "went up," venting his ecstasy in a series of handsprings.

WHEN he came down he did what the rest were doing. He took a swift, keen glance at the hill. The slope fell rapidly away, dropping, evenly hundreds of feet to the sandy shingle of the beach over a quarter of a mile away. Through a wide gap in the shore bluffs could be seen the silver shimmer of the waves. There could be but one end to the proposed flight of the caboose—the cold, white bosom of the lake.

With deliberate thoroughness the Valley men made their preparations. The horses unhitched, the lashings of the caboose were roped high and locked firmly so that it could have no side swing. Then the men took their places about the wheels and rear.

"Just a minute!" whispered Ned. "One of you lads had better pull a watch on this thing. This old bus is in for her record run."

A chorus of subdued laughs rose above the noise emanating from the interior of the doomed vehicle.

"Shoulders to the wheels!" was Ned's low order. "Now, all together! Send her a-lifting."

Every man got down with a will and a smothered yo-heave started the caboose down the slope. With a final united shove they sent it away from their hands in mid career towards the lake. Down the hill it sped, swaying in its course like a drunken man, but heading straight for the water. In fearfully accelerated speed it shot over the short sand beach and crashed in the gleaming waves. Carried along by its great momentum it charged the lake like a racing motor-boat throwing a huge prow wave as it ran into the deep water. Weighted with its heavy trunk and human freight it sank almost half way to the roof before coming to a standstill.

While the caboose sped down the hill the perpetrators of the deed watched its flight in breathless interest. As it plunged into the water a cheer roared down the hillside.

Meanwhile in desperate rage and no small alarm McClure with his gigantic strength had torn a hole in the roof and thrusting his shoulders upward broke through and climbed out just as the car came to rest in the bed of the lake. Looking up the moonlit hill he could plainly see the group of men crowning its height and caught the cheer that swept down. No word, however, escaped him. Thoroughly sobered, the full significance of the daring lark burst upon him, sealing his lips. There were times when Rob McClure was unexpectedly silent. Reaching down he helped his men one by one out to safety. Soon the roof was black with men.



Screened in the low trees crouched the figure of Roddy Stiles.

"Dey come lectle drown rail!" exclaimed Jean Benoit, shaking with laughter at the sight. "What dey goin' to do?"

Through the quiet air came the answer. It was McClure's voice.

"I guess there is nothing else for it," said he, instantly tense. The sound of a splash. Other splashes followed and then could be seen a straggling line of dark figures plunging through the surf.

"Now let them have it," cried Ned.

With all the vigor of seventeen pairs of powerful lungs they lifted cheer after cheer.

"Faugh! Cut out Ned that!" This beats a fight. We have licked the whole gang without anybody getting mussed up. The cold water will help to sober them."

A moment later Bald Hill was deserted.

## VIII

### THE RIVAL BOSSES

MCCLURE sat in his office nursing his choler, with a face bit-

terly lineaments. The routine of threshing moved on. Looking through the window, on upon a former casualty, he saw the two lines of smoke trailing off together over the fields. The sight caused a tightening of jaws. For an hour he had sat moodily thus, plunged in gloom.

The loss of the heavy wager was not desirable and the defeat galled. But it was not this that caused the baleful smouldering within the eyes. He teased away the stabs with the sang-froid of the gamester. He would get it back when the luck turned. The thing that incensed him was not the utter rout but the manner of it. His shoulders had been pinned to the mat by the swift address of an antagonist he had despised. The conviction sank in upon him that this young and resourceful foe had toyed with him. This levity was the barb that inflamed the wound.

The episode of Hallowe'en was a cup of gall to him. The kidnapping and dashing of himself and gang was a daring act deep and wily in its deliberate insolence. He fancied he caught the mocking laugh on Pullar's face. Ned had used him for a public burlesque. The caboose still lay in the lake. Pellawa was highly amused and—talking. Defeat was complete and bitter. Added to this was the condemnatory voice of an inner and subtle monitor that told him he had been wrong from the start and moreover had not scruple to lord his man. His opponent on the other hand had played fair. These feats did not trouble the conscience of Rob McClure. They nettled him. He resented the alignment of public opinion with his adversary. He would use the same tactics again. But he would see to it that the camouflage was perfect. The longer he brooded the deeper grew his dour morality. Vengeance cried loudly within him. He vowed a tenfold reprisal. Some day he would put on a burlesque himself and then ——

Suddenly he was roused from his malignant reveries by a light step outside the door. In a moment it opened quietly, admitting Helen McClure. Her face so compellingly attractive had a tragic weariness in it. A close observer wondered at the acute pain that would glance at times from the clear eyes. Neither the beauty of her fragile person nor the remarkable dignity of her bearing could hide the reality of suffering. Rob McClure, man of steel though he was, sternly acknowledged the noble strength of his wife in a soft voice she announced:

"Mr Fuller wishes to see you, Rob." Turning to the newcomer she smiled brightly, inviting him in. Motioning him to a chair she withdrew.

Ned remained standing.

"Sit down," said McClure, coldly.

"No thank you!" returned Ned courteously. "My business will be brief. Man to man I want to know whether or not you are satisfied with Jack Butte's decision."

McClure darted a swift look into the other's eyes. "It is a mere trifle" said he with a deprecatory gesture. "Butte is straight. You got the lucky breaks!"

"Very good!" said Ned. "It gratifies me to hear you say it. You positively agree that the Valley Outfit win?"

"You got the lucky breaks," repeated McClure.

"That satisfies me," said Ned conclusively as he took a package from his breast pocket. Reaching forward he placed the bundle on the desk before McClure. His eyes flashed and his voice had a ring of steel on he said:

"That is your share of the wager just as it was handed to me by Butte. You will remember, I think, that I did not desire to take up your bet. There is your cash. I will not touch the winnings. Coming to the expedient of a lazy thief willing to take a chance. You can keep the away. It is yours. Or—you can burn it. This completes my business. I wish you good-day."

McCLURE was astounded. His eyes dropped momentarily to the package before him. For a full minute he stared at the wad of ragged edged bills. Then into his face flooded a blush hideous. His hands clenched, clutching in a horrible convulsion of rage.

"You insolent devil!" he cried fiercely, hurling the package to the floor. Turning he flashed angry eyes about, surprised to find that he was alone in the room. He leaped to his feet, non-plussed, baffled. His eye caught a motion outside the window. It was Ned unhitching his horse from the post at thirty yards away. At sight of his enemy a fearful idea came to him. Reaching down swiftly he opened a drawer and snatched out a revolver, broke open its blue rhombers. There was a gleam of brass rims. It was loaded. With a menacing cry he stepped to the window and threw up the sash. He was dropping the sight on the tall figure when his ear caught the tripping of light feet along the hall. It was Mary coming to his room. He hid the gun on his target for the briefest instant then dropped the muzzle and thrust it covertly into his pocket. As he whirled about, Mary burst through the door, a lithe little figure in riding boots, sombrero and habit. She looked at him, her face radiant, her eyes dancing with the joy of living. He seemed hesitant. Could it be that for once her father was inviting? With a happy cry she closed upon him. He smiled a strange, relieved smile.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried delightedly. "I have had such a glorious ride. Bobs pranced down the trail a thing of wildest life, making the trip from The Craggs in less than an hour."

Throwing her arms about his neck she drew his head gently to her. Swept off his feet by the swift denouement of the last few minutes, he submitted to her will. For the first time in years she felt the absence of chilling reprise. Holding him close in her ecstasy she kissed his forehead again and again. With a final caress she laid her cheek against his for one silent, happy moment, then broke away and ran off to her room thrilling with pleasant emotion.

Mary McClure did not know that her glad arrival had held her father's hand from an unspeakable crime. He was indeed grateful to her for the interposition, though his face showed no repentance. There was, though, a regretful pang in the breast. It was caused not by any faint penitence for his evil design but by the memory of Mary's cheek against his. The "feel" of her soft, tender youth was there. For some strange reason the memory of it sank deep. The sound of her footsteps had scarcely died away, however, when the old ruthlessness returned. The relief he now felt was that of one who had been saved from committing a violent inexpediency. Glancing through the window he saw the horseman cantering leisurely down the trail. As he watched, the hard lines drew about his mouth. He began casting about for the package of money, finding it at length near the door. Picking it up he looked at it a moment with bright eyes that acknowledged an enigma. Walking to the window he looked out, smiling secretively and shaking the wad ominously at the Valley hills.

"It will help to break you, Pullar," was his threat.

Going to the desk he opened a large drawer and deposited the money carefully in a tin box.

Above in her room Mary watched Ned ride out of sight into the Valley. She was greatly mystified as to the purpose of his visit. She regretted missing a meeting with him, but reflected with deepest happiness on the friendliness of her father. The moment, she felt, was full of happy augury.



Margaret dipped her head a trifle and looked out over the lake.

## IX

## A LAND SHARK

REDDY SYKES had drifted into Pellawa during the early weeks of summer. Though at first an anomaly in the little town, the citizens grew used to his presence. It was hard to define Sykes' business. He was not a lawyer, though he had a distinctly legal turn of mind. He had acquired the title of Commissioner. He began work in the village with a command of considerable capital. His most lucrative line was real estate. He bought and sold farms and manipulated the transaction of large acreage blocks. A few city shingles decorated his window but the great urban boom of the West was as yet on the verge and the subdivisional monis had not got properly under way. The ability of the new arrival in his selected field was so surprising and apparent that his presence in Pellawa was a power to the shrewd minds of the plains. He could have made things hum in a bigger world.

Personally, Sykes was a character that invited scrutiny. He was comparatively young, still in the early thirties, possessing a full-blooded interest in life. His face was unusually hard for so young a man and were an habitual calculating expression. He was a man of scheme and intrigue. His motion as he moved about was very like that of Saynard as he slunk through the night en route to Mr Farmer's chicken roup. He lived by his wits, searching the frail clearly for tracks of his prey. His nose was always in the wind. He was alert for the lucky rent of the die that should tumble fortune into his lap. Inventive and resourceful, his mind stored a great fund of premises. He could adopt and discard twenty viewpoints in as many minutes. The stolid, commonplace farmers fought shy of Sykes, shunning his specious ness, afraid of a snare. They felt the unrelenting, unscrupulous thing in the man, though unable to detect it in his handsome face.

Notwithstanding the diffidence of the farmers to enter into free commerce with the real estate agent he had become an accepted cog in the social wheel. He had made one powerful friend—Rob McClure. The two drew together like steel and magnet. The attraction fused into an implicit partnership from the very start. There was a reason for this, a matter on which Rob McClure was utterly in the dark. Only one person in the settlement and even surmised it. Reddy Sykes was dominated by the mightiest of human motives in his feeble address at fostering a strong friendship with McClure. Ned Fuller alone understood that he was at once lured by the passion of love and barged by the fell ardour of hate. The object of his regard was Mary McClure. The object of his rancour, Ned himself. He had effected his purpose with McClure by an ingratiating cunning assisted by an unusual mutual attraction. His relations with Mary and Ned can back into the cross currents of their university life. Of that again.

Sykes' friendship with McClure opened to him the McClure home. He availed himself of the hospitality in a wise and restrained use of the privilege. His reception and been cordial. The two women were only too glad to promote goodwill with a friend of Rob's. Helen McClure was always pleased to welcome the gentlemanly guest. Mary in her secret mind was very considerably perturbed, remembering certain rudenesses made by Sykes in the past. She had turned him down on occasion and once had deservedly and effectually snubbed him. She was agreeably surprised, however, at his casual gallantries. He was courteous and companionable, but did not in the faintest degree press his attentions.

SYKES had been moving about his office studying closely certain really maps of local townships. His search over he sat down at his desk and picking up a letter read it carefully. This was the third perusal. He was pondering some undoubtedly alluring proposition. In his mouth he held an unlit cigar, rolling it around in unconscious habit, occasionally chewing off the end and throwing it away. Looking through the window out upon the street he saw something that brought sudden resolution into his eyes. Andy Bissett was dashing by with his team of blacks. He pulled up in front of a store and hurriedly tied his horses to a post. He was about to enter the store when Sykes hailed him. Andy walked over and entered the office.

"How's the Valley Outfit?" inquired Sykes pleasantly.

"Laid up with a broken shaft," was the reply.

"I've been looking out for you to-day, Bissett," said Sykes affably, plunging into business. "I want you to read this."

He handed over the letter he had just been reading.

"This," said he, "is a communication from a farmer in Northern Alberta who is anxious to get hold of a farm in this settlement. He owns a section and is willing to swap it for an improved half in the Pellawa district. The full description of the land is there. It is a big snap."

Andy read the letter rapidly then handed it back.

"I have nothing I would care to exchange for that," said he quietly.

"How about the quarters you are renting to the Poles?"

Andy shook his head.

"Not to the market."

"Some of your friends might consider the proposition."

"No," said Andy, decidedly. "I would not recommend the deal to any of my friends. Personally I do not like it."

Sykes looked up sharply with the Maynard-like movement.

"This is an A-1 chance, a windfall for somebody."

"I envy he," agreed Andy dubiously. "It seems to one unusual. Aside from that, however, it is not the snap it appears."

Sykes voice sounded a shade metallic as he said:

"How do you make it?"

Andy noted the change in tone but continued pleasantly:

"In the first place this land about Pellawa is simply wonderful. That ether may be good. Then again there is a pretty fast movement up in this Valley land. We are expecting it to stay rushed. Things are promising hereabouts. I think it will be well to stick."

"Still," objected Sykes, "the difference in acreage is great. It covers all risks."

That may be. Who can tell? That point would have to be settled by a personal visit to the Dakota farm."

Sykes shifted his cigar impatiently, biting it viciously.

"How about Pullar?" he queried carelessly. "It might swap that home quarter and have a splendid half left. He would then have a full section, half in Canada and half with the Yanks."

"You mean Ned?" said Andy.

"Of course."

"Ned would not consider the matter for a minute."

"Why?"

"That land is his father's. Ned is manager and real head, but the land is still deeded to his father. Although the old man has deserted to make oil on any part over to the boy, Ned would not agree."

Sykes seemed to muse on the matter for a moment. Andy did not notice the cunning light flash into the other's eyes. His companion's quick mind had gathered something of great interest to him.

"The fact is," said Andy deliberately, "I would not recommend this to any friend of mine, as I have said."

Suddenly a resentful light burned to Sykes' eyes.

"Do you mean to say you will knock this deal?" said he.

"Sure!" said Andy smiling. "I'll knock it into a cocked hat if anyandy appeals to me."

"Say!" said Sykes, the look of sarcasm entering into his tone. "You rubes carry some side, eh? A few of you little farmers think you can chin up to Reddy Sykes, Reh!"

He turned on his heel.

With a cheerful "Good-day!" Andy took his departure.

LOOKING at the figure crossing the street Sykes smiled sardonically.

"Must obliged Bissett!" was his muttered colloquy. "You were easy. Ha! It looks pretty good! Pretty good to me!"

Late that night McClure appeared in the office.

"Anybody with you?" inquired Sykes looking up as he entered.

"No I are alone," was the response. "Took a ship in to get a line on business. Any thing new?"

For answer Sykes thrust the letter into his hand. McClure recognized the source instantly.

"He has located another spot, I see."

Astride was Mary McClure. A signal passed between the girls.





"I haven't let it loose before Rob, but I have a rod hot a edge against your friend, Pullar."

Sykes nodded.

Looking up from the letter McClure ruminated for a moment.

"There's good money in these transfers if we can get them going. That's where good fishing comes in."

"Tried Bissett to-day" observed Sykes ruefully.

"It was an go?"

"No."

Keep away from Bissett," was McClure's low counsel. "There are easier prospects. If not we'll have to chuck it."

"Chuck nothing!" was Sykes' incisive ejaculation. "This community's full of suckers. There are droves of easy rubes hereabouts fairly bawling, 'Come touch one up!'"

For a moment McClure rubbed his chin reflectively. Sykes eyed him closely.

"I know what you are hunting down," said he, looking McClure full in the eye. "You're on just one trail these days. You are tracking the boss of the Valley Outfit."

McClure looked up surprised.

"I see I've hit it," resumed Sykes with a laugh. "Bissett put me next a little fact that has a whole barrelful of possibilities. He informe me that Pullar's three-quarter sections are all in the old man's name."

McClure shook his head.

"Don't believe it. Ned's too good a head for that."

"It's a fact, just the same," maintained Sykes. "Bissett told me all about it."

"What if it is?"

"I guess you know old Ed Pullar. Thirsty old guy at times."

McClure laughed wisely.

"That's the point," said Sykes in a whisper. "We have an even chance of getting him there."

McClure said nothing, but Sykes watching him from the foxy crevices of his half shut eyes knew that he had probed a mighty impulse in his companion. The gloating of anticipated revenge leaked out of Rob McClure's great eyes. He was roused from his baleful reverie by the voice of Sykes.

"That prospect pleases you, Rob," said he in a significant tone that drew the swift glance of McClure. "And I am with you to the limit provided——"

He paused and looked peculiarly at the other. McClure was puzzled.

"Provided," resumed Sykes, "you do the same with me."

"You have me guessing, Reddy."

"You do not know what I am driving at?"

*Continued on page 58*

# REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Zionism a Gigantic Fallacy

*America the True Zion of the Enlightened Jews of America*

HENRY MORGENTHAU
(Former American Ambassador to Turkey)

WRONG in principle, unsound in its economics, fantastic in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals—such is Mr. Morgenthau's condemnation of the Zionist conception of Palestine as the Jews' homeland. In an editorial note in World's Work in which this article appears an account is given of the split which has occurred between the European Zionists and those of America.

The situation arose from the arrival on this side of Dr. Weizmann, the head of the world organization of Zionists. The real control of this organization is vested in a compact body of only seven men, and it is dominated by the Jews of Europe. The American Zionists headed by Judge Mack were expected to find the greater part of the funds of the organization, but were denied representation upon the financial committee which controlled the expenditure. Dr. Weizmann appealed to the Russian-Polish Jews to reject the annual report of the officers. When this motion to reject was carried Judge Mack and his associates resigned. He and his friends have announced that they will continue as Zionists but independently of the international organization.

Mr. Morgenthau is one of the leaders of the American Jews who reject the Zionist theory altogether.

Zionism, he contends, is the most stupendous fallacy of Jewish history. It is a retrogression into the blackest error. It is an eastern European proposal which if it were to succeed would cost the Jews of America most that they have gained of liberty, equality and fraternity.

"I was born," says Mr. Morgenthau, "among the Jews of Germany, and by natural association with German Jews in New York and by repeated visits to Germany am familiar with their life and problems. As an American of fifty-five years' residence; as a director of the Educational Alliance and of Mt. Sinai Hospital, as president of the Bronx House and the Free Synagogue for more than ten years, and as one who has traveled on speaking tours from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to New Orleans on behalf of the American Jewish Relief Committee, I am thoroughly familiar with the American Jews. As American Ambassador to Turkey I came into daily official contact with the Jews from all parts of the Near East.

"Let us examine the pretensions of Zionism from three essential angles. Is it an economic fallacy? Is it a political fantasy? Is it a spiritual will-o'-the wisp?

"First, its economic aspect. I assert positively that it is impossible. Zionists have been working for thirty years with fanatical zeal, and backed by millions of money from philanthropic Jews of great wealth in France, England, Germany and America, and the total result of their operations, at the outbreak of the World War, was the movement of ten thousand Jews from other lands to the soil of Palestine. In the same period a million and a half Jews have emigrated to America.

"THE truth is that Palestine cannot support a large population in prosperity. It has a lean and niggard soil. It is a land of rocky hills, upon which for many centuries, a hardy people have survived only with difficulty by cultivating a few patches of soil here and there with the olive, the fig, citrus fruits, and the grape; or have barely sustained their flocks upon the sparse native vegetation. The streams are few and small, entirely insufficient for the great irrigation systems that would be necessary for the general cultivation of the land. The underground sources of water can only be developed at a prodigious capital expense.

"A great industrial Palestine is equally unthinkable. It lacks the raw materials of coal and iron; it lacks the skill in technical processes and the experience in the arts; and, above all, it is not in the path of modern trade currents. What hope is there for Palestine, as an industrial nation, in competition with America, Great Britain and Germany, with their prodigious resources, their highly organized factories, their great mass-production, and their superb means of transportation? The notion is preposterous.

"I claim that the foregoing analysis demolishes the economic foundation of Zionism.

"What of its political foundations? Is Zionism a political fantasy? I assert most emphatically that it is. The present British mandate over Palestine is a recognition, by the great powers of the world, of the supreme political interest of Great Britain in that region. The notion that Great Britain would for one instant allow any form of government in Palestine, under any name whatever, that was not, in fact, an appanage of the British Crown, and subservient to the paramount interests of British world policy, is too fantastical for serious refutation.

"I HAVE just said that it may be politic for the British Government to coddle the aspirations of the Jews. There are, however, profound reasons why this coddling will not take the form of granting to them even the name and surface appearance of a sovereign government ruling Palestine. Remember that Palestine is as much the Holy Land of the Mohammedan as it is the Holy Land of the Jew, or the Holy Land of the Christian. His shrines cluster there as thickly. They are to him as sacredly endeared. In 1914 I visited the famous caves of Macpelah, twenty miles from Jerusalem, and I never shall forget the mutterings of discontent that murmured in my ears, nor the threatening looks that confronted my eyes, from the lips and faces of the devout Mohammedans whom I there encountered. To imagine that the British Government will sanction a scheme for a political control of Palestine which would place in the hands of the Jews the physical guardianship of these shrines of Islam, is to imagine something very foreign to the practical political sense of the most politically practical race on earth. They know too well how deeply they would offend their myriad Mohammedan subjects in the East.

"Exactly the same political issue of religious fanaticism applies to the question of Christian sensibilities. Any one who has seen, as in 1914 I saw at Easter tide, the tens of thousands of devout Roman Catholics from Poland, Italy and Spain, and the other tens of thousands of devout Greek Catholics from Russia and the East, who yearly frequent the shrines of Christianity in Palestine, and who thus consummate a lifetime of devotion by a pilgrimage undertaken at, to them, staggering expense and physical privation, and who has observed, as I have observed, the suppressed hatred of them all for both the Jew and the Mussulman; and who has noted, further, the bitter jealousies between even Protestant and Catholic, between Greek Catholic and Roman—such an observer, I say, can entertain no illusions that the placing of these sacred shrines of Christian tradition in the hands of the Jews would be tolerated. A Jewish State in Palestine would inevitably arouse their passion. Instead of such a State adding new dignity and consideration to the position of the Jew the world over (as the Zionists claim it would do), I am convinced that it would concentrate, multiply, and give new venom to the hatred which he already endures in Poland and Russia, the very lands in which most of the Jews now dwell, and where their oppressions are the worst.

"The political pretensions of Zionism are fantastic. I think the foregoing paragraphs have demonstrated this.

"IS Zionism a spiritual will-o'-the wisp? I assert, with all the vigor of my most profound convictions that it is. My answer to the spiritual pretensions of Zionism is the positive answer that the solution has already been discovered—the way out has been found. The courageous Jew, the intellectually honest Jew, the forward looking Jew, the Jew who has been willing to fight for his rights on the spot where they were infringed, has won his battle, and has found all the glorious freedom which Zionism so impractically describes. The brave Jews of England did not surrender their cause. The repeal of the Jewish Disabilities in 1858 gave the Jews every right enjoyed in Britain by the Christians. It made possible the splendid political career of Beaconsfield (for many years Prime Minister of Great Britain), and the brilliant experience of Sir Rufus Isaacs (now Earl Reading) who has progressed through the highest political honors of the nation as Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador to America and Viceroy of India.

"Do not forget that in this victorious struggle the Jew made no compromise whatever with his conscience. He did not abandon his racial, religious, or cultural heritage.

"The courageous and wise Jews of France and Italy have fought the same battle to this same victorious conclusion.

"BUT this article will be read chiefly by Americans; such influence as it may wield will be particularly upon American minds. Need I elaborate the argument in its American setting? The facts lie upon the surface for the dullest eyes to see them. Nowhere in the world has so glorious an opportunity been offered to the Jew. Generous America has thrown wide the doors of opportunity to him. The Jew possesses no talents of the mind or spirit that cannot find here a free field for its most complete expression."

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## Assimilating Israel

*Belief Still Exists that Jews Are Revolutionary*

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

THE revival of anti-Semitism in Europe since the close of the war and its curious repercussion even in the United States are phenomena that can no longer be ignored. The Jews, we are warned, are a secret organization, with branches in every land, whose aim is nothing less than world-domination. To attain their bold ends, they plan on the one hand, to undermine society by sapping its foundations with revolutionary and anti-religious propaganda, and on the other, to crush it from above by attaining control of the great banking and industrial system on which the material power of present-day civilization immediately reposes."

So writes Paul Scott Mowrer in the Atlantic Monthly. He goes on to point out the various causes for the popular belief and the reasons for his disagreement with the belief.

"The political argument against the Jews is that they are an 'international nation,' more attached to the Jewish cause, in whatever part of the world, than to the ideals and interests of the country in which they live and from which they claim the privileges of protection without according in return their political allegiance. To this is now frequently added as a corollary, that the Jew is a born revolutionist. We are here, as I have already indicated, at the very heart of the Jewish question, for there is no state, there is no people, so good-natured and so confident of its own strength that it will unprotestingly tolerate in its midst a body persistently and wilfully foreign, especially when this body at the same time aspires to take a leading part in the national economic or political life. That the Jews after their dispersion, were originally such a tenaciously foreign body, in every community where they settled, is beyond dispute. That they remained so, partly of their own will, partly under compulsion, up to the time of the emancipation, fifty or a hundred years ago, is equally incontestable. The point that remains to be determined is to what extent since the emancipation, a true assimilation of the Jews has been effected in the United States and in the various countries of Western Europe. To this point I shall have occasion to return presently. Meanwhile the corollary that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist,' is worthy of careful consideration.

"Abstractly, there is certainly something in this assertion—something profound, which reaches to the very centre of the ancient Hebraic religious conception. The sturdy monotheism of Israel teaching that man shall obey Jehovah alone, carries by implication the idea that all merely human authority is unjustified and therefore negligible. This independence of conscience and reason is probably developed further in Judaism than any other religion, for it is considered as binding even on Jehovah himself. The Talmud relates how in a dispute between rabbis over a point of doctrine, the voice of Jehovah intervened from the void, but no sooner was this divine voice heard to pronounce in favor of Rabbi Eliezer than Rabbi Joshua protested, saying: 'It is not mysterious voices, it is the majority of the sages who should henceforth decide questions of doctrine. Reason is no longer hidden away in heaven, the Law is no longer in heaven, it has been given to the earth, and it is for human reason to understand and explain it.'

"Moreover, implicit in Judaism is a sentiment, quite different from the resignation of Christianity and Mohammedanism, that the joy and satisfaction which are the birthright of every man who keeps the Law should be forthcoming, not in some future existence, but here on earth. Even after they have forsworn their religion completely, a tendency has been remarked among the Jews to cling to the idea, not only that all men are entitled to be happy even in this life, but that all men are equal before God, and that none can be held responsible save to his own mind and conscience. A poor man, imbued with this spirit, and looking about him upon the present world, is inevitably exposed to the temptation of becoming a malcontent or even an agitator. More important, however, than this vague traditional predilection for revolutionary doctrines is the fact that the Jewish people, for more than twenty centuries, has been very cosmopolitan, bound to no country and to no lasting patriotism save that of Israel. It is no more than natural that the emancipation should have left a large number of them internationalists in the literal sense of the word. If it were not for this cosmopolitan character of the people as a whole, the revolutionary proclivities of a few individuals would perhaps have passed almost unnoticed. Once more, we are brought face to face with the conclusion that the Jewish problem is, above all, a problem of assimilation.

"That belief that the Jews are involved in a definite conspiracy for world revolution arose at the time of the French Revolution, simultaneously with the emancipation of the French Jews by the Constituent Assembly. An intimate relation between the Kabbala and Freemasonry had long been suspected, and now the Catholic Royalists were able to remark that not a few Jews seemed to be active members of the various lodges—Masons, Illuminists, Rosicrucians, Martinists—in whose secret recesses the revolution was supposed to have been planned. The influence of Jewish agitators was again remarked in the uprisings of 1830 and 1848.

"But the great reproach that European conservatives hold against the sons of Israel is that Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, the founders of modern Socialism, were both of Jewish origin. 'This descendant of the line of rabbis and doctors,' writes Lazare, of Marx, 'inherited all the force of logic of his ancestors; he was a clear-headed and lucid Talmudist .... a Talmudist who went in for sociology, and who applied his native qualities of exegesis to a critique of political economy. He was animated by the old Hebraic materialism, which dreamed perpetually of an earthly paradise .... he was also a rebel, an agitator, a bitter polemist, and he got his gift of sarcasm and invective from the same Jewish sources as Heine.'"

He continues:

So much having been said, a specific explanation of the present revival of anti-Semitism is almost superfluous. In Russia the majority of Jews, for obvious reasons, have rallied to the Soviet government, exciting against themselves the always latent hatred of the anti-Bolshevist parties. The Jews of Poland and Roumania, being regarded, not altogether without reason, as foreigners inclining to sympathize with the enemy (Soviet Russia), are subjected to all the consequences that a similar situation provoked in America during the war, between Americans and Germans. As for the half-assimilated Jews of Hungary, they earned the lasting enmity of the peasants and the administrative caste by flocking in far too considerable numbers to the dense troops of red banner of Bela Kun. In the spring of 1919 in Czechoslovakia the Jews are subjected to the hatred of the otherwise fairly liberal Czechs because they are suspected of being pro-German and, in general, anti-Slav.

Coming now to the more prosperous and more completely assimilated Jews of Western Europe and America, one easily perceives that the feeling against the poor ones is an outgrowth of the fear of Bolshevism, while the feeling against the rich ones is a part of the general post-war clamor against profiteers—the feeling in both cases being greatly intensified by the popular nationalistic suspicion that the Jews are wilfully resisting assimilation.

We are thus, in the end, brought squarely back again to the surmise from which we started, namely, that the Jewish question is, above all, political, and may indeed be reduced to the one inquiry: Is it or is it not possible to assimilate the Jews? If it is, time, and liberal measures, will suffice; if it is not, then, so long as nations continue to be nations and to abhor the presence within themselves of indigestible foreign bodies, there is seemingly no solution.

Obviously the possibility of assimilating at least some of the Jews is beyond challenge. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that a mixture of the so-called Aryan and Semitic races gives a result which is other than excellent in any respect. If the Jews have not heretofore been absorbed more rapidly, the causes are rather religious, social, and political than racial.

How can it reasonably be said, moreover, that this mixture is not desirable? The Jews are one of the most remarkably gifted peoples of all time. They have it is true, the defects of their qualities, but in this they are by no means unique. The Jews are, in fact, generally speaking sober, adaptable, industrious, and intelligent. For centuries cut off from most forms of handicraft and manual labor, they have been exercising their minds in study and trade. Their achievements in art, letters, and particularly in science and philosophy, if not preeminent are at least notable. Why any nation should scorn to absorb an element so endowed is difficult to understand.

There is a class of Western Jews, however, who, while approving the theory of assimilation in the abstract, give to the word a meaning quite different from that generally accepted. In the minds of these Jews, it would be a calamity if Israel, by intermarrying with other nationalities, should lose its distinctive character.

But there is in this otherwise fair seeming comparison a slight misconception. If Israel were merely a religion, then, when a Jew ceased to observe the forms of this religion, he would cease to be a Jew. But Israel is not a religious but a political problem, and to shift it arbitrarily to the religious ground is to distort it from its true relations.

In the present day of intense nationalism, when the forces of interior cohesion are engaged in a silent and bitter struggle with the forces of international dissolution, the Jews, who by their history have become a cosmopolitan race in everything except their devotion to Israel, must make a choice. They cannot give political allegiance to two banners, even though this double allegiance be defended in the name of religion.

## Success of Private Ownership

*Railways of United States Rapidly Regaining Prosperity*

DANIEL WILLARD
(President Baltimore & Ohio Railroad)

THAT the Railways of the United States will soon find themselves again upon a sound base is the opinion of Mr. Willard who discusses the question from an optimistic viewpoint in "World's Work."

Since the termination of Federal control, he says, we have actually seen the railroads, operated by private management under the provisions of the Esch-Cummins Act, move in 1920, 9,600,000,000 ton miles more than in 1918, employing substantially the same facilities. We have seen the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the terms of the same act, promptly authorize such rate increases as would in its opinion, fulfill the requirements of the act, and we have also seen one of the most complex labor situations ever developed dealt with in orderly fashion by the agencies created by the act, without interruption of the transportation service. The very fact of the controversy in Chicago speaks volumes for the act. Questions involving wages and working conditions affecting nearly 2,000,000 human beings are certain to bring out points of difference, and if the contestants should sometimes raise their voices above the conventional pitch of polite society, it would not follow that the law had failed—on the contrary it would indicate that the problem was being worked out just as Congress intended it should be, and without interruption of the service. I am inclined to think that under the present law, wages may be somewhat higher in the future than would be the case were there no such law, but even so, if the public is thereby assured freedom from interruptions of service, the immunity so purchased will be well worth the price.

I am glad of this opportunity to say a word concerning the relations which have existed since the termination of Federal control between the railroads, as represented by their Advisory Committee, and the Interstate Commerce Commission under the able and constructive Chairmanship of Mr. Clark.

Opportunity has been afforded me to view the situation and I have been convinced that the Commission has taken hold of the difficult problems confronting it under the new act with the desire only of carrying out the clear intent of Congress.

The relationship which has been developed between the Federal Commission and the railroads under the new Transportation Act, to my mind, is most encouraging, and if the relationship already established continues and if the railway managers appreciate that they themselves, as well as the institution of private ownership, are on trial and if they meet the fair and reasonable requirements of the public for transportation, I feel confident that the success of private ownership under the terms of the new act is assured, and that the railroads will presently find themselves on a sound base.

## Europe Reverts to Barter System

*London Statist*

THE British Government purpose arranging to exchange Lancashire cotton for Roumanian wheat and oil. This the Statist points out furnishes another instance of the manner in which Continental trade is being re-organized on a barter basis, principally between those countries most affected by the abnormal conditions of exchange.

"The United States furnishes cotton to the German mills chiefly in Saxony, to be worked up on a commission basis, the manufacturer being allowed to retain a certain proportion of the cotton for his own business. The same procedure is adopted with hides and wool coming from Holland, but presumably of American origin, and the German engineering industry has been asked to take up business in a similar manner. This system provides the United States with stocks of goods ready to place on the European markets, and at the same time helps the Germans by employing their workmen, keeping their factories running, and placing small stocks at their disposal, besides bringing in a certain amount of American money. It is also stated that the Americans furnish food and coal for the use of concerns which are working for them. Towards these innovations the Germans at first adopted a hostile attitude, but this viewpoint changed when experience indicated that the operations were not only necessary but profitable. Where honest dealing distinguished both parties to the transaction it is to be presumed that the Americans, supplied with goods manufactured at a comparatively low wages cost, since the internal value of the mark is greater than the external, had no reason to be dissatisfied with their bargain."

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.P.

**Powdered**.—Some sweet faced girls remind me of powdered sugar.—Calgary Herald

**There's a Reason**.—Why are you so anxious to play bridge?" "Some one will play the piano if we don't."—Peterboro Examiner

**Their Special Sins.**—Sins of translation worry owners of motor cars more than other people.—Kitchener Record.

**Busy Bandits.**—Not all the motor bandits run at large. A few of them that I have met run a garage.—Saskatoon Star

**Strategy**.—As a rule the man who turns the other cheek is just killing time until he can get his knife open.—British Whig

**Mutation.**—The perfume of the lilac coming in the window greets the odor of the moth ball going out.—Vancouver Province

**A Henri Fobre Note.**—The idea that two can live as cheaply as one was probably started by a tape worm.—Nelson News

**Defined.**—Sammy calls it free love when a fellow has five girls and never spends a cent on any one of them.—Kitchener Record

**The Modern Method**.—The up to date farmer does not beat his ploughshare into a sword. He beats it into a city.—Toronto Telegram

**Jonah Bested.**—After one has lived in a modern flat, that Jonah and whale story no longer seems improbable.—Kingston British Whig

**Understanding.**—There are two perfectly good reasons why a lot of women should not wear the abbreviated skirt.—London Advertiser

**Democracy.**—We shall never believe Democracy is really here till some sporting page refers to a tennis champion as "Bill".—Brandon Sun

**Poultry Gossip.**—Feathered chickens all gather round the old coop at night. But it's different with the other kind.—Manitoba Free Press.

**Heedless Rideless Humour.**—The destruction of pedestrians wouldn't seem so wanton if their hides were worth anything.—Kingston British Whig

**Indications.**—Judging from some of the underwear exhibits we see in the magazines, this is going to be a very hot summer.—Kingston Standard.

**Contentment.**—A happy married man is one who is content to dwell under his own vine and fig tree and his wife's thumb.—Kingston British Whig

**Enthusiasm**.—A man may woke his first baby just to see it laugh, but he never disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the second one.—Border Cities Star

**Change.**—The sight of a woman between two men used to be called "a rose between two thorns." Nowadays it is called a tongue sandwich.—Saskatoon Star

**Frank, But Probably True.**—Here's hoping that all wives do not share the view of the one who said, "my husband is as good as they make 'em, but they don't make 'em very good."—Kingston British Whig

**The Vital Question.**—Edison predicts that motor cars will in a few years be distilling their own fuel. Interested ones ask if there will be any surplus of distilled product available or will the car require it all.—Toronto Telegram.

**Oh, Promise Me!**—"Barry, dear, promise me that if I die you will marry Jane Jones," she said, thoughtfully. "Jane Jones!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought you hated her." "I do."—Border Cities Star.

**The Obvious Connection.**—When a hurrying man looks at a pretty girl and gives a violent start, it doesn't mean that he is charmed. It means that he has just remembered to get that paint for the porch furniture.—Kingston British Whig

## Is the Sun Declining?

*Astronomers Claim That All Giant Stars Are Red In Color Till They Fade*

PROFESSOR EDDINGTON

IT HAS been known for some time that the diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles, that the moon's diameter is 2,160; Jupiter about 90,000 and Mars a little over 4,000. According to an article in *World Wide* in which Professor Eddington, of Cambridge is quoted, it is only within recent years that Professor Michelson and latterly Messrs Pease and Anderson, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, have made experiments on the stars with the "interferometer" method. Professor Eddington thus describes the methods as applied at Mount Wilson:—

"A plane surface, 20 feet long, has been mounted at the top end of the 100 inch telescope. Two mirrors, which can move along the line joining them, are mounted on the surface. Light is reflected from the mirrors on to a second pair of mirrors closer together, which reflect them again on to the 100 inch mirror. Thus two beams are brought together, and the fringes or bands of interference fringes which can be viewed with an eye-piece. If the stellar is comparable to the width of the fringes their visibility will alter for the length of the baseline. The length of the baseline at which the fringes disappear determines the angular diameter.

"Using this method on the night of December 13 last Messrs. Pease and Anderson found the angular diameter of Betelgeux to be 0.045 seconds, or forty five thousandths of a second of arc. The distance of the star is not known so accurately as that of several other distant suns, but a mean of the various measures makes it about 180 light years—a distance which light requires 180 years to traverse—which is probably not far from the truth. This angular diameter and the distance of Betelgeux being known, it is easy to compute its linear diameter, which comes out as 273,000,000 miles, about 300 times the diameter of the sun.

"This achievement of Messrs. Pease and Anderson is an epoch-making one for several reasons. It is the first measurement of the diameter of a star. It must not be supposed, of course, that the diameters of all the other stars can be similarly measured. Even by the interferometer method only the diameters of the very largest can be measured, and it is not expected that many are large enough to yield appreciable results. Nevertheless, the result for Betelgeux is of the highest importance.

"In October last, Prof. Eddington, in his address to the British Association, remarked that:

"'We believe we know with fair accuracy the apparent surface brightness corresponding to each spectral type, then, all that is necessary is to divide the total apparent brightness by this surface brightness and the result is the angular area subtended by the star.'

"Incidentally, the measurement of the diameter of Betelgeux confirms Prof. Russell's theory of stellar evolution. According to that theory the giant red stars, such as Betelgeux and Antares, are of an early stage of evolution; they are of enormous size and low density. After passing the red stage a star contracts; the density increases and its temperature rises, and the white and blue stages are reached, provided the mass is great enough to attain the highest possible temperature. A period of decline sets in and the star becomes a cooling dwarf—white, yellow and finally red.

"According to this theory our sun is a dwarf star, on the down grade. The hypothesis may not be true in its entirety—there are, indeed still several serious objections to it—but it has received substantial confirmation in recent years, and the proof of the enormous diameter of a red star adds greatly to its probability."

## Smoking Harms School Boys

*Smokers And Non-Smokers Compared In Mental Tests*

S. R. POWERS

ONE of the students in the University High School, Arkansas, recently made a series of mental tests of smokers and non-smokers. Mr. Powers gives us the interesting results of these tests in *School and Society* (Lancaster, Pa.). He says:

"During the course of the first quarter a question was raised in the biology class about the ability of the boys who smoke to do high school work. In order to answer this question the names of the boys were divided into two groups consisting of the names of those who smoke and of those who do not smoke. A grade association was assigned for each student by weighting his grades made during the first quarter of the school year. The names in each group of students were then arranged according to classes as freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors; and the student's numerical grade score was placed with his name. Along with this grade score was placed the student's intelligence test scores on each of the tests which he had taken. In the table below are given by classes the average intelligence and grade score of the smoker and non-smoker group. The table also gives the range between the highest and lowest scores. The per cent. difference is the per cent which the difference between the average scores of the two groups is of the average scores of the non-smokers. In the University High School the intelligence level of the boys who smoke is therefore 16 per cent. lower than that of those who do not smoke. Those who smoke are 30 per cent. lower in ability to do school work than those who do not. All of the boys in the University High School are of normal high school age, but one is over twenty-one. The classification into smoker and non-smoker groups was made by one of the boys, a smoker himself, and wholly unprejudiced. The author has checked his classification and believes it is entirely correct."

**Summary of Averages.**

| | Army Alpha | Miller Test |
|---|---|---|
| Non-smokers | 112.5 | 58.9 |
| Smokers | 93.8 | 47.5 |
| Difference | 18.9 | 11.4 |
| Per cent. difference | 16.8 | 19.5 |

| | Terman A | Grades |
|---|---|---|
| Non-smokers | 144.2 | 8.3 |
| Smokers | 122.9 | 6.7 |
| Difference | 21.3 | 2.9 |
| Per cent. difference | 14.7 | 30.2 |







# Cool, lukewarm or hot water—Which?

Use water of *any* temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. The point is, you can use hot water but there is no *need* to with Fels-Naptha. Therefore, so many choose the washing method of greatest comfort—cool or lukewarm water and Fels-Naptha; and the method of greatest ease—soap the clothes well, soak (with light rubbing on extremely soiled places), and rinse.

Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. The naptha works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away, leaving the clothes sweet, fresh and bright! And with that delightful clean-clothes smell!

Get the real naptha soap—the good golden bar in the red-and-green wrapper. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

Hint:
If you have been using hard soap, try Fels-Naptha. Ideally suited for these soaps. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."




*Thousands have for years found Fels-Naptha indispensable in camping and out doors where hot water is hard to get. It works as remark ably even in cold water*



*And in cities are so varied! Fels-Naptha easily quickly thoroughly cleans dishes paint clothes—everything. And it astonishingly soft in cold water*

*Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha*

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*Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin use Ivory.*

THERE are seven desirable qualities that soap can have; seven that soap should have to be entirely satisfactory; seven that soap must have to be suitable for universal use—shampoo, bath, toilet, nursery, fine laundry.

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*Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose*

*Small Cake* For toilet, bath, nursery shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

*Large Cake* Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.


# Golf 300 Years Ago

*In 1592 Devotees Played Game on Ice*

JUDGE PARRY

TRIAL what many have considered the Scottish game of golf was indulged in with zest in many parts of Europe in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is proved by Irish Parliamentary statutes of many dates that the game which has been prohibited in the Cornhill Magazine. Recently the author has come across several curious allusions to golf which in fact for some time have awaiting an opportunity to put together in a tabular form. He says: "Then down on the fullows for the entertainment of those who love golf and kitters."

In an interesting but also murdered volume entitled Shakespeare's Europe (1850, which consists of many hitherto unpublished chapters of Parkes Morryson's Itinerary, I find I have two valuable golf marginalia from the metrical point of view. There is no reason to suppose that Meryson had ever seen or heard of the game of golf, yet his close powers of observation and graphic description of English life love you in no doubt when the game he is describing.

Meryson was in London in the winter of 1595, and in the chapter of the positions and exercises of the people of this season when all are staying at or yes with iron in their wooden Pattens," he says: "Others of a stronger game which he had evidently observed with some curiosity.

"They hove" he writes "a Common Fortune and exercise to drive a little ball through the fickles and vyzan the ice, with a stirar of weed turning in at the least end like the basting we use in kitchens; near that they are not made hollowe but are round at the end and thir sporte i hour rerne frequently used not only by boys and young men, but by men of 40 yearse age and vyward."

It would be bold little of little to our knowledge of the history of the game since many rarly Dutch painters have portrayed the scene that peter ested Meryson. Many of the pictures find later on, in 1594, when the traveller was in Italy he comes across the strange game once again in a most unlikely locality, for he tells us that at Naples i have seene gentleman play in the playne with a little ball and a stirke like a basting ladell, to drive it before them which sporte the Scotlanders much vse upon the yce in Winter."

That the game was played by the gentlemen of Southern Italy of this date is not i think generally known. It would be interesting to ascertain if other rarly travellers have reported the game from other parts of Europe.

The early beginnings of golf in different parts of the world seem to be wrapped in unnecessary mystery. One often reads the statement that James I played golf at Blackheath, but is there only one golf and did James care about golf, and did he bring his clubs down from Scotland when he became King of England? I have grave doubt about it. Did that he ese Prince Henry was keen about the game I have no doubt at all. The fact that Sir Simond D'Ewes says in his Autobiography that he was a prince rather addicted to martial studies and exercises than to golf or other boy's play, merely proves how eager that dull pedant and Puritan was to ignore the popular reputation of the Prince as a sportsman. It is the ignorant contempt of a south countay high brow for a game introduced from the North that he can neither pronounce nor spell.

Prince Henry was always a keen player of both golf and tennis. Isaac Disraeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has a pleasant anecdote of the Prince and his tutor, Adam Newton.

Newton was sometimes severe in his chastisement for when the Prince was playing at golf and having warned his tutor, who was standing by in conversation, that he was going to strike the ball and having lifted up the golf club, someone observing, "Beware, sir, that you hit not Mr. Newton" the Prince drew back the club but smiling ly observed, "Had I done so, I had brt paid my debts."

Newton who was not a Scotsman and may not have understood the etiquette of the game, became in after years Dean of Durham in spite of his injudicious standing by in conversation whilst a prince was striking off. Chatterton on the tee is not a misfortune of modern origin, but has probably been a rub of the green since the early days of golf.

That Prince Henry played golf in the neighbourhood of London is very probable but I have no marginalia locating any links in the suburbs until 1758, when I find in the Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle a curious account of a game played at Molesley Hurst in Surrey.

The Reverend Doctor Alexander Carlyle minister of Invrresk, was a friend of John Home, Smollett, and the best-known men of law, letters and divinity in Edinburgh and was also well received in familiar circles in London. He was a comely man of commanding presence, "the grardest dirni god I ever saw," says Sir Walter Scott, and was commonly called Jupiter Carlyle from having sat more than once for the king of gods and was to Gavin Hamilton." He says himself that he excelled at golf and took great pleasure in it, and from his bride and physique he may well have been a powerful driver. He seems to have become acquainted with Garrick, probably through his friend John Home, and on a visit to London in 1758 the latter gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his home at Hampton which he did but seldom. He had told rr to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesley Hurst." The fact that Garrick knew there was such a game seems to suggest that there was a regular links at Molesley of the date. The party consisted of Carlyle, John Home, Robertson Alexandrr Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Chancellor, then called to the English Bar), his brothers Colonel David Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, the architects. They set out in good time, says Carlyle, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and on seeing our coats they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink "The Land o' Cakes." Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company.

There were only three players, Parson Black, the Vicar of Hampton, an Absolutely who may have started golf at Molesley, and John Home and Carlyle himself, who tells us that "immediately after we arrived we crossed the river to the golfing ground which was rary good." After the match, of which, unhappily, there is no description, they returned to Garrick's to dinner, and after dinner Garrick, out of compliment to Home, ordered the wine to be carried out into the temple in the garden where the statue of Shakespeare was erected. This was the statue for which Garrick had set to Roubiliac and recently purchased from the sculptor for three hundred guineas.

Carlyle was perhaps a little peeved at so much attention being shown to Home and made use of his skill at golf to emphasise his own importance.

Having observed" he writes, "a green mount in the garden opposite the arch-way, I said to our landlord that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple I would surprise him with a stroke of the golf as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured with my eye in walking about the garden and accordingly at the second stroke made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway and roll down the green slope into the river.

This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised and begged the rink of me by which such a feat had been performed.

Whether the club was a rierk or a baffy whether the ball was retrieved or is still rolling along the bed of the river, whether Garrick himself ever took the rink out afterwards and had a knark on Molesley Hurst—these are matters upon which diligent research has thrown no light.

I have been puzzled to find in my marginalia so few allusions to golf in the early novelists. The few seems to be that they did not themselves play games, and write for a generation of readers who cared for none of these things.

We turn to the prefate of "The Surgeon's Daughter" and there seems little doubt that Sir Walter had an exaggeration of the ferr luwerdness of the game. Mr Creftengry had lent his MS to his friend Mr Fairscribe, and is impatiently waiting for the latter's arrival that he may hear his verdict.

At last my friend arrived, a little overheated. He had been taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for Creftengry sublime. And whrrefore not, since the game with its verity of neds, irrgthr bunkrrs, tee-d balls, and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards of tending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets, which make one ball spir through the air like a reflection of another down into the very earth it is placed upon by the ruinadroitness or the malicious purpose of the player—what are they but paralrls to the favorable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season even as Alladore, in her approach to the goals of the infernal regions saw the devil playing at rambrl with the raw books of Cervantes days?"

The idea that a golfer strikes a golf ball into the very earth with malicious intent, as a reviewer studies a book, suggests to my mind that Scott thought that it was part of the game for one golfer to sedulously injure his adversary's lie, and that it was not present to his mind that at golf each player strictly confines his industry to his own ball rather than to mark the defects of his opponent's. Novelists however are subject to the laws which prevent them writing about matters they do not understand, else would birth pleasant literature be lost to the world.

That Edinburgh golfers, like all true followers of the Royal and Ancient Game, knew no rivals in turtter ir rirar from the fort that among the celebrated judges, ministers and doctors of the eighteenth century reinstated in that interesting volume, Kay's Edinburgh Portraits, you may find an etching of Alexander McKrilar, the Cock o the Green a retired hatter who migrirted a small tavern in pursuit of a higher life of golf. Mr Creamis impression of Airxander and his rhoptar on Edinburgh golf in the Irlirrpress of the volume reutsir mrns interesting marginalia of Scots golf. Mrkrilar was a respected Edinburgh worthy and his favorrir rrpression or he walked up to a perfect lie "By gracious, this wor t go frr nothing" became a favourite phrase on the links.

A vivid picture of the golfing community of St Andrews as Lord Cockburn saw it when he visited the North Circuit in the spring of 1844 has a very modern ring about it. Corkburne "Circuit Journeys ir rot a mere record of legal work, but contains interesting pictures of Scots life of the day by a shrewd observer.

"The people of St. Andrews," he says, "have a local pleasure of their own, which is of much the staple of the place an old college and churches are. The is golfing, which is here not a mere pastime but a business and a passion, and her for ages born on, among probably the admirable links. The pursuit actually draws money a middle-aged gentleman whose attendance requires exercise, and he prrer rhasp pleasure, to reside here with his family, and it is the established recreation of all the learning and rii ihr dignity of the town. There is a pretty large girl who do nothing else, who begin to the morning and stop only for dinnrr, and who affrr practising the game to the breeze all day, discuss it all night. Their talk is of holes. The irtarmixture of these men, or rather the intermixture of this occupation with ihr interests and hozards, and neighbrs, considerably whets the social appetite. And the result is that their meetings are very numerous, and that, on the whole, they are rather a golfing population. However it is all done quirtly innocently, and recreation of the place partakes of what is and ought to be, its peculiar character and operation."

# Colored Cottons Successfully Produced

*Black a Possibility of the Near Future*

Current Opinion

THE QUERY as to whrthrr the color of a material is "fast" as often propounded to salespersons of the drygoods counter, may soon be answered by some such statement as, "Why, the material is woven with black cotton."

"The dye industry" says a writer in Current Opinion "is least in so far as it concerns black cotton goods, may find itself in a rioss with the swinging doors and brass foot rails of olden days. Word comes from Savannah, Georgia, that A. W. Brobham of Dier South Carolina, has succeeded after several years of effort in producing cotton of a color other than white.

On the Savannah Cotton Exchange he has exhibited four samples of cottons in natural colors which contain his claim that he has successfully planted and raised new white cotton of extremely fine fiber. The four samples shade from light brown to dark brown and from light green to dark green. He says there has never been a softer or finer fiber than the dark brown sample and that cloth woven from such cotton makes a fabric that rivals in softness any textile material yet developed.

"This pionter cent his first specimen of cotton is color to the Savannah Exchange four years ago, but not until the last crop matured was he convinced of his ability to raise black cotton. He is quoted in the New York Evening Sun as saying that he would have been able to exhibit absolutely black cotton at this time had not a package of blue linted cotton been imported from India gone astray. He has a Hindu botanist of Delhi gathering specimens of cotton in color and than for he received from India cotton of blue, gray and light pink shades. Another consignment of seeds is en route from India and Brobham is also expecting to get the colors found growing in Peru.

"Not content with his experiments with cotton, this Barbank of South Carolina is said to have developed specimens of corn in three colors—a glance of which, he says should prove that black corn is a 1921 possibility. By crossing, red and blue corn will in the course of two years give black corn, we are told. This being so, Mr Brobham argues that by crossing the blue Indian cotton with the darker shades he has developed from white cotton he is bound to obtain the coveted black cotton."




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# McClary's Sunshine *Furnace*

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**(PIPELESS)**

The best time of the year to install a furnace is when it is not needed to work.

Don't leave the installation of your new furnace till the cold weather is on you. Every furnace man is busy when the first cold snap comes, and sometimes delays with discomfort and annoyance are entailed.

You can be forehanded by seeing the McClary's dealer right away. Have him look over your house. He will tell you whether a Sunshine, Pipe or One Register (pipeless) will be suitable for your house—he will know the size required and the proper location in which to place it.

That service costs you nothing. It is part of the McClary's system of making and selling Sunshine Furnaces. By that system McClary's guarantee every Sunshine Furnace, which they install to warm your house—every room—satisfactorily.

*Write for booklet, or call on the nearest McClary's dealer.*

**McClary's**

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary, Saskatoon, Edmonton.

*McClary's—Makers of those "good stoves and cooking utensils".*

2

## *Who Pays for Advertising?*

The answer is simple—*advertising pays for itself.* Otherwise it is not good advertising.

Answer this question—who pays for any other kind of automatic, cost-cutting machinery?

Advertising does not increase costs or decrease profits. It costs nobody anything because it is a creative force within itself. In the work of distributing merchandise, it is the most economical factor that has ever been employed. (2)

# Are You a Clairvoyant?

*Second Sight Is a Gift Which Many May Unknowingly Possess*

MAUDE ANNESLEY

Of exceptional interest, and replete with information, is the following story in a singular manner of unconventional subject by Miss Annesley's contributor. Is Joan Fairchild a clairvoyant?

There are those, she says, who, speaking on the subject say bitter nonsense, and those who say how wonderful! Both those are wrong. I am myself an authority, and I assert, I feel capable of demonstrating, that not wonderful nor more than other gifts are wonderful.

I am frequently reminded that a large number of people have second sight. They may know nothing of this, but the gift is there for them to use or ignore as fate may decree.

Once came across a very interesting case of budding clairvoyance. A man told me that whilst he was staying in an hotel he pretended just for fun to be an adept at palmistry. He could not even tell the difference between an head and a life lines, but he ended, until it grew serious thing. I told them such a lot that was true and worse told me that no one in the world knew what I told her. I asked how he had managed this.

Oh, he answered, I don't know what made me say the things—they just came to me—I said the first things that came into my head.

Well he foretold something that was to happen to one of his clients and months afterwards he heard that it came to pass. This was long after he had told me about the matter.

This is only curious! No, it is not; one is given second sight just as one is given any other talent—the power to paint, a voice with which to sing, the gifts of literature or imagination. It is not in the very least curious.

Clairvoyance does not necessarily mean seeing with the physical eye, indeed in my own case, I never see except with the mental eye.

Possibly it would be more satisfactory to give an account of my first experiences of this second sight, the beginning tallies almost exactly with my friend's quoted above.

I studied palmistry and used to do the hands of people for amusement. When I was staying in a country house my host gave a fete in the park one day in aid of some local charity, and I was begged to do palmistry, dressed as a gypsy, in a tent. I consented, and, after some little time I began to be very much puzzled. I realized that I was saying things to my clients which I could not possibly see in their hands. Almost more surprising still, what I said was true! Here is an instance. A man, whom I had never seen before, came into my tent. I told him his character and the ordinary maladies of his life from his hand, then I said more or less or followed. You are worried just now. You are in a position of great responsibility. I see a great crowd of men round you, and you have been trying to arrange a matter of importance. This matter would have been settled long ago if it were not for one man. I can see—and very soon—surrounded by men and talking. It will be a long, long but you will succeed. If this man I speak of does not interfere. He is tall and dark, has a mole and a scar over his right eyebrow. Suppose him and you will succeed.

I did not know why I was talking like this, the words came to me as a quick flow.

That evening I met my client (Mr X we will call him) of course, he had been invited by my host—he was the manager of Lord ——'s quarries. I knew that there had been for a long time a strike amongst the men. Mr X told me that that very evening at supper night he was to have a great meeting, with the man. He added that he knew the man with the scar, who was very troublesome. I shall take your advice and him be persuaded. The next morning, I received a telegram saying: All your described came to pass. I succeeded. The strike is over.

Now here was great food for thought. I had always from childhood's days, had instincts, as I called them, but always knew those who were distressed and so forth, but this was something quite different. I did not even know that it was clairvoyance, it seemed so easy.

I was once doing palmistry for a friend at a garden party, having a summer house to work in. I here remark that I had been discussed a budding novelist, in which a married woman (whom I called Lady Z) and a married man (Captain A.) were concerned. I knew Lady Z well, but at that time Captain A was away and I had never seen him, nor his photograph.

A very rainy in my summer house and I promised to tell him many things that astonished him. Then I said, "Your whole career is threatened unless you have the strength of mind to break with a woman who is drawing you gradually away from all honour and making you forget your ambitions, your ideals and everything. Well I will describe her. Here I began a description—height, shape of the face, the mouth, the nose, and last of all, I gave to me the particulars, in words, of her hair and eyes. As I spoke the face I had built up came to my mental vision just as if someone else had described it—it was Lady Z.

I stopped short for a gasp. The man looking very wretched, asked me to go on. I said, "No I can't, because I recognize the woman—therefore I'm afraid I know who you are."

Soon after he had gone out a friend came to my and said, "Did you know that Captain A was back? He came in here just now. What did you say to him?" His absolutely implored Lady Z not to come in to see you, then he made some excuse and has gone home."

Why one should see utterly trivial things I cannot possibly imagine. Clairvoyance is not an exact science, nor may very possibly give a detailed picture of a person or a house that the inquirer knew when a child and leave out altogether the fact that he broke his leg six months ago.

Here, again, is a somewhat amusing case. When I was living in the country a friend came down from town. I told him that I saw a certain number of people with him, and proceeded to paint in words five persons whom he did not know. I was nonplussed. I then went on to the sixth. This, I remember, was a stout woman with some peculiar feather in her bonnet and she held a large brown paper parcel tied with great tape. When I got to the parcel my friend roared with laughter—I had given him accurate descriptions of the six people who had travelled down from town in his railway carriage! He had not even concluded I noticed them, but they photograph was on his brain all the same, and I had seen it. I have described a woman's confusion, whom she saw every day of her life, but she noticed she did not know the man. She wrote my afterwards. It also appeared that she had never before noticed a mole on his cheek of which I had told her, but naturally she must, subconsciously, have noticed it.

Foretelling of the future is undoubtedly pure clairvoyance. Yet, even here, one can be very decided as to time and conditions.

Here is an instance of what I mean by conditions. I told a man once that things would be a enigma to his house within three days. I had divined, in a strange way that it was no one very dear to him, or I should not have told him what I did—I presumed it must be a servant. It was the first time I had met this man and I knew nothing about him. It appeared that he lived in a maisonette the other part of the house being occupied by another family. The next day a member of this other family killed herself. Of course this was a riddle in the house but it had nothing to do with this man. Why did I "see" this?

Another day I said to a friend "You are going to lose another dog. It is very like a valuable and dear possession—it has only three legs." My friend laughed and thought it very unlikely, as did I. A little time after Jack was badly injured, the vet. literally amputated—all of his legs. He was quite happy afterwards and followed my friend about as usual. Now I was very fond of this dog; why did I not foresee an accident to him instead of seeing another dog (as I thought) with three legs?

Another mystery is this. Sometimes strangers of other people and events in their lives will come to one through the person who is sitting. A clergyman once gave me a correct resume of my husband's life and character and told me practically nothing about myself, though my life has been a very eventful one. I once had a curious instance of the myself when doing palmistry at a village jumble sale. A very low price was charged in the evenings, and I had many servants and small tradesmen as clients. I always a different class, I may mention. One girl, with whom I could get no personal impression at all conveyed to me most clearly a young man whom I described. I had an extremely disagreeable impression about him and was most honestly convinced that he was a thief and would soon be in prison. I told the girl this and implored her to have nothing to do with him. The vicar's daughter told me afterwards that the girl confided sweetly in her—the girl and young man were to be married in a month. The fiancee was so impressed by my accurate description of the man that, with some extras she put off the calling of the banns for a week or two. It about five weeks if I remember rightly, the young man was in prison. He was an employee in a shop and had been robbing the tradesmen for over a year. I worried myself horribly before the man was taken up, as, having been told about the matter, I felt miserable in case I had been wrong. I have many times felt this frisson about people connected with my "clients" of the moment; usually it is caused by dishonesty.

If any reader wishes to test his power for himself, I must warn him against one or two things. He must not start with friends. We know, or think we know, too much about our friends and are apt to draw on that knowledge, consciously or unconsciously, instead of allowing thoughts to come in a perfect referral way.

Another thing—do not let your brain conjecture, or imagine. Do not say to yourself "This does not seem likely," or "This is impossible." Keep your mind quite empty, and just say the words—not your thoughts, but the words that come to you without thought.

If you have second-sight, you will very soon find it out. I do not for one moment suggest that many will succeed, but some may.

# Lightning's Marvellous Power

*Power Which Produces the Flash Compared With Known Electrical Forces*

A. H. SCOTT

To gain some accurate idea of the power which produces the lightning flash it is necessary to compare it and the damage it does with certain known values of electrical effects. This is the task Mr Scott has set himself in the current issue of Science and Invention.

On transmission lines of the lower range of voltages," he writes, "damage is frequent from this cause, but on systems of 100,000 volts and over there is almost complete freedom from damage by lightning stroke. As high voltage lines are reached by what is known as those of lower voltage there can be but one conclusion namely, that the protective devices and isolation provided on these higher voltage lines is sufficient to withstand the voltages induced by lightning strokes. As all distributories or transmission lines due to lightning are reached by what is known as some form or indeed arrge of voltage which indirect them has been recently estimated by Dr. Steinmetz to have a value approximating 50,000,000 volts. This voltage, as pointed out above, is but a fraction of the potential which would be caused by the short-circuiting of the municipal power plant of a city like New York or Chicago. When the power of such a plant gets beyond control momentarily a huge guncotton transformer or switchboard is usually wrecked or damaged to about the same extent, so when such apparatus suffers from the effect of a lightning stroke. A great change of stability when produced accompanied by great momentary brilliancy and a deafening report, are capable of merely ploughing a narrow furrow in the bark of a tree or of melting a few odd looking beads on the ground which could be duplicated by a man with a pickaxe in a short time.

Although a thing to be feared and to which we should not unnecessarily expose ourselves, we should keep in mind when watching a summer evening's electrical storm, that the seemingly lightning is somewhat like the proverbial dog, whose bark is worse than his bite, and that the earth is not actually going to be rent asunder by it.

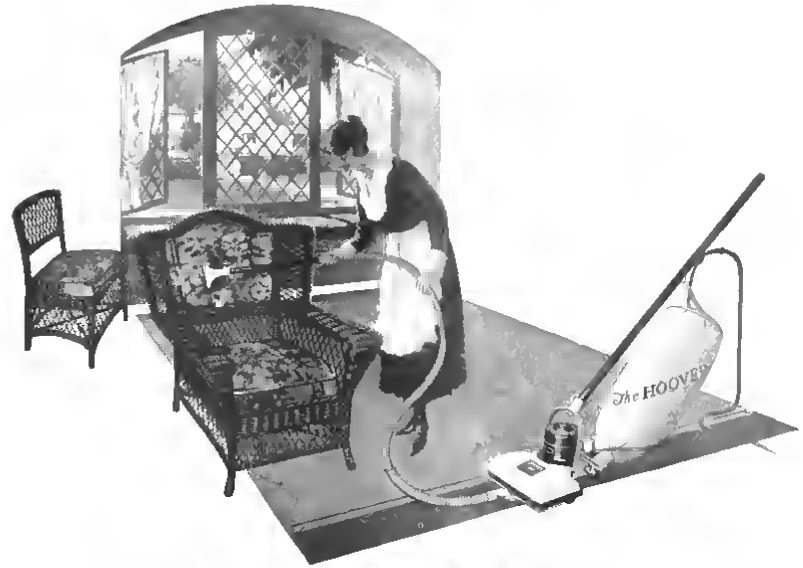
"Allowing 10 watts, or five candle power per square meter required to illuminate a room to the intensity of daylight and double this value outside where there are no reflecting walls, the world requires 800,000,000 watts to light up two square kilometers. As the lighting effect of the flash apparently persists for one tenth of a second the power would be right million watt-seconds or right thousand kilowatt-seconds but due to the absorption of light by clouds and moisture in the lower atmosphere to the extent of approximately fifty to ninety per cent, the lighting effect finally apparent to the eye would be that produced by an average of 300 000 kilowatt-seconds or ten horse power hours.

"By referring to his monthly light bill, the average householder will discover that this amount of power, corresponding to seven and one half kilowatt hours, would light his house for only about ten days during the winter months or for about one month in the summer time.

"The destructive effect of lightning has been observed by nearly everyone and might correspond to that which would be caused by the short-circuiting of the municipal power plant of a city like New York or Chicago. When the power of such a plant gets beyond control momentarily a huge guncotton transformer or switchboard is usually wrecked or damaged to about the same extent, so when such apparatus suffers from the effect of a lightning stroke. A great change of stability when produced accompanied by great momentary brilliancy and a deafening report, are capable of merely ploughing a narrow furrow in the bark of a tree or of melting a few odd looking beads on the ground which could be duplicated by a man with a pickaxe in a short time.

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The annoying dust that so steadily drifts into the home and settles upon upholstery and portieres or collects out of convenient reach, may be easily and dustlessly suctioned away by the *new* long-armed air attachments of The Hoover. But to clean rugs with the thoroughness that invariably adds years to their life and beauty, more than air is essential. So The Hoover gently beats rugs to remove all nap-wearing, buried grit. Swiftly it sweeps up stubbornest litter, lifts crushed nap and revives colors. Powerfully it suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all these things, therefore, only The Hoover repeatedly pays for itself by protecting valuable rugs from avoidable wear. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

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Of all the conveniences which contribute to make your bathroom attractive there is not one that will please you more than Eddy's Oatmeal Toilet Paper Holder

It is nickel plated to match the other fittings, neat, compact and handsome. It keeps the paper clean and sanitary and serves the roll so that at a time so that there can be no waste.

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is equipped without one thousand sheets is reasonably priced and should last a lifetime. Ask to see one at your dealer's. A companion fixture that serves Paper Towels that is soft and absorbent and a real economy, can be obtained too

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## The High-Efficiency Machine That Guarantees Value to the Consumer

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To make good to-day, the manufacturer must give his keenest attention, not to engineering and factory efficiency, but to **sales efficiency.**

Advertising is the high-efficiency machine that will save a dollar for every added factory dollar entailed by expensive labor, high freight rates, and raw material costs that refuse to return all the way to the pre-war basis

The only possible way to get retail prices back to normal is to cut distribution costs deeper than they have ever been cut before. And the only device that can materially reduce distribution costs is advertising

And that is another reason why it is logical for the public to prefer advertised goods They know they are getting value for their money







# Giving Presents in Morocco

*You Receive Gifts That Are Useless and Give Away What You Really Need*

WALTER B HARRIS

TO BE for some months the unwilling guest of the Moorish brigand Raisuli was the experience of Mr Harris who has been relating his experiences in recent issues of *Blackwood's* Some of the incidents he relates in connection with the custom of giving presents in Morocco are amusing

"The giving and taking of presents," he says, "was practised a great deal in the old Morocco, but it is now happily disappearing It was always a great nuisance One often gave away something one really wanted—and it was so difficult to replace anything—and got in return some perfectly useless superfluities I have arrived back in Tangier after a long journey in the interior with half a dozen new horses most of them neither good nor bad I couldn't possibly ride them all and they were only a very inferior expense and luxury At first, and for a long time, I hesitated to adopt the custom of the country and hand them on as presents to some one else A feeling possessed me that gifts were sacrosanct and must be kept at all costs, and that the giver would be hurt in his feelings to learn that his present had been passed on But in time I found that the donor did not care in the least what became of his presents or ever give them a second thought

'One of the Viziers once gave me an number necklace of three-pearl cut beads Hr said the Sultan had given it to him and that his Majesty had received it from a high official from the Southern capital A few years afterwards I gave it to a young European lady about to be married as a wedding present, to find out that it had been her father who had brought it to Morocco—as looking much more expensive than it really was—and had given it to one of the tribal Governors in return for something else It had travelled all over Morocco, but got home at last to where it had started from, to meet with no appreciation We laughed over the history of the necklace and the damsel got another present in exchange My amber beads now deck the fair throat—if she ever wears them—of a beautiful and distinguished lady far away from Morocco

'My stables were often full to overflowing, and were a very great strain upon my resources until I steeled my heart and gave the horses away as they came In fact, unfortunately, I was not horses the Moorish nobilities wanted, they had already too many No, it was one's watch, or one's shotgun or a sporting rifle or a barometer, or field-glasses that they always set their hearts upon—something rare and impossible to procure or replace in the country Nor were one's troubles over when the exchange of presents was accomplished for there were the numberless trips that had to be given A horse would be brought led by a slave, and accompanied by the chief of the stables and two grooms—and they had to be satisfied. Then probably the son of the donor would pay a visit to my camp and express a sudden and intense desire to be possessed of my shotgun or my watch-chain, and when he had left, satisfied perhaps with a less really present from a host of objects brought for the purpose, the secretary of his father would arrive to apologize for the son's rudeness, and to say that he would be pained by his father for having ventured to ask anything He would sing the praises of my recently acquired horse Then a tone of sadness would be adopted He was a poor man, he had had troubles He wouldn't have breathed of it to another, not if I don't feel were tearing his entrails, but he felt that the bond of sympathy between us was so close that—and then came out a long story, perfectly untrue, of course, of the meanness of his employer, and of his unpaid salary, etc, etc. He could keep his secret no longer, he must tell it, and with tears in his eyes he would beg for a sum of money, generally modest enough However, there was always scope for bargaining, and his demands would diminish till eventually he would go away with a few coins in ecstasy of pretended gratitude."

# Arctic Samaritans

*How the Sick Are Cared For in Land of Eternal Frost*

HUDSON STUCK DD, FRGS.

NEARLY half the deaths among the natives in the far north are due to the Great White Plague according to Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, of the Yukon, author of "Voyages on the Yukon," "Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled," and other works. In an article in Scribner's Magazine on St Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon, he gives some very interesting information about the country and of the early struggles to get the only hospital in the Arctics under way He writes, in part—

'Today St Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon is the only place where medical and nursing care may be had in all the vast stretch of North America

'St. Stephen's Hospital is primarily a part of a plan to provide medical care for the natives of interior Alaska long neglected in the respect by the government of the United States, and news its establishment to the efforts of Bishop Rowe and his clergy and its support to the missionary society of the Episcopal Church.

"The hospital at Fort Yukon, which itself cost $25,000, and has a maximum accommodation of twelve beds, receives and cares for sick or injured natives regardless of any consideration except the needs of the individual case, it even sends for them and brings them in by dog team in the winter and by launch in the summer, if there be no other speedy means of their coming.

'But while primarily a native hospital, it does not refuse white patients—how could it when there is nowhere else to go? It reserves a room for them, and in the three years in which it has been in operation has received a number from far and near

"Nine tenths of the work done by the hospital is native work, and just as soon as one begins to talk about native hospital work, tuberculosis thrusts up its ugly head, above all accidents above all diseases whatever, for in the scourge of Alaska, feel me it is the scourge of one great allies. Of the ninety deaths recorded since our resident physician, Doctor Grafton Burke, came to Fort Yukon forty-six are set down as due to tuberculosis in some form or other with suspicion of the same in other cases, so that we may say that there are more deaths from tuberculosis than from all other causes put together.

'There are special and special difficulties in conducting a hospital in the north regions The difficulty is one enough of the proper steady heating of a large building under such climatic conditions with wood as the only fuel, is not the greatest one; the water supply is more onerous and painful Moreover, the hospital is lighted by or acetylene gas plant, which is the dread of winter consumes 250 gallons a week Where every drop of water must be obtained by breaking open a hole in the river ice (which exists a thickness of from four to six feet during the winter), digging it out into a tank on a sled drawn by dogs, hauling it up a steep bank, and to the hospital door, and then carrying it in buckets to the various receptacles throughout the building, the provision of this prime necessary becomes the heaviest daily task in the conduct of the institution and has no counterpart at all in hospitals outside'

'Fairly well equipped in a general way though St Stephen's Hospital is, further provision must be made if it is to work most efficiently for its tuberculous patients The treatment by fresh air and sunshine which yields such good results elsewhere is equally valuable here but again the climate interposes special difficulties In the summer there is continuous sunshine, but there is also such a plague of mosquitoes and flies that much of the time it is impossible to expose any part of the body outdoors without nets and veils in the spring and fall there are many bright days, but they are commonly attended by a keen wind that equally forbids exposure

'What is needed is a 'solarium' a chamber of glass sashes, completely screened from insects, in which advantage may be taken of all the sun of the year'

# Parliamentarians and Labor

*Character Sketch of J H Thomas the British Railwayman's Protagonist*

By a Student of Politics in *The Times*

MR. J. H THOMAS of a small conference, was once whirling wild words round his head like a battle axe, when the Prime Minister interrupted him "That's all very well for the heathen, Mr Thomas," he said "but remember that I'm a Welshman, too"

To be a Welshman usually means that you have the gift of splitting yourself up into several personalities and speaking out of each in turn as though it were your whole self The Anglo-Saxon who has not this gift, is apt to call it by hard names, and throughout often does his brother Celt an injustice Mr Thomas has suffered from time to time in this way, but in reality he has a simple nature and his aims are quite straightforward and sincere Only it must be remembered that whereas the mere Englishman is inflexional in his mental processes the Celt is agglutinative The one reaches his conclusions like a real verb with the soul altering his radical vowel. The other passes through hell a dozen times before arriving at his final meaning

Mr Thomas has probably a stronger hold over the railwaymen than any other labor leader has over his union He began work as an errand boy of nine years of age, became an engine cleaner and later an engine-driver, and according to the Great Western Railway Company, a very good one He entered national politics by way of the municipal affairs of Swindon and by his remarkable work in organizing the various railway trade unions into a single amalgamation He is a great believer in organization by industry and not by the multifarious trades contained within the industry, and much of Mr Thomas's reputation is his union is due to the accumulation of thousands of unrecorded facts of use in smoothing over sectional jealousies. This sort of thing grows the man as the mollerpores grow the coral islands, and the recurring concept of Mr. Thomas's mind is one wiping his brows after some prodigy of tactful persuasion and murmuring, Oh what a time I have had with my men

A man who has made a national anything is in danger of becoming a mollerallier and Mr Thomas, if not a theoretical Socialist, is a Socialist with regard to railways But he is quite definitely Fabian and evolutionary and he dislikes strikes His idea of a labor leader is that he should be able to get what he wants without a strike He does not believe he does not bluff, and though his own presentation of himself as one who is always wrestling with beasts of Ephesus is overdrawn, he will oppose the majority when opposition has a better chance of success he will wait for what he considers the best policy for the country, provided that the cost be not too great, and he will leap down from the fence on the dry side if the alternative is failure to take the ideal. He is a wise rather than a bardic counsellor but it is the better part both for the country and for his cause

Mr Thomas of his head is on impressive speaker, in spite of his Cockneyisms. He always sees an issue in a big sort of way, and when he is seen quaking and trembling at the opposing foot of the House it is not from affectation but from the natural man's terror and reverential awe before the cosmic processes His mind is exceedingly quick, he misses no point in an argument; he negotiates with tact and or occasion with directness

# Educating the Masses

RT HON J R CLYNES M P

WORK for all and money spent liberally to educate the masses are two of the principal points in the British Labor Party's programme as outlined by Mr Clynes in the *Sunday Express*

'The Labor Party,' he says, 'puts the matter of unemployment first because no other one of our internal problems can be settled until this is settled and no condition of peace in Britain can be expected until the question is dealt with on comprehensive and satisfactory lines. Every man is against waste There is no waste greater than the waste represented by idle workers and this waste is doubled by the fact that great masses of men and women are being given grants of other people's money for economic idle. Of course they must have money They must live and the demand of Labor is for either work or maintenance. By work we mean productive necessary, and remunerative labor at reasonable wages and in the absence of these some mode of maintenance which would prevent the physical and moral deterioration of great masses of unemployed

On the question of State economy we do not rule out wise spending There is no State expenditure more worth returning than outlay upon educating the masses of the people and I hope the Government will revise that part of its plan of economy, which falls under the head of education and turn a deaf ear to the appeals made to save in this direction. After a few years, when an educated people's estate of peace will it really established and the world turns to its work, the battle will be between wits, human skill efficiency and the ability of masses of people to produce. We are to handicap ourselves in this competition for wealth and life by seeking now to save upon our educational system We would pay no better proplum for the future efficiency and skill of our people than the money which the House only recently resolved should be paid for an improved educational standard Yet we would save by impoverishing the intellect of the people You cannot gain by the diminished eminence of the people




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# When is a Man Old?

*Exercise Will Keep Men Young, Says Distinguished Surgeon*

SIR JAMES CANTLIE

THE remarks of so eminent in his profession as Sir James Cantlie in London Daily Mail about the value of exercise to the middle aged man in retaining his youth are worth reproducing.

Old men? Stuff and nonsense! Says Sir James. "It is perfectly appalling nowadays to hear men of between 40 and 50 complaining of the weight of years and deploring the fact that they cannot indulge in youthful sports and pastimes.

I have no sympathy for such folk. A man is as old as he feels, and ninety per cent of middle aged men are as young as youngsters of 25-30. Their 'old age' is merely a pose.

It has come to be the thing now for men when they are nearing their half century to drop all active work. Tennis, football, cricket, dancing and running, everything in fact that tends to promote bodily fitness, is dropped and they retire with many protestations and groanings that they are not as young as they used to be. All at once they adopt the old men pose and ever afterwards are pleased to loaf and lounge about rather than exercise themselves.

That is the secret of the whole thing. They become old men not because they feel old but for the simple reason that others do the same and their dignity must be preserved. Dignity! It's nothing more or less than this which keeps them down.

Take the London suburbanite. He goes backwards and forwards to the City every day, year in and year out, following the same old routine. Twenty years of this puts an end to out-of-doors exercise, and he reclines in his armchair, folds his arms across his already increasing waistline, and says, 'Well now, I am getting on. I mustn't do this and that. Men of 50 don't do such things.' But he might be as fit in wind and limb as a youngster. It is not sheer laziness which first prompts him to say and do this but affectation. Laziness follows as a natural course.

What would such a man say if he saw me doing my Highland reels and other dances before breakfast? And I am in my 70th year. He would probably say it was undignified in a man of my age.

So far is this fetish of dignity carried that even a few exercises in the privacy of one's room are taboo to these folk. Let them cut out this rot about dignity and decorum and do as they please and when they please. Then when the barriers of fashion and form are broken down we shall be on the threshold of a new era—the era of eternal youthfulness when the term 'old men' will apply only to a centenarian and not to one in his prime."

# Fascista Movement in Italy

*How the Middle Classes Have Organized to Combat the Socialists*

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

AT THE present day Italian public opinion is centred round the Fascista movement. The press is full of accounts of it and even Parliament is discussing it. In the current Contemporary Review an account written before the recent elections in Italy is given of the movement. The writer describes it as the reaction of the middle classes during the period which followed immediately after the Armistice, more especially under Nitti. It is the reaction against the Socialista regime of violence to which certain provinces were subjected, Emilia and Romagna in particular.

To understand the movement, one must bear in mind the events of the year 1919 and the first months of 1920. General strikes were a common occurrence, for the most part for political reasons. The public services were paralyzed by repeated obstruction in the postal, telegraph and telephone services owing to strikes, which lasted sometimes an hour and sometimes days. Occasionally trams came to a standstill simply because of a quarrel between a tramwayman and a passenger, railwaymen stopped trains which were carrying arms, soldiers or police, electricians plunged cities into darkness.

In Emilia and Romagna where the bulk of the people are Socialists a veritable dictatorship of the proletariat had been organised for some years, which after the war assumed a much more threatening attitude. Boycotting had destroyed all personal relationships, proprietors of land, artisans, agents and all who had any connection with them, or who accepted undertakings from them, exposed themselves to unremitting retaliation should they not accept all the conditions laid down by the Socialist Leagues. A boycotted man could no longer live in his own country: the baker refused him bread, the bootmaker boots, the barber would not shave him, and even the doctor, if he were a Socialist, found a thousand excuses for not attending him. It has even happened that in the case of such a man who died his own relatives have had to carry his body to the cemetery because the undertakers refused to do so. To obviate such a state of things, the Leagues required that one should either enter their associations or pay fines ranging from fifty lire to several thousands, according to the seriousness of the charge and the financial position of the victim.

Even the Catholic clergy suffered; in some parts the Socialist communes actually imposed a tax on wealth and on the Church offerings, treating the Church as a shop. In other places priests were subjected to the interdict, and attendance at Mass was prohibited simply because the rector of a country district had cut his hay in a forbidden field or employed a boycotted farmer. In some country districts more serious things happened; priests were debarred by violence from the exercise of their duties, from preaching, and were even refused passage along the village roads.

For nearly two years the middle classes were passive; finally they determined to act on their own initiative, hence the organisation of the Fasci, which developed spontaneously in the north and then spread rapidly through the whole of Italy, assuming characteristic regional peculiarities. It is somewhat difficult to define precisely the characteristics of the Fasci: it is not so much a question of actual societies with central organisations, insta funds, and all the customary red tape of associations as with groups or circles of bold young men each with a large circle of more or less active sympathisers.

It is characteristic of the Fasci to have no fixed political opinions but an avowed hatred of Socialism. They have, for instance, never undertaken naturally to support the monarchy, and at certain times their attitude seemed very uncertain as for example, when D'Annunzio's enterprise seemed somewhat republican in character.

The first groups were formed in Trieste and in Venezia Giulia, the most important organisation being in these parts and in Emilia. They consist chiefly of students, ex-officers, and demobilised credits, who are almost all armed; in this connection one must bear in mind that for a long time whole regions of Italy were full of abandoned arms and explosives, and that every soldier kept as a souvenir some weapon either of his own or of the enemy in spite of the prohibitions, searches and punishments. The deeds of the Fascisti range from the mere pulling down of red flags exhibited on the tribunes of municipal buildings and the destruction of inscriptions inside to the war placed on the buildings of Socialist branches to the hunting and thrashing of Socialist deputies and organisers, to fighting with revolvers in the more serious encounters with the Socialists.

In agricultural centres their activities are not confined to the city. Their sorties have quite a military appearance, consisting of 40, 80, or 200 Fascisti in lorries, which arrive at a certain fixed hour in a district notorious for its Socialistic propaganda, which has, perhaps, committed some act against the Fascisti and a rapid retaliation ensues.

# Japan Bans Movie Kissing

*120,000 Feet of American Films Edited Out by Censor*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

IN THE opinion of the Japanese moving picture censor, kissing is not only savage and degrading as the Japanese ethical sense holds it, but also it is unhygienic. In 1919, 120,000 feet of films were struck out of American productions. But with a sense of humor the censor has made up one film for private consumption comprising all the kisses that were found in the offending American films.

In an article in the New York Tribune a writer gives particulars of the progress of the movie industry in Japan. The city of Kobe we are told was one of the first in the Japanese Empire to respond to the lure of the movies.

In 1919, according to official figures, 4,611 reels of film were shown at various theatres of the port. Of that this number 1,774 were home products. Therefore, there were 2,837 imported reels exhibited—and those had come almost altogether from the United States. The censor cut out 120,000 feet of films in that year, mostly from the impassioned portions of imported films—just 120,000 feet of joy edited out of the life of the good people of Kobe by the mirthless scissors of censorship. The total footage of films shown in that city in the year amounted to quite a respectable total being 4,155,601. The people who paid their way into two of the leading motion-picture places of the city in that year totaled 4,363,881. Of this number 708,388 were children.

Another interesting thing brought out in the official report of Kobe is the tremendous number of animated and 'talking captions' that flourish in the city. They call them 'katsuben down there. A katsuben is a man or woman who stands in the dark, down by the ever unfolding drama on the screen, and gives voice to the characters. He also tells the story of the film, for in Japan they do not have captions thrown on the screen. In Kobe, in the year covered by the report, there were no fewer than 311 katsuben.

Now, the katsuben have quite a good deal to do with the moral atmosphere and the moral influence of the pictures, because they are its interpreters. It comes to pass, naturally, that the censor is particularly interested in the katsuben—his training, mental attitude, moral rectitude, and the purity of his ideals. These katsuben can not get jobs unless they are properly armed with licences from the censor.

'That, precisely, is where the censor is censor. And the good people of Kobe, they say, are about to take up a subscription for a free hospital for victims suffering from an overdose of conscience! They are too polite to come right out in open criticism of the censor. But everyone knows their sentiments.

"According to Mr. Moriyama, in the censor bureau, a tremendous flood of sex films is pouring into Japan from Germany and Italy just now. In fact, he declares that the kissing and clinching cyclone of American films will soon be crowded into the nursery by these Italian and German productions. Censor Moriyama thinks, also, that the American monopoly in 'movie' films is about to be broken by these Italian and German importations—not only in sex dramas, but also in almost every other line as well."

# DRIFTING ON THE ROCKS

*Continued from page 23*

the news from Yamaska has borne in on the cabinet, or certain members of it, the utter hopelessness of the Government's case. Some shout for an immediate appeal to the country. Others, slower of conviction, would have the Premier reorganize his cabinet and coupling up the resultant elections with the present vacancies bring on a miniature general election that would settle once for all the sentiment of the country. Meanwhile Sir George Foster is casting anxious eyes towards the High Commissionership in England. Hon. C. J. Doherty is sounding up his pensions and probably wondering why another doesn't attach to his present job and Hon. James Calder is marking out a path to that cyclone cellar popularly known as the Senate. Hon. J. D. Reid will willingly go hand and hand with James to that retreat where the responsibilities are few and the rewards are sure. As for the others they'll slip back into the obscurity from which most of them should never have emerged. And probably they'll be happier. For being a big man in your own home town is often preferable to trying to fill a big man's shoes at the nation's capital.

But all this figuring is being done with the chief figures absent. And while the Cabinet proposes Arthur Meighen disposes. As remarked before, the little man is a bit obstinate. He has let it be understood that there will be another session and a redistribution bill. And before there is any change in that programme that requires attention, Premier Meighen must be safely back from England and opening his own mail in his own office.

There are those, too, in the inner councils of the Unionists who predict a September or October session of Parliament to be followed by an appeal to the country. There may be something to this. For with an early appeal in the offing the election law does not insist on the six months vacancy clause being enforced.

But that also must wait for the premier. He lets no man make up his mind for him. And as Sir Robert Borden is the model after which he generally fashions his statesmanship there is a large possibility that he will wind up by doing nothing. You'll remember that was the best thing Sir Robert did.

Can he hang on if the by-elections go against him? Sure he can. He could carry on with a majority of one. For times are tightening up. Four thousand dollars looks even bigger than it did a year ago, an extra indemnity helps wonderfully with election expenses and there are a lot of opposition members who could find business elsewhere if an adverse vote threatened to interfere with their own and the country's interests.






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# THE FIBRE EVERLASTING

(Continued from page 8)

Quebec are usually referred to as mines, they merely resemble gigantic rock quarries, and as a matter of fact, the quarrying of asbestos is commercial purposes is carried on along much the same principles as rock-quarrying. The mineral is blasted from the parent rock in blocks and swung out of its native bed with derrick and travelling cranes. These blocks are broken up into fragments by machinery and then what is known as the "cobbing" process begins. This consists of breaking the asbestos fibre from the adhering serpentine, work done by hand, usually by juvenile employees at the mines. After being robbed the crude asbestos is packed for shipment to the factories.

Although some of the Quebec quarriers have underground workings, following the asbestos veins by means of tunnels or shafts sunk into the mountains, the majority of the quarries are operated on the open pit system. There are advantages and economies in both systems and each has its individual champions. Veins of asbestos vary in thickness from a few inches to about four inches. That from the thicker veins is classed as grade No. 1, whilst the product of the thinner veins is classed as No. 2 and No. 3. The latter grades are valuable for making mill boards, boiler and pipe coverings.

**Preparing The Finished Product**

AFTER its arrival at the factories from the mines the long fibre is put through carding machines and the short fibre is made into pulp from which millboard and sheet asbestos is rolled. The long fibre after coming from the carding and condensing department in the form of strands is then subjected to the spinning and doubling departments, where the process of twisting takes place. From there it goes to the weaving and braiding departments where it is made up into cloth, tape and yarn. The cloth is for certain purposes, proofed with rubber. The yarn spun from asbestos has a textile strength of forty pounds and upwards.

In appearance, a block of crude asbestos resembles a fragment of solidcolored rock with fleecy fibre clinging to it. An excellent idea of the big companies operating in Quebec was showing the writer various specimens from the mines as well as prospectors' samples. Picking up a solid-looking chunk, he broke away a sliver about the thickness of a pipe-stem. This he bended to me. "Put it in your mouth and chew it," he suggested. Not without certain misgivings as to the effect on my teeth, I complied. To my surprise the tasteless sliver of rock that had looked as hard and insoluble soap became a pulpy mass of silky fibre that after a few moments rubbing between the fingers fluffed out like a ball of soft wool.

"That's how it's done," explained my companion. "In a small way you have just now gone in for the manufacture of asbestos. To complete the process all you'd have to do would be to hand and spin the fluffy stuff you hold in your fingers."

Among other samples of the mineral was a strikingly beautiful bit of serpentine rock in color a golden green with changing lights that flash—like many-colored crystals. The fibre in it like sprays of

> "Surely no goods!" smiled me as I stood admiring it's low-grade ashes. "Other minerals that it impossible to refine from it. Yet that le serpentine that fanle ectore for asbestos o gleam of pyrites e prospecting fe

and. It is not office is constantly in receipt of samples of this nature, sent by — assuming that certain they have staked an asbestos bonanza.

The commercial uses to which asbestos is put are so many that hoding manufacturers take up huge catalogues in examining them. Asbestos in this and that is to be found, part in almost every kind of constructing, structural work, steam, from steam-engines and rich uses in aeroplanes and their hangars. The modern electric lifting magnet which giant labors convey hundreds and thousands of tons of pig iron from the holds of our great ships, carriers to the steel works would never have been possible without asbestos, the only material which could withstand the fearful heat generated by the magnets poles of the magnet. Likewise asbestos is indispensable for the brake lining of automobiles and it use is universal where super heat or high voltage electricity have to be harnessed and controlled.

EVEN the flames of the sun and the fire are of the lightnings must halt when they come in contact with this mysterious grey mineral fibre whose existence it said to measure back to the beginning of Time.

Nearly everybody knows the uses to which asbestos is put by steam fitters and plumbers and the part it plays as a non-conductor in lining the boilers of steam engines, insulating electrical installations and covering the pipes in fire-sinking plant, but it mentions the catastrophism it has averted where it has been used as a fire-proof curtain in theatres. Not so many, however, know that shingles and material for building the walls of dwellings are now manufactured from asbestos. The shingles—besides being fire-proof and otherwise indestructible may be made up in any colors or design, while the siding can be wrought into so dense an appearance as stucco that only close inspection would reveal the difference.

Whole houses have been built of asbestos. The exhaiser of Germany famous for his safety first precautions had built for his own use a portable cottage made exclusively of Canadian asbestos. It contained suites for himself and his staff and was capable of being put up or taken down in a few hours' time, having double walls with hot air circulating between them when the weather was chilly or damp. The ex-kaiser's asbestos house was built before the war when Germany was a heavy importer of Canadian asbestos, and continues Wilhelm need it whenever he attended military manoeuvres—confident that if the rest of Germany burned up in the night his own skin would escape the scorching.

Incidentally complete suits of asbestos—head coat, gloves, trousers and boots—are used by firemen and workers around super heated furnaces where the human body must be protected from white-hot fluids. Recently the life of Charles Chaplin famous motion picture comedian was saved by an asbestos under garment. Chaplin, in a scene in "Vanity Fair" was to have been singed with the flame from an acetylene blow torch, and he wore the asbestos garment to protect himself. Chaplin, when he stumbled against the torch and immediately hit clothing took fire from head to foot. The asbestos under garment protected him from burns that would possibly have proved fatal. His assistants putting out the flames by wrapping him in wet blankets. At the time this article was being written a newspaper dispatch from Mexico City told of an attempt which was being made by firemen to reseh one of the burning oil wells at Amatlan to shut off the valve regulating the oil flow the firemen advancing under the protection of a huge shield made of asbestos.

An imitation leather is among the novelties made from asbestos. It is water-proof and fire-proof and is manufactured under enormous pressure from a combination of pure asbestos and vulcanized rubber. Other little known uses to which asbestos is put are, the making of asbestos powder for mixing fire-proof paints, washers for miners' safety lamps, reinforcement for auto tires, asbestos rope linders for fire escapes, asbestos putty for fire-proof contructions, asbestos cement for use in chemical works and electrical installations, asbestos filter-cloth for water filters where the destructive action of acids and alkalies has to be resisted, asbestos trunkri and covered boxes and even asbestos writing-paper. In addition, there is the well-known asbestos "mat" for gas stoves—the familiar, rag-shaped, perforated fireboards, and asbestos table mats used for protecting the table from scorching by hot dishes placed upon it.

The fire resisting qualities of asbestos immediately suggest its use for manufacturing paper for deeds and important documents, but satisfactory results in that direction are not on record. The chief difficulty is experienced in making the surface of asbestos paper glossy and smooth for writing and printing purposes. The manufacturers of asbestos mill-board, however has become a very important branch of the industry, and that of asbestos paper for structural and insulating purposes is many times larger still. It has a very wide use in electrical machinery, in the construction of dynamos, in tubes and elbows for burning carbons, for accumulator casings in motors, switchboards and a great variety of electrical appliances.

**A Mineral—or A Vegetable?**

SCIENTISTS do not appear to be entirely agreed on to the origin of asbestos, but nowadays it is pretty well conceded that asbestos is a mineral and not a vegetable growth on the serpentine. Technically, the serpentine from which asbestos is extracted and manufactured is described as a hydrated silicate of magnesia. It contains twelve per cent. of water, with varying proportions of iron, chromium, manganese, alumina and lime. The smaller quantity of destructible mineral in asbestos has with it the more valuable it is, because in the manufacture all these foreign elements must be purified from it, otherwise it would become a partial conductor of heat and electricity and be void of the virtues for which it is so highly esteemed by engineers, scientists and master builders.

Looking at a bit of raw asbestos one is amazed at how few of its possibilities are presented and can scarcely realize that it can be woven into cloth. It has been aptly called the "physical paradox," being both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle. It is older than anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms of this earth, but so thin as to have been affected by the passing of time that ammunbered centuries, during which mountains have eroded and crumpled to dust, great seas have evaporated and left deserts and prairies in their places and human civilization after another has passed into the discard of eternity—these scene of metamorphoses and decay have had no appreciable effect on asbestos.

They say once it is manufactured it never reverts to its former solid formation like a crystal. Boyd, the British investigator, however, in a geological report on the subject, declares he has witnessed the phenomenon of serpentine rock being transformed into asbestos fibre by the aerial elements. This phenomenon he says is to be seen on the dumps near the mines where the "cobbed" or discarded rock is exposed the transformation taking a couple of years.

It may have been thus—by Accident, which has brought on many useful discoverint and inventions to mankind—that the fibre in asbestos was first noted and later employed.






# Whiter Teeth

## Cleaner, safer teeth to millions

Pepsodent has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

Modern authorities endorse it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Half the world over it is being rapidly adopted.

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### Combats the film

One purpose is to combat the film—that viscous film you feel. That is what dims teeth and causes most teeth troubles.

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### Watch the unique effects

Each use of Pepsodent brings five desired effects all of which are now believed essential.

The film is combated in effective ways. The teeth are kept so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Then it stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. They may otherwise ferment and form acid.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fermento and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

### New methods found

Dental science has now found effective ways to fight film day by day. Many careful tests have proven them in leading countries—the methods are now urged for constant use.

They are embodied in a scientific tooth paste—Pepsodent. A dentrifice which complies with all modern requirements. And a 10 Day Tube is being sent to every home that asks.

### Finding the Boss' Weak Spots.

LESTER'S humor, I remember was one of those hand-me-down repartees which Adam doubtless relished, but Bud in some such way as under The first few weeks of it shocked Lester into amazed silence. The plentiful film as "wool cross-eyed" and his knack with the saw he third "ears" and notice that Lester was fed up with Bud's "smart-Alecky" ideally touched ways, piling up epithet after epithet until he ma real jabs every inch of the route. That is one of Bud's pet diversions. He will pass five words in addressing an absolute but at the same time they have an unseem knack of finding the weak holes in the armor and problems. He sore spots with an unerring precision.

Just here one simply must give Bud credit for doing his work well. I have coveted the five a week which he shortly begins to draw as extreme junior assistant in a drug store.

It was not long, however, before Bud disappeared from the drug stage. We older boys mean quite relieved the road from him but the glee of it which went the rounds was that the head drug clerk turned out to be something of a snob. His merchant, it seemed, was to hard dangers at anyone of Bud's openly displayed dignity. As the story reached us, there was something short the drug clerk having turned pale with fury," and some of us liked the phrase as well that we idolized Bud through another period of puppyism.

Just here comes an hiatus.

Bud, with his ammulative skill at "trilling 'em off," passed from the scenes for three or four years. I cannot recall having even thought of him for a long period when he suddenly turned up in the office where I was getting my learning. He dropped in as a junior, horrah me, which shows that he was considerably short of being within jumping distance of the first rung of the ladder, and that in spite of the fact that he had stormed some two years before me in the acquirement of a business career.

I believe it was then that I first began to appreciate what Bud was made of. My eyes were opening. I was battling in the happer with at least a score more employees and I actually was struggling because I simply could not lose my temper, and that doubtless was the reason I began to fall back upon the ancient art of diplomacy when the corners started to press tin closely.

A job to me was a sacred thing. To Bud it was as casual an a passing snowflake.

That is how I came to discover that Bud, with the raw spots of his dignity healed over, was there. "Anything about waiting for the chance attack, Diplomacy? I don't believe Bud ever heard of the word. Or if he did, he was too busy "telling 'em off" to digress the meaning of the term.

Yet, he still possessed the knack of making me feel like a down-trodden mongrel.

"Sort of riding you here, ain't they?" he asked during one rather tortuous man-day period. "That old half-baked Lester says what he likes to you. But he hasn't butter try it on me."

What would I have asked, with a flash back to the sheepishness of hero-worship days.

"I ain't saying, Freddie boy but just you keep your eye cocked. If that old rough rider Lester thinks that there is a bonehide hunting game I'm telling 'em he's got something to learn before he hits the ground."

As events showed Bud was right in such matters. He nearly always is.

It was not that Lester was a rough-rider, though he did appear to take a keen delight in watching the noses of weary at the grindstone. It was strange by enough the smash during one of his milder moments. He attempted something facetious at Bud's expense, and the shot was a bulls eye squarely upon the rawest spot of Bud's dignity.

### Re Stuck for One Whole Year

BUT IN time that carefully nurtured dignity and that lightning-like and unfailing shuffling from one left to another then was one period in his career when he had a chance to avenge yet heard of him. "Bellus, eff" is base for ineffectual manner. There have been times after I have suspected that in rushing strictly out of that for duty at his first arrival he looked about for the trader glories of the long rake-up and then spends time coming pitiasm to be ready for the inevitable emergency when the boss does just a bit too far and has to be told off.

On this occasion, he scored off Lester with the frequency of a machine-gun held dead on. It was a revelation to me to discover what could be done with the mother tongue and I think I must confess that there was a little of that old hero-worship in my manner when it was all over.

Well along Freddie, keep the little book here for the old hunter," Bud hemmed me with his trivialis, and the quiet port as it all was that there was no trace of anger or excitement in his manner. To him it was but an essential part of some day's walk. I got a swell job down the street. Na kicking you around to the mud down there. Any time little Freddie wants to get out from under just give me the word."

Two two months after that I saw much of Bud Shippington. He actually had the job he boasted about, and when we met daily at the quick lunch he used that glib tongue of his to effectively in painting the merits of Murdieson's that there were times when I began to cast the eye longingly at the greenness of distant fields. I was just about to give Bud the fedeers for a change, when Bud dropped into lunch one day with "telling 'em off" written all over him.

"Yep" he agreed readily, "Murdieson wasn't the kind of a guy I set him down for. Got to watch them that way, Freddie. They'll play you along for a finh for a month or two, then biff. Old Murdieson's a rum crab. He's a yellow-booked horned-toad with an ugly streak running right to the end of his nose. But Freddie, you should have heard what I told him."

"I sure remember hearing what you said to Lester," I interrupted.

"Lester?" Bud inserted some of that scornful laughter, "I handled Lester with kid gloves and didn't even break a stitch. But Oh Boy what I said to Murdieson!"

Judging from Bud's high-pitched laughter, it must have been rich.

Old Murdieson, the pink-eyed terror knows by this time that there's one little boy in the world who won't lie down to the muddy spots. You should have heard me, Freddie. I'll a done you credit."

By this stage however, I was fairly well "on" to Bud Shippington and I have been getting forties on ever since.

That was years ago but even in that green stage of my business career I was beginning to see that Bud had the unveiling eye and that employers would not be long in finding different from the average run at humanity. If Bud never succeeded in finding one who did not have to be told off, some time or other. The fault, I can't see, was with Bud's dignity.

It had in some such a big thing even in those days that even the chance remark fired in some other direction would be sufficient for Bud's dignity in front of it before it reached the target. It was an astonishing facility too getting in front of remark like that. Why many not have so much as a point of barb when they start on their way, but Bud can jump in front of it so much them upon that speed it saw path of the dignity, and when he pulled out the barb was with a rapping sonns who it was on that they must have received holds on the way.


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BOOKS

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gle down, way off the ordinary course of those imagined bucks which were forever seeking him out. For Bud has ability of all kinds of it. And his constant circle through jobs of all colors has made him something of a chameleon.

The time when he seemed to have reached bedrock and to have buried his dignity at zero was during that year when he stuck with Grover. A more mild-mannered man than George never existed, and it is chiefly on compliment to him to recall that Bud remained a year.

However, that year mocked the peak point in Bud's highway of fortune. He stumbled to it through the toil of slain dragons, alias employers, along the lower levels, but the moment he lopped off Grover's head, the path began to dip downward again.

And because I knew that Bud was over the top of the crest and was on the way down, and for the further reason that I still have a sneakish twitching of conscience to think I lacked the courage to give Bud that junior chance in my own office, I have been waiteoing him ever since.

It has been a skidway with Bud Slippington, and with the passing of the years the essential conflict with employers has added more choice words to his ever-stocked vocabulary. It is twenty years or more now since Bud took his first step towards finding an employee who was fit to wash for. Several times Bud has fancied for a few months that he had made a discovery, but last week when I saw Bud the season was still progressing.

**Bud Tries the 'Con' Game**

HE IS changed Bud now, in many ways. But that flaring patch of dignity still stands out before him, bigger and redder and rower than ever before.

I chanced to discover that the other night on a street car. After a heated boarding I found a thick-skinned cheap skate of a louse-like passenger gelling his telling off from the conductor who was perched behind the PAYE cage. The passenger was purple faced but the fluent flow of words which lashed out from the conductor's tongue left him completely foundered and wordless. He is going in repeat that conductor, for he got off the one to do it.

But Bud's incisive voice informed me that it didn't matter after all.

"See," as he put it to me, "I nearly had to tell off the inspector the other day. Of all the crab-like bull-inches that ever held down a chair, that inspector is one of the worst. He thinks every man a his dog. But just you wait, Freddie boy. I'm saving up a few loe hurs, and the next time he opens his trap—"

Having some feeling of sympathy for that inspector whoza name I do not even know, I do not care to be present when "it" happens.

But it is coming. I know that. The only thing which can stop it will be the death of Bud or of the inspector. Seeing employers through Bud's eyes, one knows that it cannot be long before that inspector is going to step beyond the bounds, and accordingly have to be told off. And Oh Boy, the things he'll hear!

That is why I am sending out an appeal right now to all you employers who want Bud for a spell. In making applications for Bud's services, you can line up two deep, on the right side of the wicket. Get a hook on self restraint and modesty on the way over, and study it while in the line-up.

Bud I can guarantee as absolutely reliable and efficient. Never knew him to steal a cent or give a dishonest day's work, and he is a regular handy man. Can do anything, from shouting "Move me to the front, please," to standing around the office with a fresh nose, looking like the proprietor.

A useful person, is Bud. But perhaps you know him. There are only a few thousand of him in every city, on perhaps you do know Bud, after all.

If not, try him out. He will be a regular tonic. You will get a good day's service as long as you last. And perhaps, if you are particularly good, you will last a month or two.

After that, the deluge.

## The Dancing Monument

*Continued from page 19*

heard. She said I saved her from six robbers an' she garnished up that tale so that I thought old Snowy Whiskers' eyes would pop out of his head. It was a peach of a story, an' when she finished it the old Feather Duster fell on me shoulder an' wept seven quarts of liquid all over me jacket.

"I'll reward yeh," he sobbed.

"Don't mention it," I said.

"Yeh're a brave man, he said. 'There is no one in the world like yeh.'

"I got a twin brother an' yeh could not tell us apart," I said.

"Well, old whiskers wouldn't leave me go. He kept clutchin' me arms an' me neck an' presently he made up his mind what he intended to do.

"'I'll reward yeh,' he repeated, an' with that he gallops out of the room an' returns in a few minutes with sancethie' in his paw.

"'Hold out yer hand,' he said, 'the hand that yeh hurt in protectin' me daughter.'

"I felt like a big boob but I put out me mitt an' old Methusaley deops on me palm about of the biggest pearls that was ever seen. Seven of 'em! Seven pearls that was bigger than the first joint of me thumb on. If anyone says they wasn't I'm ready to break off this little narrative to prove me words.

"SEVEN of the biggest pearls that was ever dug out of the insides of a oyster. He gave 'em to me! Shoved 'em into me flips an' when I kicked about takin' 'em he leddled off an' left Brighteyes an' me alone.

"Take 'em,' she said smilin' at me so that I felt wrigly all over. 'Take 'em he has thousands as big as 'em.'

"We was sittin' side by side on a couch that was softer than anythin' I ever sat on. There was little green and red lamps all over the place, an' a smell of incense an' stuff that made yeh feel all nice an' comfortable. I wanted to stay there forever, stay there with her an' the Midas of the East who could chuck away pearls that was as big as pigeon's eggs.

"After a while I slipped me arm around her waist an' drew her close to me. She didn't mind. Not a bit. She just took it quietly, an' I started in to tell her about Tronto an' the electric cars on Niagara Falls an' Hanlan's Point.

"'But it is better here,' she said. 'Stay here with me.'

"I'd be tickled to death,' I said, 'But they'd escort me on shoot me as a deserter.'

"'Can't you bribe yer captain?' she said, snuggling up close to me. 'If yeh give him one of the pearls, the biggest one, he might let yeh stay here with me an' me father.'

"Well, I looked at the biggest of the seven pearls, an' I thought how old Captain Lanigan's eyes would bulge if he saw it. An' then I kept on speakin' to me as I stared at the pearl.

"'Give it to him,' she said. 'Give him two of 'em an' then he will let yeh come back an' live here with father an' me.'

"Well she kept on tellin' me what to say an' what to do till I got to me feet. 'Kiddo,' says I, holdin' her chin up so that I looked down into her big eyes, 'I'll go on bribe old Lanigan to let me go. I'm too young, Brighteyes, an' the minute I bribe him I'm going to get lop hook here an' all 'angedie yeh for the rest of me life.'







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"'Go,' she said 'an' hurry back.'

"Kiss me, I said, an' she put up her little lips and kissed me on the cheek, then she took me to the door an' whispered that she'd be waitin' till I come back.

"I started to run down the path to the grass where old Stoneface was standing. I had the seven pearls in me right hand because I had a hole in the pocket of me khaki jacket an' I was takin' no chances with them pearls. They was seven of the biggest pearls that was ever growed, you bet they was.

"I come to the grass patch an' I looked at the spot where Mr. Monumental was when I went up to the house with the girl. He wasn't there! Not a sign of him! The grass patch was as bare as a billiard table.

"'Wow,' I says to meself, 'the old lump of a stone wall has broken loose again. Peter,' says I, 'keep yer peepers open an' prepare to receive a chargin' tombstone or yer [illegible].'

"I had no sooner said that to meself than I heard the bushes behind me cracklin' an' next minute the stone man came lumberin' down on me at a gallop.

"'Steady, Peter,' I says, 'keep yer hands down, an' use yer legs a little.'

"THAT ambulatin' monument came at me on the run. I sidestepped like Kid McKoy. It went by me like a steam roller. Then it turned an' charged again. I pulled the same tactics on it the second time an' it got mad. It wheeled an' came at me under forced draught an' I couldn't move quick enough to dodge it. Its shoulder hit me right hand that I was carryin' the pearls in. Those seven beauties was spilled on the grass!

"'Yeh swine!' I says, 'Yeh bloomin' prehistorical swine,' an' with that I forgot all about the hardness of his dial an' smashed him one on the nose. Shades of Night, that punch jarred me right back to me spinal column! It made the back of me brain box open an' shut an' I yelled with the pain of it. I funked right there on the spot. That gallopin' chunk of sandstone had me nerve and I wanted to get away from it as quick as possible.

"'Peter,' says I, speakin' to meself, 'grab the pearls an' beat it. This is no place for a man unless he got's a crowbar an' a steam drill.'

"The moment I said that to meself the Stone-age guy seemed to understand what I was thinkin' about. He gave a hop an' brought his two feet down on the pearl that I was thinkin' of givin' to old Lanigan an' that pearl just became dust! He made a hop at another an' then at another an' those pearls after he landed on 'em became stuff that dreams is made of.

"I got mad then. I got fightin' terrible mad. I [illegible] sure what happened. I just want to finish that [illegible]. I looked around for something harder than me fists to do it with.

"It was beatin' the seventh pearl into dust when I got what I wanted. I found a pole, a pole that was thicker than me leg an' I gave a whoop an' rushed at the prehistoric specimen that had got off the chain.

"'Now,' says I, '[illegible] yer cheek of granite an' I'll break pieces off yeh!'

"Did he run off? Yeh bet he did. He come at the charge an' I swatted him over the head as I dodged. Wow! what a fright he was! He was out to tramp me as flat as the prairie an' kept me movin' to keep out of the way of his feet.

"I was playin' on his head an' his body with the pole an' I was scared stiff because I couldn't dent him. Scared? Yer can bet yer last nickel that I was scared. I couldn't knock a chip off him an' me arms was achin' from swingin' the little tree that only seemed to tickle him every time I brought it down on his shoulders.

"I was just wonderin' if I could get to the fence before he could catch me when I got an idea. It came up out of the back of me head an' I laughed with joy. Yeh bet I did. I laughed outright an' then—well, what do yeh think I did? Yeh don't know, do yeh? Why I lowered that pole an' walloped him as hard as I could on his legs. On his legs! Swatted him on his stone ankles an' I howled as I did it.

"DID THEY crack?" Yeh bet they did! One of 'em smashed clean off with the first smash an' before he could steady himself I brought him another on the offside leg an' down he went on the grass.

"I stood an' looked at him for a minute while I was gettin' me breath, then I got afraid. I dropped the pole an' ran for the wall, hopped over it like a madman.

"At the first corner I ran into Corporal Hogan on a guard from the transport who was roundin' up stragglers an' Hogan grabbed me.

"'Here, what's this?' he said. 'What are yeh wakin' the town for? Are yeh mad?'

"'I ought to be,' I screamed, then I started in to tell him the story of the perambulatin' piece of the pyramids. I told him of the girl dancin' an' how old Mr. Monumental woke up an' chased her. I showed him me knuckles that had come up against the statue's jaw, then I told of Mr. Midas an' the seven pearls. Then I told of the second fight an' how I beat the stone man by breakin' his legs with the pole.

"Hogan had his mouth open like a drownin' porgie when I finished.

"'Holy St. Patrick!' he said. 'We'll go back an' see the place.'

"'Of course we will,' I said. 'She, the girl, she told me that her father had thousands of pearls as big as the ones he gave me.'

"Well, Hogan an' me an' the four other soldiers went back an' climbed over the wall. Right in the middle of the grass patch was Stoneface with his broken legs, an' Hogan an' those four fatheads with him walked around him like as if they thought he might get up an' charge after them.

"'Show us the house,' says Hogan. 'I'm dyin' to have a look at the pearls.'

"Well, I took 'em up the path to the house, the house I had left fifteen minutes before. It was dark, dark as midnight, an' the doors was closed tight.

"'It's empty,' says Hogan. 'Sure an' no one is livin' here at all.'

"'You're mad,' I said. 'She is livin' here, the girl with eyes as deep as the Pool of Treen an' the laugh that is like the sweetest music that ever was played.'

"'Get in through one of the windows, Lawrence,' says Hogan, turnin' to one of the four. 'Get in an' see what's there.'

"Lawrence got to the window an' struck a match. An' would yeh believe it? Yeh wouldn't, would yeh? What do yeh think? Why, the place was empty! Yes, empty! Empty as Exhibition Park in a snow storm! Not a soul there! Not a scrap! Not one o' those big cups on the carpets or the gold swords or anythin'! There was only dust, dust an inch thick an' cobwebs, that's all.

"Hogan got mad then. 'Come on,' he says, grabbin' me by the shoulder, 'yeh can tell yer pearl story to old Lanigan in the mornin'.'

"Did I tell it to him? To Lanigan? Of course I did! What did he say? He laughed at me, although I sang him the song that she was singin' an' told him everythin'.

"When they was leadin' me to the caboose to do seven days for assaultin' Hogan, I heard the lieutenant ask Lanigan how was it possible for me to make up the story if it didn't happen.

"'How?' says Lanigan. 'Why he's got Irish blood in his veins an' they give yeh some vile stuff to drink at Aden.'

"The old stiff! I only drank three little drinks, an' I had me broken knuckles to show, an' I could sing the song she sang, an' Hogan had to admit that old Stonelegs was lying where I knocked him down. Some guys would not believe their own mother, an' Lanigan an' a few others I know belongs to that breed, that's all I got to say."

# The Clutch of Circumstance

*Continued from page 17*

"A Jane!" he repeated.

"A particular Jane, not a Jane generically speaking. Miss Semple is looking for a Jane," I explained. He eyed her smilingly, as much as to say that if it was a John she was looking for the bill could be filled without any further fuss.

"Rummy!" he grinned—and certainly it did look and sound rummy. A further explanation cleared things up.

"I'll tackle steerage and stewardesses," he volunteered stoutly. "Easier job than the dowagers and gold-bugs in our crowd—the aureaistocracy, so to speak." It was really quite neat I thought. "Down with the bourgeoisie and hurray for the proletariat."

Grace went below and Plummer loafed off to cigar and book, so Beaufort and I had things to ourselves. He was a rummy chap, in his quiet way and one palled up quick acquaintance with him. I was frankly curious about him. I had heard about young sprigs of nobility wobbling over to the Red bunch, but had never met a pukka Bolshevist in real life. If Beaufort was a follower of the festive Lenine I wanted to know. He didn't fit in with my general notions of the Red, for his hair had evidently been cut lately and he looked as if he bathed still a chap may not shed his vices immediately he turns Bolshevist.

"That is a strange doctrine for a man who probably is headed for Ottawa and Rideau Hall," I observed. "I mean the proletariat stuff."

"Who do you think I am—a coal-miner walking delegate, or labor leader?" he asked.

"The Honorable John Beaufort," I replied.

"Exactly," he said. "That's the answer."

And we fell to talking. You know what an Englishman is like, if he does not take a shine to you, he'll live in the same house with you twenty years and never get nearer to you than a nod, but if he does feel that you interest him the bars drop with a bang and you're inside for good.

"Only," he added, "amputate the handle, if you don't mind. If the Governor General wants a handy man around the house, I'm all that. I am stalking a job, the prey a pay envelope—a stuffed pay envelope that arrives once a week." I gathered that he had been four years in the army, though he glossed this over, and that he did not care to stay at home bothering relatives and pals to buy wine or cigars or motor cars from him as personal favors. His father the Earl, who was the old chap I had seen bid farewell to the youngster at Euston, had his hands full and a bit over, what with taxes, insurance for death duties, mortgage interest and upkeep of entailed estates. John consequently wanted—not a position, an appointment, not even a situation, but a plain everyday job.

"What kind of a job?" I asked.

"A pay envelope job—stuffed, you know," he replied.

"There is an infinite variety of pay envelope jobs," I said.

"Then if it isn't greedy I'll take two," he offered cheerily.

"What can you do?"

"And that's the sticker!" he admitted. "I got some kind of a degree at Oxford when the examiners were dozing, soldiered a bit, just missed my cricket blue, made the golf team—I'm plus four at Numbleton—and did well in the inter-varsity middleweights. My notion was the prize ring, but the dear old mater wept at the idea, though father thought it a bit of all right, the mater thought it might spoil the girls' chances—my sisters you know. But—when I saw some of the stuff they put up at the National Sporting Club I wept salt tears at the damned traditions of my family. The Limehouse Kid and the Shadwell Chicken getting hundreds of pounds for pawing at one another for a few rounds—it was heartbreaking. However, in a free country without traditional and family fetters I may be able to break in." It really was rather pathetic. Our chat was broken up by the appearance of Grace. It appeared she had been hunting Janes and was a trifle discouraged.

"Perhaps, after all, she is not on the boat," she said. "But Mary Dugdale seemed quite certain."

"Pardon me—but Mary who?" inquired John.

"Mary Dugdale, a friend of mine in Norfolk," Grace responded. "It is her Jane I am hunting."

"Oh!" he said, rather lamely. I don't know quite how it happened but I found myself alone, Grace and the Honorable John had drifted off—Jane hunting, I suppose. I may say that from this time on they did a lot of joint stalking and the task seemed to require a lot of consultation, morning, afternoon, evening, and in snug corners when the night was dark. However, I am no [illegible]. Deserted on this particular occasion I drifted to the spot where Plummer sat. He did a lot of sitting these days because he is not at his best and brightest on the rolling wave. I found him in kicking mood and grouchy and when Grace and this John person waltzed by, arm in arm presently, he became kicker and grouchier.

"What's that titled pink going to Canada for?" he demanded.

"A job," I replied. "With a stuffed pay envelope."

"Job!" he snorted. "Hanging round the post-office waiting for the quarterly remittance to come in. What's he been doing to have to come out?"

"Soldiering—four years."

"That's all right, but he can't capitalize that, every Canadian lad worth a hill of beans did the same, what can he do?" grunted Plummer.

"He's had no chance—school, college, soldiering, titled family—no earthly show. It isn't as if he'd been chucked into a job at fourteen after a course of paper selling; his education has been frightfully neglected," I replied.

"Tell you, Algy—no earthly good," said Plummer. "I know the breed. They'll fight all right, but work's foreign stuff to them. Stars at cricket and golf and football and hunting in pink, but when it comes down to earning three squares a day, they just don't know how, and are too high and mighty to get down and learn. Drawing-room tea-toppers, stuffed up with muffins and traditions about their own importance, their idea of success in life is marrying a girl whose father has worked hard to gather up a lump of dough and living on the results of another man's work."

It was rather depressing, since I had at the back of my mind a notion of trying to connect the Honorable John with one of the numerous pay envelopes Plummer hands out each week. He had taken a violent dislike to the young man and the fact that Grace did not share his prejudices increased it. By the time we neared Quebec one might have thought that the two young people had known each other long years, still voyaging affairs at the hand often do not extend beyond the days of the trip. I hoped it was nothing serious for neither of them had a dollar in the world and so far as earning possibilities were concerned, John's outlook was not cheery. Canada can use men but it did not seem to me that there was a great demand for men of just the business stamp of the Honorable John Beaufort. Traditions would damn him on this side as well as that, if he let them do it.

We were nearing Quebec, the mystery about Jane had not been cleared up, and Grace had decided that it would not be when at the last moment light was thrown upon it. The four of us were on deck, waiting for the gangway, and Beaufort had his portmanteau at his feet.

"I have something to tell you that may or may not be gratifying," he said smiling upon Grace. "Jane is discovered."

"You have found her—where is she?" Grace asked delightedly.

"Here!" and he indicated himself.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

He tilted the portmanteau over, pointing to the letters on it—J.A.N.E.B.

"The persons responsible for my christening named me John Arbuthnot Nision Evelyn—you see what the initials spell—Jane. The chaps at school fastened on them, and I've been Jane ever since. Mary Dugdale lives quite near our Norfolk place and is a friend of mine. Beastly disappointment I know—I'm sorry." He disappeared very abruptly, after bidding us goodbye, making some facetious remark to me about boot blacking and prize fighting jobs. Grace overheard him, and between the remark and the very hasty way in which he had gone off she appeared rather bewildered.

"What did he mean?" she asked, when we were alone for a minute or two.

"That he proposes to edge into the ranks of the same of Leonidas and Garibaldi—shoe polishing you know, or climbing into the squared circle—prize fighting," I explained.

"Don't be ridiculous," she admonished severely. "You mean he is poor?"

"In purse, but not in purpose," I replied as Plummer came up.

"Got rid of Jane," he grinned. "Guess they named him right." It was an unjust as well as an undiplomatic remark, for if looks could have slain, we should have had to escort the corpse of one Plummer back home. Grace looked at the unfortunate chap and he wilted perceptibly.

So we got back to the old home town and the good old routine. Grace tackling a teaching job to help out family finances, Plummer plunging in to his varied interests—traction, mining and half a dozen others, while I kept office hours again, listening to squabbles about split fences, wobbly land titles, and the like that furnish the living of a poor but reasonably honest lawyer. Of the Honorable John Beaufort we heard nothing, to Plummer's joy, my disappointment, and Grace's—well I didn't know. I did think, however, that deep down in her heart was something of a hope that one day, not very far away, she would see "Jane" again. There were other lads who fluttered about her, and there was Plummer hovering round hopefully, but she laughed, taught school, looked after the manse, played golf, and carried on generally, very charming but perhaps a thought quieter and more reserved than when she swept so tornadically into Euston Station and bumped against John Beaufort.

III.

THE STREET car was jammed with a typical Saturday night mining town crowd. Plummer and I had spent the afternoon looking over some properties he was interested in, eaten supper with the local agent, smoked and chatted awhile afterwards and caught a late car that ran in the direction of the station. Plummer was the president of the company that operated a network of electric cars throughout the region within a thirty mile radius of our home town. Most of the passengers on this particular one were miners, their pockets lined with their week's pay and their spirits influenced obviously by the agency of one John [illegible] Kuyper. Some were silent, others jovial and a few ugly. Between them the conductor was having a busy time. I could not see him because of the strap-hangers but he appeared to be working his way along, collecting fares, diplomatically and successfully. Seated opposite to Plummer and myself was a tough-looking specimen of the "bad man" order, who rejoiced in the fair. He was tall and broad, ugly of face as well as of mien, and hungry for trouble. I paid no particular heed to the conductor until Plummer gave me a dig in the ribs.

"Look at the guy in the uniform," he said. I looked and there was the Honorable John Beaufort on the job. If he had seen us he did not show it but plugged away fare collecting till he came to the bruiser opposite us. The [illegible] licked his lips appreciatively.

"What are you after?" he growled.

"Fare, please," the other responded and was bidden to go to a place to which travellers are supposed to go without fares.

"Come along—ante up!" said the conductor jiggling the money box. The big fellow looked up at John, sizing him up contemptuously, and held out a dime to him tightly gripped.

"Take it if you can and dare," he said. The crowd roared its approval of the situation. Plummer leaned forward, a grin on his face.

"Pass him up!" advised one of the peaceable passengers; however, Beaufort reached forward, grasped the hand, there was a short struggle, but the conductor emerged with the dime, rang it up and went on his way. The big chap got to his feet with a bull-like roar, but was pulled back into his seat by companions who bade him wait till the end of the trip. He took the advice and sat glowering until the end of the journey was reached.

"Now," he said, as he stepped from the car and walked up to the conductor, "You were mighty smart inside there, we'll see if you're as good out here," and he dragged off his coat in grim determination. Somebody suggested sending for the police.

"Oh get along home," advised Beaufort, with a grin.

"When my job's done," said the other. "Will you take off your coat or have your licking with it on?"

The Honorable John eyed him and saw that business was meant.

"If that's the way of things, perhaps I'd better take it off," smiled he. A ring was formed under the big arc light, the buttoned coat and badged hat was taken off, John's fair hair, neatly parted in the middle, emphasizing the contrast between the two men. The first few minutes saw as wicked a fight as ever I looked upon. The miner fought after his own fashion, fist, feet, gouging, as was apparent from the way he set to work; his furious rushes seemed unescapable, for he was active as well as big, but the other fought neatly and warily—science against rough and tumble bulk. Once it seemed as if it all was over, the big fellow getting home a pile driving smash, and sending his smaller antagonist flying. Beaufort managed to scramble to his feet however as the other poised a foot to let drive, and the battle went on.

THEN the tide began to turn. Beaufort's piston-like drive was having its effect. He was punching diplomatically, one eye of his antagonist was closed, the other looked none too good. The Honorable John had a punch, and the other chap was winning neither [illegible] from now on there was nothing to it. Beaufort went around his man like the well-known cooper round the proverbial barrel, finally finishing a neat artistic job by laying the [illegible] out and utterly done for on the gravel of the yard.

"All square!" he grinned, resuming coat and badged hat, as the other came to and sat up. "Fare paid all right. Shake hands!"

"How did you manage to get down this way?" I asked him as we walked along.

"Pay envelope," he explained. "It about suited me. I tried to sell soap on commission and was a night watchman for a time—good enough jobs but no action to them. There's action here, as you may have observed, twenty a week and this nifty uniform. Then [illegible] cheap, the bank owes me money—the first experience of the kind I have ever enjoyed."

"Much action like that to-night?" grunted Plummer.

"No, this has been something special—much [illegible]," said John.

"Not at all bad for a starter."

"The old pater over the water knew about it—the Earl I mean?" asked Plummer.

"Certainly—sent him my photograph—in uniform yanking the bell at the tail of the car—quite realistic—he thought it wonderful—expects me to be another Strathcona in a week or two or have my biography written for the benefit of the Sunday Schools—you know the kind, chap begins picking up horseshoes in the street and is buried in a coffin with solid gold mountings."

"Some job for an Honorable," scoffed Plummer.

"I shall be obliged if you'll cut that out," said John crisply.

"I'll not squeal," said Plummer. "And remember a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"It's not moss I'm collecting, but bagging for the bank book."

"How long have you been here?"

"Nearly a year."

"I shall be seeing Miss Semple," I suggested as I had my foot on the car step. "Shall I mention that we've seen you?"

"Certainly—in uniform," he replied. "Please present my compl——I mean my regards."

"And report at the home offices on Wednesday next at eleven-thirty," said Plummer. "Ask for me."

"Very good, sir!" answered Beaufort.

Plummer was silent for some time, then began to chuckle in his maliciously humorous fashion.

"What'll you bet, Algy, that he'll turn up in his uniform? Gosh, I'd like Grace to see him buttoned and badged." There was a malicious edge to Plummer's humor that I scarcely approved of.

"What will you bet that he won't?" I countered.

"Ten dollars that he is docked up as the Honorable John to see Grace," he said.

"Ten that he's in uniform," I came back at him.

"He's a go—and no funny work, Algy." He had the grace to apologize in response to what he saw in my eyes. Plummer is an odd bird, and sometimes is unduly suspicious of another's good faith—the failure of breeding and manners in him.

"Grace," I said to Miss Semple, meeting her on the street two days later, "I saw a friend of yours in Pillville on Saturday night, he wished to be remembered to you."

"It wasn't——?" Oh the wonderful intuitiveness of woman. The delightful color deepened in her cheeks, her smile was very winsome.

"That is exactly who it was," I replied. "He looked very fine and fit and has won the stuffed pay envelope down—to some extent. He is a quite efficient conductor of a street car." She glanced into my eyes to see whether I spoke truth. Then her own kindled with enthusiasm that had tenderness in it.

"I think that is perfectly fine," she said. "I hope you scolded him for not coming on to see any of us."

"Why, no, I didn't," I answered. "You see—just a conductor—he'll [illegible], you know—he has a proper sense of the [illegible] of social distinctions."

Those brown eyes had fire in them and it vanished as they focussed upon me.

"Algy, I never would have believed you were a—a snob," she said. "And I don't think that John Beaufort would be ashamed of his position."

"He is coming here on Wednesday—to be excepted[?], I believe. Plummer is the big chief and on Saturday there was some fuss on the car we travelled upon in [illegible]. Beaufort committed a very violent assault upon a passenger, so Plummer is going to interview him—Plummer takes strong and often prejudiced views."

"I think Mr. Plummer is a conscienceless beast," she said, which in so charming and proper a girl as Grace was the

# QUEBEC *and its wealth*

*Quebec is the most spacious of all Canada's provinces. Out of 450,000,000 acres only 15,000,000 are under cultivation. Yet from this relatively small acreage much wealth is derived as witness the following figures---*

| | Field Crops | Dairy Products |
|---|---|---|
| 1920 | $330,251,000 | $35,708,821 |
| 1919 | 307,994,000 | 35,041,248 |
| 1918 | 271,750,900 | 30,680,791 |
| 1917 | 154,097,900 | 28,313,658 |
| 1916 | $102,937,000 | $22,875,337 |
| 1915 | 101,683,000 | 17,303,000 |
| 1914 | 99,279,000 | 16,156,022 |
| 1913 | 75,325,000 | 15,656,886 |

In factories only.

### A DAIRY PROVINCE

Dairying in Quebec is a highly developed and specialized industry. The last available figures give a total of 1,813 cheese and butter factories with an output for the year of 1920

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Butter | 40,037,092 lbs. | $22,352,140 |
| Cheese | 52,441,504 lbs. | 10,356,475 |

### FOREST PRODUCTS

Quebec surpasses every other province of the Dominion in the matter of her forest areas. These total 130,000,000 acres, or about 30 per cent. of the province's total acreage, and by comparison with the value of the 'cut' of other provinces Quebec's figures are about one-third of the whole. The value of Quebec's forests is reckoned to be:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White and Red Pine | 200,000,000 | Hardwood | 25,000,000 |
| Spruce and Balsam | 250,000,000 | Cedar | 25,000,000 |
| Pulpwood | 100,000,000 | | |

As a producer of pulpwood, and of manufactured pulp, Quebec stands in the forefront of Canadian provinces. In 1919, 46 out of 89 Canadian companies engaged in the manufacture of pulp were located in Quebec, and the consumption of pulpwood amounted to 1,176,134 cords, or about 48 per cent. of Canada's total consumption. In addition to the domestic consumption 681,414 cords of pulpwood were exported.

### MINERAL WEALTH

The vastness of Quebec Province has made it quite impossible up to the present to make any inventory of her mineral wealth; yet this wealth is known to be inconceivably great. The yearly figures for a number of years show the steady progress of mining:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1902 | $2,985,403 | 1916 | $13,287,024 |
| 1905 | 3,750,000 | 1917 | 16,188,179 |
| 1910 | 7,124,294 | 1918 | 18,707,762 |
| 1913 | 13,119,811 | 1919 | 20,813,870 |
| 1914 | 11,732,783 | 1920 | 28,792,939 |
| 1915 | 11,465,921 | | |

### ASBESTOS DEPOSITS

For one highly useful mineral Quebec is the main source of the world's supply—asbestos. During 1920 the value of the output of her asbestos mines was $14,740,048.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1915 | $3,544,962 | 1918 | $ 9,019,889 |
| 1916 | 5,182,805 | 1919 | 10,332,289 |
| 1917 | 7,198,558 | 1920 | 14,740,048 |

### WATER-POWERS

It has been said that Quebec possesses water-power in abundance, and water power soon or late spells industry. The estimated power developed from water, according to the last available figures is given as 875,000 horse-power. From a survey made by the Hydraulic Service of the Province it would appear that 510,000 horse-power are being utilized in plants using over 1,000 horse-power, and when the figures are obtained from the plants using 1,000 horse-power and less, it is expected that the above figures will be increased to 875,000 horse-power.

### MANUFACTURES

In 1919 there were 10,524 manufacturing plants in Quebec. The value of the capital invested was $837,082,228. The number of employees was 208,283, and their wages and salaries amounted to $168,862,422. The cost of raw material used was $460,283,237, and the value of the output about $830,420,023. Representing between $10,000,000 and $26,000,000 output were eleven industries as follows:—log products, boots and shoes, cottons, butter and cheese, railway cars, men's clothes, tobacco products, railway cars building, grist mills, paper and lumber products which stand in the order mentioned.

### TRADE

Largely through its geographical position, Quebec has developed considerable trade outside of the Province and this explains a heavy import and export trade. The imports in 1870 were $32,833,000 and exports $37,807,000. In 1900 they were $75,508,000 and $76,731,000, respectively; in 1914 they were $185,320,000 and $177,556,000, respectively, and in 1919 exports amounted to the high figure of $611,636,889, while imports were valued at $248,569,052.

### MONTREAL'S STATUS

Montreal takes rank as being the great inland seaport of the continent. Located on the famous river waterway, the St. Lawrence, the site is strategically as close to the heart of the Dominion as it is possible to bring ocean traffic. From a commercial standpoint the advantages are great; on the one hand the terminus of the transcontinental traffic, on the other the terminus of the trans-Atlantic service. Montreal is destined to be Canada's great commercial centre. The commercial development, coupled with the age of the city, has been responsible for the location of the head offices of a number of the largest of Canada's financial institutions; the headquarters of rail and water shipping interests, banking, insurance, mercantile and varied other institutions with connections in both the new and the old worlds.

### RAILWAYS

Of the 5,266.59 miles of railroads in the Province on the 30th of June 1920, there were but 575 miles in existence on the 1st of July, 1867, the date of Confederation. On the 1920 basis, 5,266.59 miles there were 2.11 miles per 1,000 of population and 14.86 miles to every 1,000 square miles of territory.

### WATERWAYS

From the straits of Belle Isle to Quebec, a distance of 2,200 miles there is a navigable waterway divided into sections as between Belle Isle and Quebec, Quebec and Montreal and the inland lakes, according to the character of the traffics. Montreal is reached from Quebec largely as the result of deepening the St. Lawrence, which permits of ocean traffic to come up-stream to the foot of the Lachine Rapids. To the head of Lake Superior the St. Lawrence canals overcome a fall of 551 feet.

### FINANCIAL SITUATION

Quebec's financial situation is the best of all the Provinces of Confederation. Her loans are quoted high est on the market. Quebec has this year a surplus exceeding the million mark.

The net debt per capita has decreased from $15.63 in 1901 to $15.11 at the present time.

**A PROGRESSIVE PROVINCE—Quebec aims to lead in every field of endeavour, and nowhere in Canada are relations between capital and labor or between English and French-speaking people more cordial than in the Province of Quebec.**









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equivalent of violent cursing. I did not attempt Plummer's vindication let him stand on his own lickity legs.

IV

I WAS about to leave the office for lunch on Wednesday when a messenger arrived with a note from Plummer. I opened it and a ten dollar bill dropped from the envelope.

"Stook!" said the pencilled note. "Beaufort is coming up to you in a few minutes. You might bring him out to the Golf Club this afternoon, we ought to be civil to the Honorable, but I can't invite him—discipline, you know. You can rig him up in suitable duds, there will be quite a swell mob out there."

That was right—a tournament was on, and many of the social lights of the vicinity would be there. I certainly could fit Beaufort out, the haughty and figure we were not dissimilar. Presently he drove in sight seated in full canonicals atop a red "—" the minion of the Traction Company. We chatted a few minutes, time was getting on, as I asked him to lunch with me. He looked at me in his fiendly appraising fashion, then cast a suggestive glance at the badged rap on the table. I guess he saw that I had invited him, approaching the situation.

"I'll be glad to," he responded.

WHEN WE got back to the office we had a short talk over cigars. He intimated, with a grin, that Plummer had done the high and mighty stunt, as Plummer was well able to do; the President had informed him that it was his business to punch tickets and not the countenances of the company's patrons. It was like Plummer to let the chap come in with congratulations of promotion, and then proceed to flatten him out.

"What about a turn round the links I said, when we had finished smoking. "There is a tournament on, and you could get into it if you desired. Entries may be made up to the starting hour, and your English Numbleton membership will make you eligible. I shall be glad to hand your name in, it is an all-comers scratch competition, eighteen holes medal play."

"I'll like a round!" he replied. "Plummer gave me the day off, and hinted something about golf going on."

"I think I can fit you out with things," I said eyeing him over. His glance caught mine, and I saw in a flash what Plummer's idea was in sending him on to me, and suggesting the golf. He wanted to find out if the chap would have the sand to present himself to Geece Semple in his belt-yanking uniform. I was to be the temptee to offer to the chap the costume to cover up his job.

"What's the matter with this suit?" he said looking down over his smart, neatly pressed uniform. Accustomed to soldierly neatness he had given the suit a quite tender appearance. If Plummer thought he could out manoeuvre this bird, he had one more guess coming.

"Why — nothing," I replied a bit awkwardly. "I thought perhaps the conductor's rig would be more comfortable."

Then if the ball still holds good I'll go as I am," he said. "And as a favor please—no name handles."

Truly we had a mob out, all the beauty and fashion of the vicinity the gigs in their smartest, the lads in their niftiest. I flatter myself that I created the real sensation when I strolled into the grounds with my friend whose badged hat bore the legend "Pittville Traction Company, Conductor 37." The glances levelled at us reminded one of a file of rifles ready for business. I heard a visitor from a neighboring club inquire if the show was a "bally fancy dress affair." Plummer looked frankly disappointed.

"He is a bona fide amateur?" asked Potts, the secretary, regarding the visitor with some suspicion.

"Absolutely," I replied, with, I fear, small first-hand information. "Numbleton sounds good enough."

"Your certificate is enough," he said, and so the entry was accepted. And," added Potts, "if he can manage to wipe the eyes of two or three pot-hunters who haunt these all comers' events we will chant a solemn Te Deum often the show. But you won't mind my mentioning it—his garb is somewhat notable."

"C'est la guerre!" I hissed, it was the first time I'd found a chance to fire off the great excuse. I don't think Potts quite knew what it meant, for he replied

"By all means, I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"Is he any good, Algy?" asked Plummer, strolling up.

"Quite tolerable," I replied. "Plus tous at Numbleton."

"You don't say!" he said "If he can knock Strickland out this afternoon I'll be ready to fall on his neck and kiss him." Strickland was a Liberal, Plummer a Conservative and in the last campaign Strickland had rolled Plummer's horse leech, a out throat, a devourer of the flesh of the common people, a blot on the face of our four twentieth century civilization, and a few other airy compliments of the kind.

"He's met Grace," Plummer added rather mournfully. "She seems to think he's harrowed King George's Sunday clothes, but she has her little knife into you and me."

"Into me!" I exclaimed.

"Sure—didn't you bring him?" the shikoo asked—no wonder he's a successful politician. "Grace thinks we plotted to make a holy show of the Honorable before this gay and snobbish lunch, and we shan't square it off with a pleasant word and a smile, there's woe in the girl's eye, and she packs a wallop, if you'd like to know."

"Where is she?" I asked.

He beckoned me to a window, and there they were, blue cloth with brass buttons, hat with the Pittville badge and number—summery white, gauzy, filmy stuff, hat—straw, ribbon, rose, you know. They turned and approached the verandah, and you might have supposed that she had the sinking Admiral of the Grand Fleet as escort. And then the deed was made and the big scrap was on. As luck would have it Strickland and Beaufort came together in the draw, and were the last pair to go out. It was a queer match the battle between a known shemptan and an unknown, and the interest that he roused by the presence of the unknown quantity was evident. The chap cut such a funny figure in his conductor's rig—some were disposed to regard it as a practical joke but others took Plummer's word that he was a bona fide belt yanker. The game might be an absolute fiasco but Beaufort did not impress one as a flasco chap and his mob streamed out after them. There is no need to spin out the story of the battle but it will go down to history as the most memorable fight the Club tournament ever produced: they were never more than a couple of strokes apart from first to eighteenth green, both going in top form and knocking bogey polley weak. When they holed out the eighteenth they were level—72 apiece on a 78 par course, with an 80 the best score outside theirs. And the entry just half a dozen of the pick of the healthy Strickland had the long game, but when it came to the scientific part the mashie work, the crafty put, the other always evened up the swaying advantage.

Beaufort always seemed to be the hook man, and yet he was there when the goal was reached.

"Tess or fight tee it?" asked Strickland when they holed out the eighteenth.

"Fight—tech or nothing!" grinned Beaufort, and the eyes of Grace smiled. Perhaps girl, but she loved the fighter.

"He's got him," whispered Plummer in my ear. "Golf a applied psychology. It's an admission by Strickland that he may be licked; you'd never wring that from the ather duck he's got to be licked before he thinks it's possible."

Beaufort had the honor, the ball whizzed through the air, far and sure, and the match was over. Strickland putted into the rough was on the grass yards away from the hole in five, Beaufort stony dead in three.

V.

"YOU'LL dine with me, Beaufort?" I said as the crowd melted away.

"Awfully good of you," he answered. "But Mr Semple has invited me to the manse."

"And you are coming too, Algy," said Grace, with something of forgiveness in her eyes.

"I shall be delighted," I answered, and so I was. I wished they had asked Plummer, though it was like him to vanish as soon as the big show was over, and he had got what he wanted.

The best thing about the manse is its gardens, a long rambling rose-grown place that stretches down to the river. Semple and Mrs Semple are very delightful people, and we chatted out on the lawn till the sun dropped behind the hills and the quiet dusk crept up over the landscape.

Grace and Beaufort had taken the boat and gone up the river. The older people had gone indoors leaving me to wait for the young people, I smoked and reflected in the scented darkness until I saw them coming up, very slowly, along the winding path, the white figure of the girl, the less distinct one of the man, and they were very near together. They drew near to me, their arms intertwined.

"Algy!" said Grace. "We would like you to know first." And they stood before me like two delicious culprits. I knew what it was to be a father, in that moment, judicious, grave, unsentimental.

"You knew very little of each other," I observed, which was quite properly paternal.

"We knew enough for our purposes," said John. "That it will be the same in a year, a hundred years, an eternity—just Geece to me, and me for Geece."

"But my dear children, married people do not live like butterflies, and the ravens no longer feed Elijahs, to say nothing of providing hats and gowns for Mrs Elijah," I said in my most dulcet-like way.

"We have envelope," he said.

"Not over-heavily stuffed," I rejoinded him.

"But things will be better. I don't want Grace to marry me, of course, till I can give her a proper home," he said.

"Father and mother married on much less than twenty dollars a week," she said. "I can work in the home just as well as be out of it; I am not afraid."

"Well, we must consider the situation." I replied in my best heavy father style. So we went indoors and the Semples heard the news, they were a little bewildered; Grace was their only child, and unworldly as they were the wife of a street-car conductor did not seem a very brilliant position for a very brilliant girl. I left early and went down to my house meditating on that perplexing problem—how Geece might have had Plummer, his fine house, his cars, his social position, his money; she might have had her pick of a dozen other likely lads, and she had—a belt yanker! No, that wasn't right—she had first a man, an Honorable in more senses than one.

In the midst of my cogitations who should drop in but Plummer. He helped himself to a cigar had a drink, and sat down.

"Don't know when I felt happier," he said. "Strickland thought he had that gold medal hanging to his lapel; I'll bet he's sore as a boil. Where's the Honorable Number 37?"

"I left him at the manse just now," I said. "We were there together to dinner."

"Funny he didn't come away with you," Plummer commented.

"Not very," I said. "He and Grace had private affairs to—well, discuss." He stared at me long and earnestly.

"And that's right?" he asked.

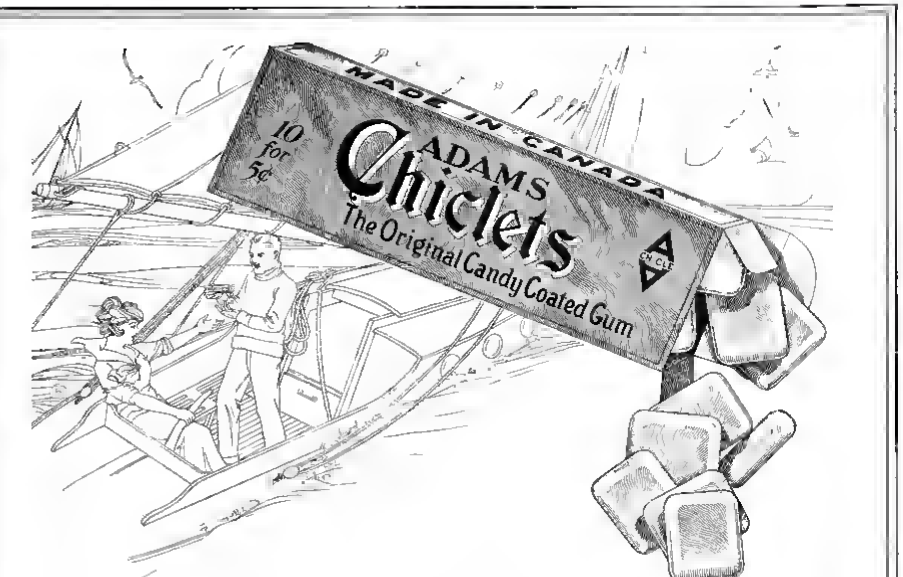
"Absolutely."

"She's going to marry a belt-yanker on a one-horse line—a kind of nickel gathering chucker-out?"

"The partents point that way," I said.

"Then, by Gosh she ain't." He did not say "By Gosh," but something much more impressive. He was standing, and waving his glass menacingly.




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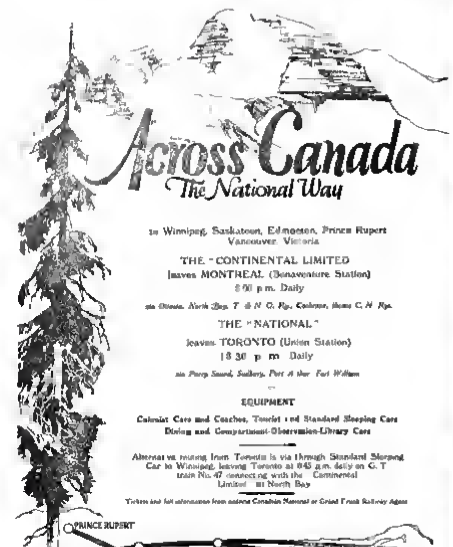
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"Who'll prevent it?" I demanded
"I will," he said

So down for a time, and when you get home put a wet cold compress round that healed brain of yours," I said "If Grace says she'll marry a hell-yanker she'll marry him"

"She won't," he answered hesitatingly "That's one time I flicked him When I get back from that game this after noon I yanked him into the office as my assistant He don't know much but we can teach him, the point is he's got the punch, stands up to the lumps of fellow fights like big chap to the last hair and inches him there, that's what we want—the man, the seat's easy There isn't much in it—$2,500 to start with but money's the last thing that bird will ever have to worry about he knows the password remember what he said about getting down to ground level—the mud, he called it. He don't know it yet, but to-morrow he'll have to quit that uniform he's taken such a shine to, and get into common dude like yours and mine"

## The Valley of Gold

*Continued from page 27*

MacClure shook his head.

"Then I'll set you right. For some years I have known the daughter of Reb McClure All these years I have regarded her as the one thing desirable That is why I am out among the rubes. She has never been more gracious than since my arrival here You stand by me there and I'm with you You can do a lot"

The two men looked long into each other's eyes Then McClure's gaze became abstract and far away. He was seeing something other than Sykes' grizzled eyes. He saw Mary as she burst in upon him the day of his interview with Ned He felt the soft touch of her cheek. Suddenly he was recalled to the issue.

"Well?" was the crisp challenge.

"Go right in and win," said he with a strange smile "Do it right and I'm agreeable. So far as I know you have a clear field You can count on me"

"You think the field is open?" said Sykes

"There isn't a doubt. I know all about my girl"

Sykes smiled and let it go at that. There was some information he could impart to this reckless father but it would be more serviceable later He reflected for a moment on the effect of the disclosure that Ned Fullar was very much in the field. Then he smiled again, conscious of holding a rather high hand.

McClure could see no untoward possibility and was satisfied

So they made the compact.

THE WATCHER stepped back into the shelter of the maples She had emerged from them but a moment before and had been on the point of addressing the worker when her capricious will deterred her She was looking upon the great figure of a man His was aged, bearing the fullness of the allotted span. His shoulders, however, were square and his bath straight His form rose to a towering height, retaining its lines of strength and crowned by a shapely head with its resplendent glory of long white hair The face was noble with a touch of gentleness. The intelligent eyes had a masterful light mingling with the dreaminess of them, while his cheeks had the soft retundity of a child's and the roses of a girl Before her stood the father of Ned Fullar Often had she heard of him. This was the first time she had really beheld him She was very surprised agreeably so

The old man was busy stuffing a bag of chaff So absorbed was he in his employment that he was rudely startled when a woman's voice accosted him gently

"Mr Fuller, I believe"

Looking up suddenly he detected a small girlish figure in white. Her face was attractive with a bright friendliness that set him instantly at ease

"I am highly honoured," was his reply as he set down his stick and bowed with courtly stateliness "Is it the little teacher I have the pleasure of greeting?"

"Oh Mary McClure!"

The old man walked over and held out his hand with western hospitality

"Welcome to The Cragge, lassie The lad, Ned has been telling me much about you. Will you not sit down?"

He plored a rustic chair before her

"I have been waiting for you to call on your new neighbour" said Mary with a smile as she accepted the proffered seat "But you have not favoured us yet. I am afraid you will find me a very loquacious and exacting neighbour, Mr Fullar"

His eyes twinkled at her speech

"Well now, that is a pretty rub" said he amusedly "I shall have to hunt up my visiting cards and call around"

"Now see that you do" was the girl's reply as she shook an accusing finger at him "But you must not entertain new, Mr. Fullar I came over to watch you at work I am curious to know why you were belaboring that poor sack so roundly"

The old man laughed delightedly

"I will tell you all about it" was the reply. "I am threshing the wheat that is in it"

"But why do you have to do that with a stick? Is Ned not the best thresher along the Valley?"

A proud look came into the old man's eyes

"Do you think so, lass?"

"Indeed I do. And so does the whole settlement.'

"I is so. I believe," was the frank agreement. "But Ned does not thresh this. These bags are filled with rare wheat heads selected from our best row plots. For them I use the flail."

He had pointed to where a line of a dozen bulging grain sacks swung on a stout rope between posts.

"Mr Fuller" said she engagingly "I have heard most interesting rumors of what a wizard you are with seeds One man told me seriously that he believed you could grow a good crop in a field of dry dust Is it true that you have developed a new variety of wheat?"

For a moment the old man did not answer Instead he read earnestly the beautiful, vivacious face of the girl and the eyes deep in their intelligence.

"I believe, lassie, you would under stand," was his satisfied reflection. "Would you like to hear the truth about the Red Knight?"

Mary looked steadily into the eyes above her She did not comprehend the meaning of his question but she was fascinated by the noble enthusiasm that swept over the fine old face

"Tell me Will you?" was her soft voiced reply.

"Come with me" said he "I will show you something"

The tone of his voice deeply impressed her She knew that she was about to venture into the sacred recesses of a life. She followed him to the porch where rested a fish Seizing the handle he pulled it out into the sunlight. Lifting a coverlug he disclosed to her eyes a mass of grain—beautiful wheat, brown gold in colour with the healthy red tinge that tints the peerless milling kernel. The plump, red berries suggested to her heaps of juicy golden pebbles She was astonished and silent.

"It is the Red Knight," said he simply, stooping and dipping up a handful. She observed how fondly he held it in the palm of his great hand.

"It is very dear to you" was her gentle remark.

Once again he studied her eyes They looked up at him with a clear eyed rapture that provoked his grateful confidence.

"Come, lassie' Rest while I tell you the tale of the finding of the Red Knight."

"It will be forty years, come the Meytime again, since I brought Kitty Belaire from the old Peel over the Valley of The Qu'Appelle to The Cragge Here we set up a home in the little log hut you can see at the end of the laurel the log hut was born the first wee lairn. He did not stay with us long and we laid him away in the dip beyond the bluffs There, too, Ned came to us, filling the sore spot in our hearts left by his little brother. We were happy the three of us, though we had little to do with and the work was hard The years were years of struggle We fought the winds and the drought, rust, smut and the frost with little success to boast about One year we had a bumper crop with prices low Then followed one or two without a harvest. Ned was growing to be a husky little chap when a crop grew on the place that promised us a forty bushel yield But our day a bleak cloud swept over the horizon and in ten minutes it was gone We had no seed On the heels of the hail came a drought year Following it appeared a crop that filled the settlement with hope We were getting ready to cut when a blight appeared The rust reduced the yield from forty bushels to five So passed the years and the battle went against us, with the frost the worst enemy of all One terrible harvest it came to me that the seed was wrung ill-matured too slowly. What we needed was a seed that would come along fast enough to harden before the blight of the rust or the nip of frost. The following harvest I set out on a quest. One day I discovered a patch of ripe heads among the filling grain Upon ebrilling them I found a plump kernel fully matured. I plucked the strange heads and carefully preserved the wheat. When seeding time came around again I sowed them on a bit of new ground in the garden. They came up strong and far outstripped the other grain. I had great hopes Filling time arrived and I watched developments It was now plain to me that the new variety would ripen fully two weeks ahead of the old type Then, in the depths of night a smashing hail storm out my precious plot smashed into the earth

"I had made the fatal mistake of not preserving a few kernels against another. But that was the beginning Henceforth I was alert to discover any quickly maturing plants among my fields of grain By hand selection I began to improve the standard varieties. By use of head row plots I was able to provide myself with a purer seed But it took a great deal of time My neighbors began to surpass me in quantity of yield Eventually they regarded me as lucky At last only Kitty and Ned believed in me. They never failed me They became experts in seed selection They helped me with their sympathy Together we made thousands of tests Gradually we caught our feet. One year we started sailing a full week ahead of the settlement. We had escaped the rust and showed a plump sample We were alone in our good fortune From that time we were the first into the binding, our yield was at the top, and under Ned's wise management our quality began to pull ahead always showing a consistently high sample.

"It is four years this harvest that Kitty and the lad went out on a 'regulating' stalk Perhaps you do not know that a 'rogue' is a foreign variety of grain that has appeared for some reason in your field. The task of plucking these rogues is called 'rogueing' Upon these return the mother handed to me a headful plaut of wheat carefully lifted from the ground. How well I remember it! She gave it into my hands with a smile

"Here Edward' she said brightly 'Here is your Red Knight at last. I found him growing in the twenty acre field on the little knoll'

"I took the plant and carefully examined it. The straw was strong and erect the roots the most perfect I had ever looked upon But it was the head that caught my eye, as it had caught Kitty's and Ned's. It was not exceptionally large but well compacted and heavy, its spikelets packed with wonderful kernels We were not led into fond hopes by the remarkable heads, as we had tested many another apparently as perfect

Here the old man paused, lost a moment in reverie

"That winter the Mother died" re


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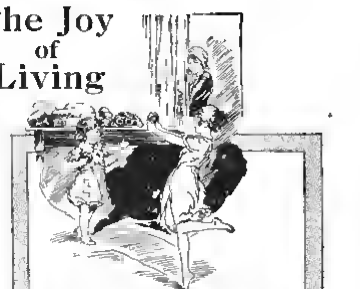
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sumed he raftly "But she left a legacy that will harvest hicks mankind We carried off our losts. We have put the Red Knight through every conceivable trial and it remains pure, repeating its superior qualities each harvest. It is of the highest milling grade grows a strong straw and erect, compact head maturing three full weeks before any other wheat This ink is filled from our head row plots with the very purest Red Knight. In addition Ned has already cut and threshed a five-acre field The yield has been true to promise and will astonish the world Red Knight, the gift to the world of Kitty Belaire, has averaged this year over one hundred bushels to the acre

At the old man finished a deep silence fell on them broken at length by Mary At the first accents of her voice her companion looked up He was surprised to see tears in her eyes.

Mr Prillar!" she said hesitantly, her voice tarbbed with awe "You and Ned are—his mother—are gracious benefactors You are bringing a wonderful boon to the West—to the whole world'

Leaning forward the old man looked eagerly into the earnest eyes before him.

"Ah, lassie," he said kindly, "you are a wonderful little girl That vision the three of us have had The Red Knight will mean a steady and reliable, living for the farmers round about us and a sure crop for the struggling pioneer in the new places of the world It will mean that a million homesteads will spring up in the great Northern plains, where men could scarcely live because of the rust and frost It will fill up the bread basket of the world and make cheaper food for the hard-pressed masses; for the Red Knight will push the grain belt three hundred miles nearer to the poles the whole world need'

"Just a moment, Mr Prillar!" exclaimed Mary, seized by a brilliant idea. I've got it! I believe every ward you say It is true. Gloriously true! And the world will have to hear about it It will take time to marshall the forces of the Red Knight and start him on his great crusade You will have to deplore him to the world. The discovery and misdar at this wonderful new wheat must be placed before the public, and at once."

"Ah," said he "you speak the truth Ned and I have thought it over, but we have no gift of the pen whatever"

Another deep silence fell over them. It was Mary who broke it suddenly.

Do you think, Mr Prillar," she said diffidently, that—that I could help you? I have done a little writing We could get the facts into shape and some editor could put them in form for presentation to the public"

The old man looked at her with eyes in which glowed a grateful wonder.

"Yar believe my story enough to do that, lassie?"

"Why of course! It is simply wonderful! Come over to the school each day at noon and we can work at the tale of the Red Knight while the children are playing An hour a day will accomplish a great deal in a month Will you come?"

Her companion reflected deeply before replying

"It is a noble offer," he said gratefully "But I will think it over If I decide it is best I will come to-morrow'

"Thank you, Mr Prillar" was the pleased reply "This has been an amazing hour But I must be going You will be sure and come?

Waving good-bye she vanished through the trees.

For a long time the man reflected on the happy interview At length he returned to the sark of unthreshed wheat. Picking up the flail he held it paused ready while his gaze grew pathetically reminiscent

"Ah, Kitty," he whispered. "'Tis an angel she is Our dreams will come true after all dear heart."

XI

THE THIRD RIDER

MARGARET GRANT paced the terrace, her black hair flowing The sun flooded the Valley with a prodigal outpouring of his golden tarks The girls eyes snapped with the vivarity of life for the world was streaming with light and the birds were carolling in joyous abandon Something in the bubbling wildness of the morning lent a nimbleness to her feet, and she world change her sedate walk for a tripping scurry across the lawn She cast frequent glances over the gorge to the Peak of the Buffalo Trails in evident anticipation of some appearance there While she waited she let her eyes sweep down the Valley her heart and spillmes her feet dancing with the sun

Margaret was a child of The Qu'Appelle The gleaming valley had nursed her through childhood, writing the beauty of hill and stream and wind and sun into the little girl, making her skin as brown as that of the mettle maiden her blood warm and red and her soul free with the purity of the flashing light. She loved the cottonwoods and the poplars and the clustering, glistening birch, while the oak and willow lolls cast a spell over her. She knew the berry and cherry trees and the sun clasped nipples where browned the sweetest hazelnuts. Ask her where cogritias the wine bark saskatoon or the wonder berry—and she can tell As for the flowers the bees and Margaret were twin possessors. Equally dear were the people of feather and fur

The lake was a lacensling, joyous mystery, where in it lay under her eyes a thing of shimmering light or frowning shadows. Its magic swept her most powerfully in the moments of its hush, when it became a great calm mirror, rippleless and infinitely deep, a new vastness with its own blue sky and clouds and shapely hills.

Far out in the lake lay a tiny island tuffed with rotlenwood thrubs and one ragged scrub oak. This tree had grown out of a crevice in the rock The island was nothing more than a huge boulder and the bower of cottonwoods and bit of turf held precariously to the smoothed surface. Here the girl enjoyed the dulcet music of the waves and the solitude, reaching the island easily by aid of her birch canoe From its behaviorr in time of tempest this lonely spot had received the name of The Storm Rock Long before the wavrr had worked into rollers an angry cloud at white spray above the rock portended the fury of the storm

Suddenly the girl paused in her walk and fortened her eyes on the Peak of the Buffalo Trails A glimmer of white crowned the Peak She gave an exclamation of delight as she defined the form of Bobs Astrodr was Mary McClure A signal passed between the girls. Turning slightly, Margaret swept the north bank with a keen glance, emitting another ejaculation as she saw a rider cantering along the shoulder of the hill making his way down into the valley

"Ned!" she observed, with a droll tip of her head. "You are remarkably punctual, my fine fellow You need not push Darkey so fast, however, for Flash and I are going to take a very considerable time to saddle up."

Turning about, she glanced up at the Peak again. Bobs and his rider had disappeared As she continued to look at the empty summit she was surprised to see another rider trot out on the hill It was a man, and he halted his horse in the identical place where Mary had sat Bobs left a moment before He looked over the valley toward the Great homestead then turning, vanished hurriedly down the hill.

The watcher was at a loss to account for the appearance of the strange rider She pondered a moment.

"One of Blythes cow punchers!" was her conclusion. "He is probably hooking up strays"

Satisfied and relieved at her surmise she ran into the house to prepare for the ride to Willow Glade

Ned rode swiftly along skirting the lake about the Pillawo ord He had an hour of fast riding before he at length disappeared into the groves near the brook As he broke into the Glade he saw Bobs tied to a tree and his mistress seated on the log beside the stream

"Ho ho! Darkey!" he cried softly "High fortune is ours!"

Bobs tossed his head in equine friendliness, but the figure on the log was absorbed in a study of the tree tops Tying his horse, Ned stole up on the silent one.

Room for another on the observation car?" called Ned in her ear.

With a rescal "Good-day, Ned!" she glanced into his eyes Her face was as irresistibly tempting that he seized her hands

"I am welcome, Mary?" said he.

Her reply was smothered by his lips When conditions had become normal once more she announced importantly

"I came here to-day, Ned, with the deliberate purpose of having an interview with you"

"That is delightfully gratifying," was the reply "But since I know the lady as well I fear there is another reason forthcoming"

"We are to have a chaperon," resumed Mary "I signaled Margaret from the Peak of the Buffalo Trails. She will be here—within—an hour or two. Flash has taken to fairring, I fear."

"Yes, we know what a sleepy nag Flash can be when Margaret has so made up her mind"

"You speak as though there is a little plot on foot."

"Rather on four feet, Mary"

Catching his rye Mary laughed.

"But there is another reason" was his serious question "Are you in trouble, Mary?"

"No," was her reply "I am deeply interested in some one other than Mr Prillar, Jr And also in a number of things—the Red Knight, for example. Why have you not come over to the school sometimes with your father?"

He looked into her eyes with a frankness that satisfied her She nodded comprehendingly

"You did right," said she gently. "We agree that it was best But I have wanted to consult you about the Red Knight I think it is such a big, wonderful thing, and it means so much to your father Do you——"

Further speech was suddenly interrupted by a commotion in the woods. Bobs gave a vigorous whinny to which Darkey responded in a half frightened way while both horses moved restlessly about their lariats, nostrils distended and ears pricked forward

"What can be troubling the horses?" said Mary looking about.

A careful scrutiny of the trees and underbrush failed to discover anything unusual

"Probably a fox or a wolf," surmised Ned "The brute was bold to come so near The horses have become aware of some marauder"

They let it go at that, little thinking that the horses had a surprising reason for their unrest. For five minutes past a shadow had been slipping through the dense growth running toward the lake and had chanced a flit of a half dozen yards in the open to a clump of willows within a rod of the log on which they sat. Screened in the low trees lurked the crouching figure of Reddy Sykes. It was a fox indeed; a human fox that had agitated Bobs and his companion The face of the agent was smooth in its strange determination and jealousy. Waiting until quiet was restored he parted the leaves and took a glance at the objects of his bold espionage At sight of the lovers his face went white and a wave of passion swept over him As Mary resumed the conversation he listened with an eagerness wild and intense

"I was saying, said Mary, 'that the Red Knight has a powerful interest for your father'"

"I am sure you discovered that easily?" returned Ned

"Yes. It is dear to him as life it






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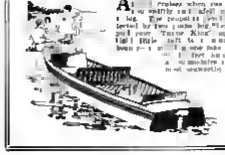
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self. No mother could lavish more fondness upon her babe than your father has upon this marvellous new whim!"

"And because it means so much to Dad" said Ned gently, "it means even more to me. Yet I, too, am foolish over the Red Knight! I wonder can any one understand how it is that the roots of this plant go back an deep into the lives of Dad and me? It has grown out of the hard glorious years. It is the one living thing linking our dear dead to us. Mary! It is my little mother's forgetme not. The tenderest sentiment gathers about the Red Knight"

Mary held her hand gently on his arm.

"Ned" she said, looking at him with the shine of dew in her eyes "you will always foster this dear foolishness, will you not?"

Drawing her to him he kissed lips and cheeks and hair.

"I know you will," was her glad cry.

"But there is the other side" said Ned in a little "The Red Knight is as astonishing a discovery for the good of the world as was steam in its application to transportation and industry. This is how Dad views it. Like the discovery of a new element it should be retained for the common human good. If controlled by the commercial interests and monopolists it will be lost. The Red Knight needs the care of the keenest and surest cultural science as well as the protection of a wise government. The new variety of wheat is very precious now or will be when the great experts have repeated the tests put through by Dad and myself. By spring, should our own experiments satisfy the combined judges, every bushel of Red Knight would be worth one hundred dollars. Forty thousand dollars! It sounds fabulous to farmers who have spent a lifetime in the fight to catch their feed. Dad, however, will not sell it in that way. He intends to distribute his unique seed in such a way as to ensure its preservation and reproduction. Each bushel will go to a source that meets with his entire approval. Some will pay the hundred dollars per bushel, not that a monopolistic price may be realized but that the recipient may be impressed with the rare preciousness of the Red Knight. Others will pay but a pittance. The great national farms will not be overlooked. It is Dad's purpose that when harvest rolls round again there will be from thirty to forty thousand bushels of Red Knight in the hands of the National Government and a corps of splendid farmers. They will agree to keep Red Knight pure and further improve it's original qualities by faithful selection and experiments."

As Ned finished speaking a deep silence fell on them, broken at length by Mary.

"That four hundred bushels of Red Knight is precious in many ways, Ned," said she. "You have taken precaution to protect it from harm?"

"We are doing our best to avoid misfortune. We have broken the bin up into three. There are two hundred bushels in the house, we have one hundred in the big granary and the half-ounce is stored in one of our galvanized iron portable bins set in the centre of a large ploughed field. This should provide for the preservation of the Red Knight."

They had fully discussed the scheme of launching the outstanding feat of the discovered variety when Margaret Grant dashed into the glade with a shout and a shatter of beads.

"Greetings, kind friends!" she answered with a swagger. Permit Flash, fleet footed gentleman of the highroad, to join your sweet company with Gooseberry up."

"To horse!" cried Ned, catching the conceit of the girl. "To horse! We ride with the gallant Gooseberry!"

"The very thing!" laughed Mary.

Riding close Margaret shrunk vengefully. But Ned dodged and assisting Mary into the saddle swung up on Darkey and the laughing cavalcade rode out of the glade.

From his escort Reddy Sykes saw them depart. Waiting until he was sure they were safely away he returned to his horse and mounting rode hastily back to Pollaws.

XII

### ANYTHING IS FAIR IN LOVE.

THE TROOP of three were retracing the course followed by Ned in his ride to the Glade. Trailing along the west sand at the water's edge they had rounded the Pollows end of the lake and were hugging the north shore riding into the west at a spanking gait when Ned suddenly pulled Darkey and pointed up the sheer hill. A blank space was moving along the summit far above.

"Margaret! Behold!" was Ned's laughing shout.

The girls reined in abruptly and followed his hand.

"It is Andy!" cried Mary gaily. "I see where we lose our Gooseberry, promptly and automatically."

As she uttered the words a shout floated down from the silhouette above and the rider sent his mount over the bank. The brave brute took the precipice with a sure nonchalance, sliding on all fours or "sitting" the perpendicular slides with swift and perilous drop.

"Lucifer hits the toboggan!" cried Ned.

The magnificent dare-devil" exclaimed Mary, thrilled by the sight. In a moment it was over and Andy closed in upon them at a smart trot, reining his horse on his heels but a length before them.

"A mighty fine slide!" applauded Ned.

Margaret can't peep," teased Mary. "Her heart's in her mouth."

Margaret acknowledged the newcomer with a sedate bow. Her voice was severely accusing as she said:

"Why do you find it necessary to skid that horrible hill on poor Night-fall?"

"Just dropping into good company, Margaret," was the bright reply. "Night likes it."

"Very well! You are welcome to—the skiddings" was the demure repartee.

She returned from him to glance over the lake. Had Andy caught her eyes he would have seen deep down in their dark depths a gleam of exquisite pleasure. Good riding and daring at that, could not fail to delight Margaret, and of this the wily Andy was well aware. A moment later he was enjoying her gay sallies as they rode side by side.

The four riders advanced abreast with the girls in the centre, the sound of their voices mingling with the champing of bits and the restless tramping of prancing hoofs. Suddenly, to their right, a gully opened up, winding its way into the hills. Andy caught Ned's eye flashing him some significant message. Ned instantly realised his intention and seizing Beha's bridle turned abruptly into the gully. In the meantime Andy had adroitly directed Margaret's attention to a big loon basking in the water near the shore. They were well past the gully before she discovered that two of the party were missing. She halted Flash and looked blankly at Andy. With remarkable address he simulated her expression. She searched his nonplussed features critically, guessing their fluctuations through her mental glass.

"Two is company!" ejaculated Andy, shrugging his shoulders and looking back upon the empty trail.

"And three a crowd!" supplemented Margaret.

"And four a multitude!" completed Andy, a tone of satisfaction betraying him.

Margaret tipped her head a trifle haughtily and looked thoughtfully out over the lake.

"We have good company here, at any rate!" ventured Andy.

Again Margaret gave him that searching glance. For a moment she studied him, then the glimmer of a whimsical mischief shone in her eyes and throwing back her head she laughed merrily.

"What transparent creatures you men are! was her naive remark. "Obviously you and Ned arranged this sudden and innocent happening."

"How do you know?" challenged Andy boldly.

"How very like a man!" she cried, laughing quietly. "There you go confessing it. How do I know? Simply because Mary and I did not arrange it. It just happened. And Mary. I wonder. Was Mary kidnapped or is she an accomplice deep-dyed in guile? Never mind. There's loon on the water and two more on the shore. We'll go ahead to the Big Stone and wait for them!"

So came Andy's opportunity, effected by his masterly strategy and the conniving Ned.

Their horses secured, they took seats in comfortable niches of the great stones and let their gaze sweep over the lake. A steady breeze fanned their faces and the water lapped musically about the base of the rock. It set Margaret musing.

"Do you hear it, Andy?" she cried. "I could stay here forever and dream of the sea. The sea is in my blood and in my heart—always in my heart. I have had to shut my eyes and I am a wild, free Norse girl tossing on the deep, or—a bold pirate."

"Pirate is better!" said Andy with a grin. "You are always stealing something from me—secrets and other things. These dead Norse maidens appear to better advantage these days among the archeological collections of infamous old bones in famous old museums."

Margaret looked up severe and shocked.

"Thank you!" said she with dignity. "You have an affectionate regard for my ancient ancestors."

"None whatever," retorted Andy. "Not a little bit. They are animals of another and stonier age. Give me a nice living girl with plenty of breath in her body and a soft heart—one with a laugh in her eyes and her soul, who can tell comfortably on occasion and revel dreamily in sheer languor and laziness; a girl for instance like Margaret Grant."

"You don't like me when I'm poetic—rant."

"Don't I? How like a woman! You want me to confess that I am mad about you. But I will not, for I am not—not the very slightest."

Margaret glanced up curiously, a smile playing about her lips.

"The fact is Margaret, could unset Andy, I do like you—just you, in any mood, at any time and on any condition. It is not a foolish mad regard, just a cool composed, deliberate but fatal, tremendously fatal affection."

"Why fatal, Andy? I don't like the word."

"Take a look at me. Can you not see doom written all over me?"

Margaret looked. Their eyes met. She smiled whimsically.

"You look for all the world like a Norseman ready for Valhalla. But you are a very live and hopeful and preposterous Yellowstone Park ranger. Why am I connected with this horrible doom?"

"You are the wild Norse girl that has demented your Norseman."

"Then you are mad after all?"

Again their eyes met. A unique confusion lay behind the light in the man's, something irresistible behind the humerous banter in the girl's. Yet it was a happy unembarrassed moment. Andy seized it.

"Margaret," he said, rising and stepping toward her. "You guessed my artifice all right. I alone am to blame for sending Ned and Mary up the gully. There was no plot, only on my part. I decided that we must come to a clear understanding. Lately I have had hours of anxious reflection. I wanted to see you alone to-day. Do you think you can love me, Margaret?"

The girl turned frank, open eyes upon him, all levity gone. There was something looking out of his eyes that made her tremble. A deep seriousness stole over her face. Slowly she averted her gaze, looking out into the lake. For a long time she was silent. Then she said gently:

"I love no one else, Andy. But—I—I cannot answer your question. I


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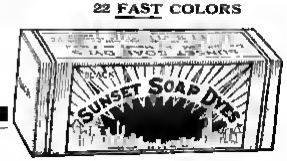
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know you love me I am not sure that I know you. Do I love you? I—I don't know. Perhaps I do. I have always thought I did. It may be true. It may all have come about in so easy so gradual so natural so ordinary that I am confused. I cannot answer you now. I do not know. Some thing will help me.

Looking up she met his eyes. They were full of trouble. A wave of compassion swept over her. Holding out her hands she leaned toward him.

"Oh Ian," she said simply, "you may kiss me. Andy. I love your kisses."

How I would like to," was his quiet reply but no. Tonight the temptation. But I cannot. It would not be right. You have a tender heart, Margaret. I have given even so much more in the last few moments. I shall wait for the right to kiss you. Perhaps it will come."

The girl looked up surprised, a faint flush rising her face. Their attachment had obtained the green and since this engagement two years before they had enjoyed the sweet amenities of true lovers. A passing smote her as she realized that he was right.

Upon rising back they discovered the drill mount couple enjoying the shade of a giant oak just beyond the entrance to the gulley. Joining forces the troop rode homeward.

XIII

THE RED KNIGHT SCORES

THE air was full of the merry laughter of children. It was the hour of noon and Mary McClure was busy placing some afternoon work upon the blackboard. A sound on the porch caused her to hold her flying hand. In a little three was a rap at the door and a giant form stepped in.

"Good-day, Jessie," said the deep voice of Ed. Fullar.

"Well, Mr. Fullar!" was the girl's cordial greeting as she turned toward him. "How glad I am to see you. Have you news of the Red Knight?"

The venerable face was wreathed in smiles. The happiness boded good tidings.

Bowing with as valier grace he replied: "Here is the communication. I want you to read it, Jessie."

Stepping lightly to him she took the sheet and perused over it swiftly. Its contents were of extreme interest to her. It ran:

Dear Sir,

Doubtless you have received my letter acknowledging the safe arrival of your packages of Red Knight. The trots are proceeding apace and already we are able to report results that may be of far reaching import to the grain growers of the world. They will assuredly be gratifying to you.

Your samples have been subjected to an exacting series of milling tests disclosing the presence in Red Knight of astonishing milling properties.

Also, we have studied carefully your very complete history of the discovery and isolation of new variety and we find that throughout the germination tests up to the present stage our observations have resulted in a remarkable parallel to your own accounts.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth we are holding a Staff Conference to consult on the phases of Red Knight, referred to above and we desire to consider the speeding up of test operations. The immigrancy of the ensuing seed time demands this if we are to launch extensive field tests in all our national farms.

At the close of the Conference an informal luncheon will be tendered to the discoverer of the Red Knight. We request the presence of yourself and your son as the honourable guests of the occasion.

I have the honour to be sir,

Your obedient servant,
John T. C. Norrgrane,
Minister of Agriculture.

As she finished Mary clasped the letter to her breast, lost in a moment's pensiveness. Then she lifted to the earnest face above her eyes aglow with a brimming pleasure.

"You will go, Mr. Fullar," she cried delightedly. "You will go, of course, both you and Ned."

"Yes, I will go," was the quiet reply. "I have no desire now to tramp abroad but I am going to do whatever I can to help these great men discover the true character of the Red Knight. Ned is coming with me. Dad Blackford will take care of the farm. It is a great moment for Ned and me."

The gray head lifted with a perceptible pride.

"Mr. Fullar!" she cried, stepping nearer to him. "Do I look pleased?"

He read the girl's face.

"Aye! It is so Jessie. The the bonny bit you have been with your bright, loyal heart."

"I am more than pleased," returned Mary. "I am elated. It means that your big noble plans will be realized. There can be no hitch now. The Red Knight is doing splendid work alone, but when you and Ned join forces with him you will be irresistible. I see glorious times ahead."

The old man looked deep into the eyes bright with the magic of a great hope.

"Bonny Mary!" said he gently. "Bonny Mary!—that is what I have called you in my secret mind.—You have been a right wonderful blessing to me for you—you will believe in me. And your beauty and tenderness they have here recalling the past. Ever happy hours in the wee school house I cannot thank you——"

"Hush, Mr. Fullar!" was his gentle interruption. "You cannot thank people for their—their regard, for their—love. You—you just do it too. You love them back. Do you not?"

The naive, girlish innocence touched him. Placing a great hand gently on her head he stooped down and brushed her brow ever so lightly with his lips.

"God bless you, Jessie!" was the reverent benediction.

She watched him go out, his face beautiful with a new light.

On the edge of the clearing he halted and looked back to the school.

"Aye! God bless you, Jessie!" was his whisper. "May He keep the light o' laughter always in your bonny eyes! Always!"

The proud form that vanished into the trees was not unlike the strong young Apollo who wooed the dainty Kitty Belaire. Old Ed Fullar was putting up a fight, the stress of which was known to only two. Ned realised it by the insight of his great affection; and Mary by the tender intuition of her woman's heart.

XIV

BEHIND THE GREEN BAIZE DOOR.

IT WAS December; but the balm of the bright days belied the season. The fall had elongated into a second springhood and save for a crispness in the evening air it might have been April. Then, with the sudden vagary of prairie weather, came a change. It was three days after the reception of the invitation to the luncheon. The storm king opened up with the mellow warmth of Indian summer. Ned Fullar and his father carried their light overcoats upon their arms as they boarded the seventy thirty for the short ride to the City. An hour later a chill breath swept down from the north and winter was on. Before their journey was half completed the yellow and black landscape had given place to a truly December white.

Winter assumed the reins of power by the grand inaugural of a considerable blizzard. It was no riotous and gusty norther of the dreaded storm but steady and cold snowing heavily and driving a close, surface blow. Night drew down the curtain with the temperature slightly lower the breeze unabated in its mild steadiness and the snow falling in a thickening sheet. With the stars blanketed by heavy clouds and the moon stark dead the night was black. The white covering of snow made little difference to the pedestrian's pall.

Fullaway was unusually quiet though a few hardy pedestrians braved the deepening drifts. Louie Swale's joint, however, boasted a small and interesting crowd. About the bar were some familiar faces, Snoopy Bill Reird, Nick Ford and other members of McClure's Gang. The Green Baize Door was shut. Two more occupied the privacy of the "Square Room" sitting on opposite sides of the table, each with his amber hued flask. Reb McClure was plainly on the defensive, withstanding sense during proposition being urged by Reddy Sykes. Their frequent twigs were beginning to undermine Mr Clure's scepticism.

"You think this Red Knight wheat, as you call it, is no beak," said Reb.

"It's the real goods," avowed Sykes positively. "Fullar has tested it for years and the experts in the University have pronounced it O. K. That is why Ned and the old man are toting into the City. It is good enough to be valued by Ned at one hundred dollars a bushel. They tell me John T. C. Norrgrane is interested in this thing himself. This wheat is due to arouse a revolution with the result that Ned Fullar's stock goes up higher in the community as well as everywhere else. Ned Fullar's a mighty clever gink and I have a hunch that he has nothing on his old man. They've hit it lucky. The Red Knight is a gold mine in there."

Mr Clure scowled.

"Grant that there's anything in it, how do you propose to get hold of the wheat? Four hundred bushels is a big thing to lift."

"Easy when you go about it right. I've got it whittled to a hair trigger. To-night I send away the names. You want to clap your claws on Fullar. Here is your chance to make 'em drop. That four hundred bushels of Red Knight means more to old Ed Fullar than his farm, stock and the whole works. He's dotting on it. That maker it mean still more to Ned. Here is your chance to hand Fullar and Son a dizzy one."

Sykes paused a moment while he took a long drink. McClure pondered the proposition with a face that grew craft for the longer he ruminated. His original notions were somewhat startled suddenly, however by an innovation in the features of his companion. The pull of liquor had provoked immediate result, altering Sykes' countenance and causing a sudden expansion of his confidence. With his face overspread by a secretive leer he leaned closer and whispered:

"I haven't left it before—Reb—but I have a red hot grudge against your friend Fullar. That party her cut into my trail three or four times in as many years. We've locked horns before but the break went for him. He's taken a cog to night. There are three ways we can beat him up. We can get him through the old man in the way we've been figuring. This would cripple him for fair, but never get to wait for our chance. It will come. The next best bet is a raid on the Red Knight. This thing is bigger than you are reckoning. Reb're him all on the quiet what and what have we done? We take forty thousand dollars out of his pocket and remember the one big howl of the old person will be when he's putting over this surprise right all the bat."

He paused. McClure waited patiently. "Go on," said Reb. "Give us your third bullet. It may do the trick alone. What is it?"

At the query Sykes face changed in a manner that surprised even his hardened colleague. The unscrupulous plotter bared me a fiend repulsively malicious. From his eyes shot a jealous malignity, while upon every muscle of his face outcropped the pure depravity of hate. The man had inadvertently slipped. Instinctively Sykes caught himself and replaced it. As McClure continued to search his face he realized that his companion was wearing his usual inscrutable smile. He could scarcely believe that the fiendish thing had disclosed itself.

"Never mind number three," said Sykes. "I'll make it note a good time to consider it. It will be useful later."

McClure looked at him askance. The fellow possessed a knowledge that baffled him. A vague uneasiness crept into his mind, a premonition warning him of the man. Sykes realized that he had jeopardized matters a bit a little and exercised all his annual powers to destroy the effect on the mind of his companion. He turned adroitly to levity and the flask and very soon they


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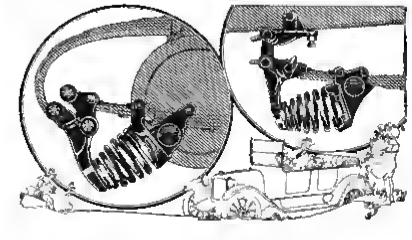
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were of the old lasting of book companionship

"We must get hold of the Red Knight," said McClure, swinging suddenly in his under the spell of the odorous whiskey "And the sooner, the better

"Tonight!" arrorrected Sykes with a fierce chetting of his jaws

McClure looked surprised

"Snowing a blizzard," was his objection "At least a good six mile run"

"The kind of night I should select to kill a man returned the other "I could slip up to him on the Valley stream, pass him and drop into the blizzard again The snow would obligingly cover all trails. It is now right at loch Bill Hamel and his men are overly six leagues off to the They will put the little raul of twelve Each man will have a shrigh with double box and no bells. They will slip up the Valley along Pullar's hey trail to his barnyard, coming in from the field instead of road. Th wheat is all located—two hundred brshels in the barse a hundred in the granary and the rest in a pot; ahh bir in the southeast qrorter"

"Bul Blackford is at the horse. Hell put up a nrap. Yer can't grll Dade log. He'll stick to the trail"

"We've orranged to put the old bloke away while the frn is on and it wan't need any rough work Leave Blackford to me."

"But they'll drop us ne instantly withort a rfue They'll search my farm and the rirvators and every kuilding on Pellwea."

Sykes threw back his head in glee

"You're lotr coming late the game, Rob That's the trouble!" And he poked the other playfully on the chest. "We are not bringing the wheat le barn Oh no. There is Old Hunl's the Squatters shack. It le wai or tight and drifl tight and has not been used since the old greezer kicked out two yrgrr ago. The bags will store in the stuff there and we can market it by degreen through the wirtar We'll hush up the detective stunt with an alibi an alibl that will rrove the honeur of right good mon. Here's the how The gangr with Louis now Whrn we are ready they come in here Ior an all night deal Louie and the crowd are there anter We let them aut quietly through the rear lide the dark. They sneak through the snow and do the Job and turn up here in thr was smr hours. Louie will not disturb the Square Rcon But he can swear that we brid it for the night. We'll make it worth his while There you are. But the alibi will not be eredied at all. The blizzard will bulyd the snow and pad the whole event. The storm will covee orrr any tracks in ten minutes. It le galling lole and the men are waiting"

Sykes paused agrrilicently

"Coll them in," said McClure rubbing his hands in glee. "You are a wondirr, Red! Well send them or the smart hike"

The Green Baize Door opened and rlosed a few minelss later as the full garg of plaitrre After being put through a detailed rehearsal of Sykes plan they drank a copnors draft to the success of the adventure.

"This will be a reme back on that blankrty Halloween forl," said Snoopy Bill with an avenging grin. "We'll proceed to tap Pullar a little for his fun

The remark was followed by a chorus of curses that revealed the rankle of revenge That motiva was the stepping thing Sykes had reosed in his playing af the gang

"You'll reach Pullar's farm around twelvi" concluded Sykes. "A half-hour should see you loaded for the haul to Hunl's. You'll be back here by four Come in quietly."

Thes adjured, Snoopy Bill and his men, stealing out through the rear, vanished into the darkness and set off as their expedition

XV

ONE BLACK NIGHT

DAD BLACKFORD was late in doing up the chores Ios the snow had presented him with some unforeseen problems hampering greatly the bedding and feeding Not entil everything was snug from the storm did he begir to irdrige in his evening solace. While dreaming amid the blus rivcirs of smoke there came to him Ned's admonition about the Red Knight. It was his last word.

"See that ra harm comes to th Red Knight, Dad," was Ned's lorghing caution "If ir the one thing on the farm that Dod would not pori with

"Ah!" said the old man with sudden decisne, "I maun take a lirrn houl to the barn The snaw maighl 'arm the bonny corn"

Lighting his lantern he went aul and was gratified to find that the grain was snugly secure. Whening the door he went to his room where lay the two hrndred bushels. Opening the door he drshd his lantern about Harg, too, all was wrnlhen right At sight of the pile rf wonderful wheal he exrlolmed in admiration. Picking up a handful he held it rlose to the light.

"Eh's wealthy lolher!" said the old rran raressing the plump brown grains with his lingers. "Ees tha fal corn red 'nyy' The old un'll maks a pln an un!"

Shutling the door he returned to his pipe and dreamed of volume of rye in store for Ned and his Luther, his inhocrnl old farc glowing with pleasure at the contemplative of lhoir good fortune Rising at last gth he went to the door, took a long lash out Into the black night, then shrt it carefully and retired to hie bed

Il was nearing the hour of midnight when he was startled from sleep by a thumping upon thr door. Rising he threw up the sash and looked down.

"Hella! Is that Mr. Blackford?" called an anxious voire

"Hil be," was the succinct response.

"I am Lrom Jake McGarragh's. One of his mares is down and he wants you to roma over and give us a hend."

"Ah!" Er's a 'arse sich Ah'll coma along" was thr response.

"I'm on the bike" ovid the voice below I'll fort it back on toe double quick and help Jake You hurry after as Iast as you can."

The case was svidently urgenl

Hal raight, go a'ead Ah'll be aleng" replied the old man, hastening lo dress

In a short time he was ready and stripped out into the storm, trudging down the lane and off into the north with the blizzard in his face. He did not hear the muffled beat of galloping hoofs as he emerged into the road al lowance

As we have mentioned before, there were pedestrians about the drifted streets of Pellawa One of these was Lurcsmn wanderers was the little French bogger of the Valley Outfit. Jean Ernolt He had come to Pellawa in the morning and untaward obstruc lions had kept him Istim srtting out on his return home. He was still "hung up" and was plenging lmpatiently lhrough the drifts with determinalion to make a swift wind up of business when he heard a voice down the lane to hir ugh!

"You are sure Pellar's away?" came clearly through the storm

Went in on the morning lrain with the old man," replied another voice

Jean halted The mention of Pullar had awakened his curiosity


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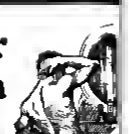







Jim Henry's Column

Poor Man



Why must a man always get the short end? The lamily goes to the rarrity and he sirws in lherity Thekida mrst have party shoes or d he gets his half-soled The boy goes to college and he goes to his borker

When we severrted Talcum forty odd years ago why did we heve in call it a baby powder? Il wr had orly realired that a mor e hide is jrst as sensitive and irritable on a baby's, we cneld have sold il for gerrial lamdy use, and grrrnations of mer wurder I have been deprived of skin happirrss.

For, of corrse a big he-man would be ashamed lo sprinkle baby powder all over himself after his bath, rorn lhough he knew it would prevent chafieg heep his clothes from stirkrng le and rrbbing his skie and make him leel cool and onappy all day

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"I'd hate to run into the Kriley bess Her a barg-up hitter"

"No longer We're squaring with Pullar to-night Bill never knew who pinched his wheat"

At this point a mrtual laugh came through the darkness

"You need me with the others at Morrison's idea?" That's the line th?"

"Rightio We'll rlip into Pullar's yard about twelve So long."

There was no mare The men had passed on Jean limpered. He had not caught the lull sigrrificance of the brief dialogue, for he rorld not hear a ler word rrd the English troubled him rr lirle. He paced straight together, however, to cerrlude that some foul work was meditated against Ned He held hir corner and rushed terough preparing for departure As he took the South Trl in his descent into the Valley he saw a light in the Grerl home. So agitated had he become in his review of the incident in the village that he decerded to tal the matter before Charles Grant.

The farrier was in bed, but al his knock a light step tripped down thr stairs and Margarel opered the dorr. She revilled him in Grant was promptly aroused and evidenced serious perturbation at Jean's story

"I am afraid there is some devilment afoot," was his remmrent. "You say there may be a big garg at work?"

"Wan, two, tree four! Mebbe olher! I do not know I lirk many."

"Can il be an attempl to steal Mr. Pullar's new wheal?" ventured Margaret. Mary has been talling me much about Il new hey-day Ned and his father have gone into the City at the eail of John T C Narrgrens."

"I may be that, lass," agreed her father "Jean's tale points that way."

"They are after the Red Knight" said Margarel with intuilive convirtion. "It is a terrlbir night. What can poor old Dad Blarkford do against a gang of daring thirves?"

"We'll take a hand in il ourselves," said Grenl grimly. "Jean, you take the south trail and let Easy Murphy know I'll dress and pick up Lawrie and——"

"I'll saddle Flash, Dad,' interrupted Margaret. "I'm all ready I can ride over and let Andy know"

Grenl looked at the girl a second, considering

"Very well lassl Do it," said her father with a smile "Eye's good for il and there is not any lime to waste. Be careful, for the sighl is dark"

Before her father had reached the stable Margarel was in the saddle and away

Andy wor easily aroused and in an incredibly rhort lime was astride Night.

"You ride back home" directed he to Margaret. "I'll push Night through. It is half past eleven and we havr forr miles to run I may he ie time to scare them off Your Dad and the others will be right on my herle"

With a farewell shout he plunged into the rterm. The rrrnd of Night's speeding hoofs smote her ears then died away. Reletantly she turned Flash for home and trelted off They had proceeded brl a few rods whrn she reined him in and halted abrupty, lirrring lrrecolle

"Come Flash! About!" was her sud der command. "We'll be in ll too."

Wheeling her mount she sent him at a gallop after Night and his rider

(To be Continued)

## Gouin, the Sagacious

Continued from page 19

af a separative Quebec glad when he could find lime to malop genially and amiably among the villages and be greeted as le grand celgneur of politics evin when he lacked the grand manness of the palrician

Al any conference of premiers in Ottawa he held himself rom what most studying the lat, respecting them all cordial with all, anxious to do ll that constitutionally in him lay to further en ocnfratation.

But Gouin always sagaciously knew that there was no premier in the pach who already had on much and so little to ask from fresh relations as he. Ihis was the pivotal province of Confederation the grand compromise of 1867 Macdonald with Cortier the lason fi members of Parliament, anphanc able camper by ripping up the B N A Act, an ilrlement of Empire. The quirl with the other eye and rallied that from the political conversrons al the Act in of final bilingualrsm and a fixed representation, in the outlet of the St Lawrence, in the possession of the historic city, in the control al ocean navigation,










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in a solid chancy, in fundamental virtues of thrift and an established peasantry—he and he had more than any of the others could even ash

To silent all the rumors as to what he would do with himself when retiring from politics, at last Sir Lomet packed his kit bag and went instantly up to Montreal, to be managing editor of a great French-Canadian daily newspaper.

"Ah!" he said eloquently, with a fine twinkle of his eyes to the interviewer at Quebec, "you have not seen your province? Then you must come down again, when I am not busy, and let me take you in see—all we have down there!"

## At Owner's Risk

*Continued from page 18*

aced belanning the whole ungainly lead with outstretched arms on his shoulders and head, stanted upward at tap aged.

Just as he hit the steps he heated a voice behind him—a voice that fell upon his ears in harmonious accord with its sylvae surroundings. It was soft and low and bell-like, and it was evidently addressing him.

"Aten't you—aren't you attempting a bit too much?"

G Cadewaldnt was indeed. No one knew that lamentable fact better than he. He stopped dead still, halted in his tracks by the compelling music of that nymph like voice. Unhappily the hed kept on, nate pulling even his bead and landing bottom upward on the path just in time to receive G Cadawaldes in its exani centre.

"Do you always — en — dismount as neatly as that?"

It was not a nymph upan whom G Cadewaldnn's astounded eyes gazed. A slim, khaki-clothed deity of the woods, nathen, with trim boots and a rakish little hat. Brown hair, brown eyes that smiled a tahieh smile that could not offend, brown lastrous chin through whinh glowed delinsta sun kissed tints.

G Cadawalden spnang to his feet.

"Awfully clumsy brute!" he murmured. "Sorry to make such a mess of things. But of a climb. Is it munh farther?"

"The cobus? Two hondred and six teen steps, knights up."

G Cadawalder groaned.

"Is it really necessary to carry that awful hed up there? Why don't you get someone to ing you? Are you going to Keyef?" The questions fell imperiously from the lips of the slim goddess into the dank pool of G Goda waldes's perplnxity, and as inevitably as the ripples following thereafter name his replies.

"Yes. I—I—can't very well." How empty and idiotic his explanation sounded! "You see, it's a kind of quest."

"A quent? Why do you have to carry the obsurd thing, then?"

"That's part of it. You see I set out—"

"You shouldn't start anything you can't finish!"

"Oh, but I can finish it! Watch me."

G. CADAWALDEN made a preliminary movement toward the bed.

"Don t, please! I saw you once. You looked like—"

"Go on!" pleaded G Cadawalden ruefully. "I know it. I looked like a peddler with a bain of hoy fon a panh!"

The brown goddess shook her head, laughing.

"No, you looked—— Did you ever see a tiny little ont straggling along with a grasshopon on his back? That's the way you looked, only mone so."

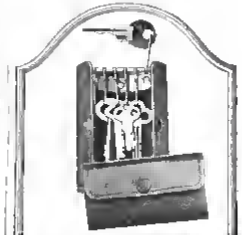
"Thanks! And I feel just the way that ant would feel if a butterfly should trip him and begin to call him names!"

"I didn't! Besides I'm not and——"

"Neither am I!"

"Well, we're quite anyhow. Still I don't see why you're tahing the bed up those steps."

"It belenge to Miss Pomeroy."

**KEYS CAN'T BUNCH OR WEAR POCKET**

OILY your keys in the neat OXFORD KEY-TAINER with proved durability of keys and security of pocket.

Many keys may be carried on each hook. Keeps keys easy to find even in the dark. KEYTAINER holds securely to palm of hand when keyless key is back.

CARRY and present and protect as gifts for birthdays, etc. A different leather, 4, 6 or 8 hook models. Prices from 60c to $4.50. Sold only by dealers. Look for the Oxford variety. If you can't find one, write us.

Dealers Write for particulars as it is money maker special proposition with self-selling display case. Attractive Canadian Agents.

OXFORD MFG. Formerly L. A. W. Novelty Co. Dept. W Springfield Mass.

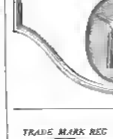
Western Canada Agents, Whaling Rowland & Cranwell Ltd. Eastern Canada Agents, Toronto Indian Sale Leather goods Co.

**BUXTON KEYTAINER**

**The original patented Key-Kase**



TRADE MARK REG




Mi-Rita Counter Without This Trade Mark

**MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER**

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark or the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair. No dark No electric needle burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft, fair and clear.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

*Send for Free Booklet* Booklet giving our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair

*Write direct to*

**Dr. Margaret Ruppert**

Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment

Dept. J, 1112 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

*Established 12 Years*









"That's funny. Oh thet's awfully funny!"

"What is? Do you know her?"

"A little. Are you—are you sure she wants it?"

"Of course she wants it! Hasn't she been waiting as about it for weeks? I'm the Assistant Adjastan of Claims for the Central R. C. Railway Company."

"Oh! Do they usually——?"

"No they don't! This is a special case—a very special case."

It seems to be!" The words trilled high and mean with mirth. You certainly do a good job when you start out to, Mr Tucker! I suppose it's the excellent example of your chief——"

"You know Mr Starling?" G Cadawaldn's bewildered ears were playing him strange trinks. Could it be that this slim creature——

"Oh my, yes! That is sleten does. She knows him rather better than I! He was out last week to adjust the matter of that bed and it turned out that Bob and he—that's my brother, you know—were classmates at college and of course sistan being older than I——I mean——Really I didn't mean——Oh, I think I must be going!"

"Hold on!" sailed G Cadawalder desperately. "Did old Starling——" G Cadawaldan's mantes which he had built so eagerly were crashing about him. And up the path like a startled deen find the slim, brown-clad girl who had shattered them. Hed she? Perhaps, after all, he had been ready to read into him words a meaning that was not intended. Perhaps his quest was not altogether turned awry. As the slim den figure disappeared among the trees G Cadawaldn took up the pursuit, leaving the bedspring and mattress in the middle of the road.

He changed up the steps at his best speed, as nimbly he encouraged himself, as that little figure he pursued. He had no breath for anflection but there flashed across his mind as he leaped along the pictures one sees on vases of agile Greek youths pursuing slendnn maidens through wooded nolitudes such as these. His picture did not include the unwindy thing of wne and felt that lay at the foot of the trail!

But his speed did not equal that of the girl whom he pursued. She did not come into view again and he presently found himself within eye shot of the cabin, which mashed, he told himself the end of his quest—but not whether it hossed also the slim goddess who had fled from him he could not conjecture. On the porch he caught, as he apptnashed, the gay shatter of many voices and he thought he heard his name. Miss Pomeroy met him advancing a few steps down the path and smiling in a most friendly fashion.

"This is certainly most unexpected Mr. Tucker."

G Cadawalder's mercury leapnn twenty degrees upward. This was worth while!

"I have brought your bed."

Miss Pomeroy's fann betrayed more than astonishment; she seemed to be shaking back uncontrollable mirth.

"Not my bed!" she managed often a considerable interval. "My bed remainly de a good job when you stant out to, Mr Tucker! I suppose it's the excellent example of your chief——"

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# Quebec's Business Premier

*Continued from page 20*

Premier at Ottawa said made you quite excited," he suggested.

No, no," one of them hastened to inform him. "It wasn't that. But when Mr. Hughes got up he spoke so fast in English we couldn't follow what he was saying as we got into a little argument as to whether you or he weighed the more."

### A Lover of the Wilde

PREMIER TASCHEREAU's principal recreation hobbies are his big game hunting trips. His real vacation is tahnn in the wilds of his native province, whnnn clothed in mankinaws and high boots, an in mocennnn on snow shoes, he fongets the nares of office in stalking the giant moose and the nimble red deer.

Louis Alexandre Taschi reon was born in 1867, the yuon in which Inni Canadian provinces were confederated nndnn a central governnnnt. He nouns of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Canada—a family whose history goes back to colonial days and has contributed five judges to the bench of Canada as well as producing the Lomirion's first cardinal. His father was Judge Jean Thomas Taschereau of the Supremn Court, and his mothen was a doughtan of a former lieutenant-governnen of the province, Hon. R. E Caron.

Mrs Taschanteau the premien's wife, is also descended from an old and famous Quebec family—the Dionne family who wnne engineers and legislative nounnllors in the province. They have three sons and two daughters. Two of the sons are following in the footsteps of their sire as barristers or law and are identified with his legal firm known as Taschereau, Roy, Cannron, Parent and Taschereau. The third man is a student at nivil engineering at Montreal one daughten is the wife of Captain Cortlandt Fages and the remaining daughters live with hen parents.

In 1882 the yuon now premien of Quebec was admitted to the bar and on a legal mon was first assnc ated with Sin Charles Fitzpatrick the present Lieutenant Governor of the province. His first name into national as well as provincial prominance when he acted on counsel in the famous case of Guynon and Greenn, pleading for the two Americans who were fighting our tradition. He was president of the Quebec province Bar Association for the term 1911-12, and entered Provin




**"Standard"** Lavatories add beauty and convenience to your bathrooms.

Your Plumber can show you the many styles and sizes from which a selection may be made

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**
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General Office and Factory: Royce and Lansdowne Aves.
TORONTO, ONTARIO

Toronto Store 35-39 Richmond Street East | Winnipeg Showroom: 76 Lombard Street | Hamilton Store: 30-32 Jackson Street West | Montreal: New Birks Bldg.

Calgary 325 Eighth Ave West | "MADE IN CANADA" | Vancouver: 336 Cambie Street





**Your Skin Made Lovely as a Child's**

Your skin has a good foundation. We can remove the blemishes by scientific treatments and give you the soft, velvety texture so much admired. Our methods are safe and natural, our preparations are tested efficient by 20 years of use. Write us about your trouble and we will show you what to do. If you cannot come to Toronto, you can have the correct treatment sent you by mail with instructions.

**Scalp Treatments for Baldness and Falling Hair**

We have two special methods. Both are very successful. They are scientific and will help you. Write us.

Write or call CONSULTATION FREE

HISCOTT INSTITUTE LIMITED
288 College St. TORONTO, Ont.



**High School Course in 2 Years**

AMERICAN SCHOOL



**Real HARRIS, LEWIS and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS**

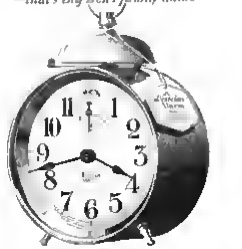
DIRECT FROM MILL MAKERS

S. J. PERCIVAL & SONS, Dept. B, Victoria Square, Montreal

Ideal Clothing and Sport Wear for Country Wear

# Westclox

*—that's Big Ben's family name*



## Thirty-four years young

THE man who make Westclox speak of the American alarm in terms of real affection. That feeling of respect has been passed along to the younger men by the old timers who helped the factory struggle through the first few years when the clock was the only Westclox made.

Today, at 34 years, it still tops the sales record. More than a million Americans have made good up to date.

Big Ben, Sleep-Meter, Baby Ben and Pocket Ben all owe these ounces to the lessons learned in pioneering this oldest Westclox. Do you wonder that we take off our hats to this old timer? Thirty-four years young and still true to the original policy of good—dependable service at a reasonable price.

So, wherever honest time-keeping is required, wherever economy is a consideration, you have a job for the American alarm.

Westclox on the dial of a timepiece always means Westclox construction inside the case. The ear-aided nine-headered ring will flag you from any display.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario





If you suffer from

## RHEUMATISM

Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Backache, Pains in the Joints and Muscles, relieved promptly by

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Yarmouth, N.S.



## *More Light Than 20 Old Style Oil Lanterns*

THE Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern makes all kinds of outdoor work easier. Lights instantly, burns eight hours on a gallon of gasoline—with it brilliant, pure white radiance of 200 candle power—the finest light you can get for any purpose. Rain-proof, dust-proof. Won't blow out in strongest gales.

**Coleman Quick-Lite**

Made by Canada

Can't spill or explode even if tipped over. Can't burn, because half it never sat hear. Simple. No trim. Needs mantles no wicks. Mantles last 4 to 6 times longer than common lantern mantles. Lights without removing globe. Has no glass chimney to crack. Has no tubular burner to clog. Has no valve to stick. Has no complicated parts to get out of order. Instructions printed on every lantern. Thousands in use. Write for free booklet telling all about the Quick-Lite Lantern. If the lantern is not on sale, we will send it prepaid on receipt of price. Use it 10 days. If not entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be refunded. Three sizes, different styles of lamps and accessories.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Ltd.
Coleman Bldg., Toronto
TORONTO—WINNIPEG



*Remove the Cause of That Tired Feeling*

Restore stomach nerve tablets and relievement of real nervous exhaustion with

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.**

Half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water—sweet—quick relief.


cial politics in 1890 when he was elected member for Montmorency, which seat he has held ever since. He became a cabinet minister in 1897 as Minister of Public Works and Labor, which portfolio he held till 1919, coming into greater political prominence as the framer of Quebec's Workmen's Compensation Act. It is claimed that three names stand out among Quebec politicians as law makers and reformers of standing low. They are those of Sir Hypolite LaFontaine, Sir George Etienne Cartier and Hon. L. A. Taschereau. The latter was principally instrumental in the reorganization of the Province of Quebec. In 1916 he became Attorney General, a portfolio he has since retained with the premiership.

AT PRESENT Premier Taschereau's one ruling passion is to develop ways and means of promoting Quebec Province to a premier position in industrial and agricultural production and to incite his people to ideals of supremacy along these lines.

Has he higher personal aspirations for which the premiership of his native province might prove to be a stepping stone? It is the question that naturally assails one after minding him and discovering how indefatigably he labors in his present high post of honor. At any rate, the genial Laurier once predicted that a Taschereau would hold a high place in the national affairs of Canada that would lend lustre to a Canadian family whose forbears had in different generations distinguished themselves.

Does the premiership of all Canada beckon as a goal that might be attained at some opportune time in the future? During the interview, I casually remarked that he had gained the highest honors his native province could bestow on him—possibly he might have Dominion aspirations later, where-at he smiled a bit whimsically.

"To serve one's country to the best of one's vigor and ability in the position which the present allots one should be the highest of ambitions," he replied.

I am quite prepared to believe he means every word of that, for if there is one characteristic more than another about Premier Taschereau which impresses one it is his sincerity.

## Give Your Own People a Chance

EDWARD N. HURLEY

FOR THE ear of the employee who hopes to find a ready-made job, and the ear of the man who dreams of finding a ready-made job, Mr. Hurley in Colliery has some good advice.

"It," he says "you will run over the list of men who are occupying very important positions in this country, you will not find more than half a dozen altogether who have not gone through the sternest possible course of drilling. And, consequently, you will find that, no matter what the strain, they do not crack. You cannot imagine doing anything to them that somebody has not already tried to do to them.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad promotes exclusively from within its own organization. If a man desires to be prominent, he will have to start as a red man. I think there has been only one case of a man taken from the outside and put into a position in the Pennsylvania Railroad. That is the situation nearly everywhere.

"Where we have fallen down rather completely in man scouting is in this matter. Not wonders can be sought out and put to work without the bother of training. And I have come to think that there is something very wrong with the company that is always handing fat stars outside—and never developing them inside.

"I have before me a dozen well written display advertisements. Some of them were inserted by men asking for jobs—or rather, for positions—and show that there are at large at least a few men with qualities that would let them take up practically any position that the country has to offer. Then there are some advertisements by companies asking for men. They are very significant. Here is one which requires among other things:

"He must be recognized by his organizers as a man who possesses energy and initiative of the highest order.

"He must be a man in every sense of the word. One whose public and private life will bear the closest investigation.'

"Another says:

"The man who is wanted, therefore, is one of more than ordinary vision and capacity—vision to see a great opportunity—the capacity to turn it into actual accomplishment.'

"Still another insists:

"He must be able to assume authority and responsibility with modesty and know how to work with and as one of a thoroughly efficient organization.'

"And so they run.

"Probably they are right in their specifications. Probably they need exactly the sort of men for whom they advertise. The error that they make is in using terrestrial media to carry the advertising. For, although there must be a lot of these perfect people on earth, and ready enough to be hired, I have yet to discover one answering an advertisement, or even occupying a good position in any one of the larger organizations.

"There are no perfect '100 per cent' men. There are no supermen. There are no men who will bring given the word, can 'turn vision into actual accomplishment' or who are 'recognized by their acquaintances as possessing energy and initiative of the highest order,' or who are known to be able, or know themselves that they are able 'to assume authority and responsibility with modesty, or who are masters of anything. Very satisfactory individuals having an amount numbee of these desired qualities, and having them in quite an unusual degree, do hold positions with all of our successful companies but none of them were hired because they were known to possess three qualities. They develop them in actual practice, and in most cases do not know that they have them. And the people around them do not know that they have them.

"The management asking for some kind of superman is really sending out a distress signal. It says, although not in so many words, that it has completely failed and would like to have somebody salvage the wreck. And I think you can take it practically as found that, wherever a management insists upon recruiting solely from experienced people, when it insists that each job has its very plain specifications and that noah man hired must have plain specifications, it is passing up through inability or indifference what ought to be one of its largest activities—that is, the development of men.

"But the important thing is this: We do not have to go far afield to search for the men who are above the average. We are surrounded by such men. And the employer who cannot see that at least some of the people around him are above the average is sure to be below the average himself.

"The wide-awake above the average employer will eventually find the above the average man. In a large company it may take him some time to do so. Then he loses and so does the man. And I have found that it helps wherever good service is rendered, when even a man does something above the average, to write a note to the head of the company or to the manager and tell him that he has a good man working for him.

"That helps the employee and helps the man. It makes business itself—the more first-class men we have in business, the better for all of us.

'Give your own people a chance.'




# Cuticura Talcum

Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.





*For Real Comfort Stop At This Buffalo Hotel*

When you visit Buffalo and Niagara Falls add to your pleasure and comfort by stopping at the Lenox.

Quietly situated yet very convenient to business, theatre and shopping districts and Niagara Falls Boulevard.

Exceptional plan. Fireproof, modern. Exceptional cuisine. Every room an outside room. From $2.50 per day.

C. A. MINER, Managing Director
North Street at Delaware Ave.
HOTEL LENOX
BUFFALO





*Office Hall*

*Off to School—*

Plates all nude, trunks all packed, clothes all marked with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES—no fading things in the laundry, no sinking them up with your own make.

Cash's label are not printed, they are woven to order in fast colors—red, blue, black, navy or fine white tape. Sewed on with a few stitches, they last longer than the garment. Order through your dealer, or write for samples.

3 doz., $1.50 6 doz., $2.50 12 doz., $5.00

J. & J. CASH, Inc.
P.O. Box 930, Brantford, Ontario, Canada.
Imported Makers

Many people were charged last year by not sending the woven names in time for the first day going to school. Order early and be sure of delivery.



**Clear Out Rats in 3 Nights**

"Rough On Rats" kills your premises of all rats and mice in 3 nights. Clears the barn you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the secret. Rats won't eat the bread food that they know killed them. Keeps the barn fresh. Prevents and general stores sell "Rough On Rats" in the good old packages. Send current exterminator. Write for "Rough On Rats" Red Book. Mailed free to you.

E. S. WELLS
Chemist
Jersey City, N.J.

ROUGH ON RATS





For that smart tailored waist—that separate sport skirt—

**Viyella "Clydella"**

*Unshrinkable* Flannels

will give the utmost service and satisfaction. These soft, lovely fabrics come in various weights and in many beautiful shades and stripings.

Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvedge.

On sale at all high class stores.

Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd.
(of England)
42 Front St. W., Toronto, Canada.
40 East 17th St., New York City, U.S.A.





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For Sale by

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
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**STAMMERING**

or stuttering cured at once by the Arnott Institute natural speech. Graduates pupils everywhere. Prospectus and illustrated booklet free.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
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**HOTEL ST. JAMES**

TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY
44 45th St. New York City

An hotel of quiet dignity having the atmosphere and appointments of well conditioned home.

Modernized by owners (including private baths)

RATES ON APPLICATION
Personal Management, W. Johnson Quinn




# The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant



THE beauty of one child's hair depends upon the care it is given. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, the real wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and not thoroughly, when it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clean, pure product entirely prevents, produce cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

It is a treat to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look just

## Follow This Simple Method

FIRST wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that collect on the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using plenty of fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean. It will be soft and silky in the water.



## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in water in which a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar has been added. This makes the hair soft and silky and gives it a beautiful gloss.



When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can and begin by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then comb it a good deal.

Let the beauty of your child's hair depend upon the care it is given. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

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After a Mulsified Shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for a beautiful, well-kept head, make it a rule to get a cent on day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

## Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

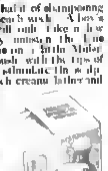
IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it is mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy growth. A scalp full of fine, thick, heavy hair.

Get your boy to the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once a week. After a hair being short, it will only take a few minutes. Then. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, rub in a little Mulsified and rub it up smooth with the tips of the fingers. Then will stimulate the scalp and make it abundant with cream lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly.

It takes only a few seconds to rinse, it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be too long your boy a habit he will appreciate in after life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man or lady might spend for.



WATKINS
**MULSIFIED**
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
FINGERING
YARNS



"BELAIR"
One of Our Smartest
FALL MODELS

This "Belair" Model is only one of our many new and exclusive designs for Fall and Winter. Send stamp for full knitting directions, together with suggestions for other new and attractive articles.

New introductions in Corticelli Fingering Yarns include

Corticelli *"Gossamer"* — a skeleton weight yarn of pure wool.

Corticelli *"Spiffiake"* — a combination of silk and wool

Corticelli *"Silverglow"* — also pure silk and wool—giving the sheen of silk through the wool — a most popular and desirable yarn

Always remember — that there is a size and shade of Corticelli Fingering Yarn for every purpose. That each ball contains full ounce

And that Corticelli Fingering Yarns are for sale by the best stores everywhere throughout Canada

Belding-Corticelli Limited
Montreal — Toronto — Winnipeg — Vancouver




# Soundest Kind of Prevention

*By* ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

IT WAS a little group of nurses who the sight of it. They had seen children who should have been playing cool in the sun, bound down to beds for months on end with a hip or a knee or an arm in a plaster cast. They had seen young men and women suddenly arrested in their quest for careers and happiness, and set apart to a life of inactivity because they had been overtaken by an overwhelming tiredness, and all the symptoms that go with it. They had seen mothers go all to pieces directly after the birth of a child or two—just because a germ, held in abeyance for a while, had broken into open hostilities as soon as it found its prey weakened by other conditions. A sanatorium is splendid for its purpose, thought the nurses, but the ideal of service in such enlightened times as these is preventian rather than cure. This is how the Tuberculosis Preventorium for children had its beginning.

The nurses belonged to a chapter of The Daughters of the Empire, called the Heather Club and when they wanted to provide a fresh air summer home for tuberculer children or children who had been exposed to the disease, they took their case to the late John Ross Robertson, who made them a gift of a house on Toronto Island. Hundreds of children were taken to this Lakeside Home for the summer months, and returned greatly benefited; but as the work grew, it became increasingly evident that a permanent, year-round home was needed, and the Chapter appealed to the President of the Order, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, for suggestions as to how the need might be met. They had no idea, however, that their difficulty would be solved as speedily for Col. Gooderham, in order that they might not be delayed in their work, forthwith bought them a beautiful old property with a good sized residence already built on a beginning. He has since added a playhouse and gymnasium and between private donations and funds raised by various Chapters of Daughters of the Empire, and door sleeping pavilions have been built on, and this year a babies pavilion was opened. It is a noticeable feature that while the most up to date equipment has been provided throughout the house and the housekeeping is a thing which any hospital might be proud of—the home atmosphere and the comfort of the children is not sacrificed to efficiency.



The Preventorium has abundant space for a playground.

The whole south of the house is given to the children's rooms, and the kitchen and grown ups' apartments are pushed back to the north.

Most of the children brought to the Preventorium come from poor homes—but not all. If their people can afford to pay anything toward their maintenance, they do, but usually the Preventorium meets the whole expense. People of means sending their children here pay their board in full, but there are no private rooms, and it is impossible to buy any special attention or privileges. The child salvaged from a hovel is "the ward" receives the same care as the one whose family come to visit him with a limousine and one of four—which system—of course, means that a steady and considerable financial support must come from some where. A number of beds are endowed and maintained by private subscriptions and by Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire, the city gives a grant of seventy cents, and the provincial government of seventy five cents per patient per day. Whatever else is needed has to be made up by whatever schemes the Board can devise.



A corner of the garden and infirmary. The children aren't really working

And what type of cases does the place take in? It is clearly a preventorium—not a sanatorium. A child cannot be admitted if he has any active trouble which might be a danger of infection to other children. In most cases, the children are discovered by the city nurses, who find in their round of visits a family living in one or two rooms with some member, usually the mother, ill with an open case of tuberculosis. There is, of course, every reason to suspect that under such conditions the children may already have been infected. The nurse tries to persuade the parents to let her take the children to the city clinic, and if they are merely run down and under nourished, or not already in the stage of tuberculosis where they would infect other children they may be admitted to the Preventorium for a course of "building-up" treatment. In the meantime the mother is taken to the sanatorium and if she can be cured, an effort is made to get the family moved into more healthful quarters by the time she is ready to come back and take care of the children again. Then there are cases of delicate children who have never been directly exposed to the disease but whose vitality is so low that they are in danger of falling a victim without any special provocation. These do not come only from the tenement sections where they have been starved for food and fresh air and rest. The child of the rich and foolish may suffer just as seriously from over excitement,



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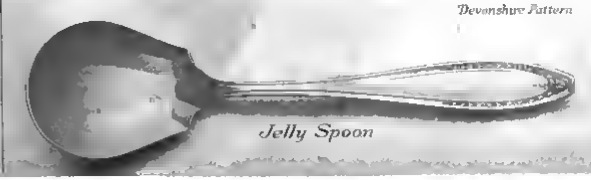
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irregular hours and wrong feeding.

Among the histories recorded in the Preventorium books the following are typical of conditions needing attention and eloquent of the work done:

A—Mother tuberculur, cannot work. House unfinished. Family sleep on banks in the kitchen. Work done by a boy of thirteen, himself a returned Preventorium case."

B—Father mother, three children living in one room. Mother tuberculer open case. Very ignorant, very poor. Three children at the Preventorium.

C—"Mother tuberculur, open case. Father dead tuberculosis. Five children. Eldest a girl eleven years old at time of entrance. The day she and her brothers and sisters were brought to the Preventorium she put her head down on the table and cried and cried. When they succeeded in getting her to tell what she wanted she sobbed: 'Nothing but to go to bed.' It developed that she had stayed up until two o'clock the night before to wash the clothes of all five children, so that they might be presentable and bed got up at four o'clock to iron them. She weighed only eighty-nine and a half pounds when she entered; when she left after five or six months she weighed one hundred and twenty and a quarter pounds."

D.—Ignorant mother. Father dead, tuberculosis. Sister dead, tuberculosis. Girl in a decline, very delicate indeed. On entrance weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds when she left, a few months later she weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and was a strong, rosy, healthy girl. Life was saved."

E.—Father overseas. Mother dies of tuberculosis. Three children at the Preventorium."

After leaving the Preventorium, children are kept under supervision by the Public Health Nurses and it seems advisable they are readmitted, perhaps two or three times. If the health of the child demands more food than the scanty income of the family can provide, it is often supplied by the Heather Club.

AND THE streets shall be filled with children playing, sold on old penny pheey. Evidently this institution has met this precept high among the laws that govern its system. There is no apperent evidence of iron disciplyne. The children have the freedom of the grounds with their fine stretch of grass and trees and cold corners where they rou build playhouses or "make up" whetever game they like. The superintendent does not believe in "supervised play" beyond the point that there is always a nurse present to see that there is no rough play—for in the general ignorance of the treatment of tuberculosis, few people seem to realise that one of the first needs of the patient is rest—and absolute rest from exercise, but a cond ent protection from over tiring. Occasionally one sees a little lad running about with an arm in a sling—telling the gathrtir story that a tubrculur wind has injured his wrist and the arm must be kept in a sling to give it rest. A little girl with a twisted knee and a boy with a crooked limp were among the most active of the group; they had both taken the absolute rest treatment when the trouble was ortivr, thr boy having spent three years in bed.

There is a school room in the institution—but the younger children have lessons only for one hour a day, and thr oldrr ones for ou hour and a half. The first purpose of thr plan is to let nothing interfere with keeping the children rut of doors or much as possiblr. They even sleep in an outdoor pavilion and they luvr it. They have heted dressing rooms right off these dormitories but on thr crispest winter mornings if thr nurses aren't right on hand to brush up the gamr, every last youngester will be playing leap frog across th beds in his pyjamas.

It is a delight, too, to go through thr dining roomr of meal times. Whatever else may be helew per with a child, thure's certainly nothing wrong with his appetite after hr has been here for a week or two. They are fed with an abundance of the best of breed and but fer and milk and eggs and meat and fruit and vegetables. "We put into them all the nourishment we can without making the diet too heavy," said the superintendent. And the children undoubtedly give their whole souled cooperation. The superintendent explained that the keen appetites were due not entirely to the fresh air and play—that the children had no icecream cones between meals and that when they had candy they had it at the end of a meal—so they always came to the table ready to eat the things they needed.

Then there is thr Babies' Pavilion. It was opened only last October, but it is already comfortably filled—since people are coming to understand more generally that a young child exposed to tuberculosis has little chance of escaping. The baby under two, kept with a mother who has an active case of tuberculosis, is not likely to live to run the whole gamut of pulmonary trouble—he is more likely to fall a quicker victim to meningitis. The Preventorium has one baby who came in when he was a week old, his mother had been suffering from the disease for some time, and never rolled after he was born. They say he has a good chance of growing up with good health.

One poor little gamrr came to them at the age of six months, weighing six pounds, and he took bronchial pneumonia after that. Hr has got a firm hold on life again, is taking a live interest in it, and the doctor has hopes that he may be quite up to standard by the time he is two years old. Another child who came in at the age of eighteen months didn't even sit stand, as the nurse explained it "his bones just flopped." He is a little over two years old now, an odorably handsome child, and runs all over.

All the young children are under the care of the best known child specialist in the city, and they are a happy, bright-eyed, colorful lot. Whatever predispositions they may have had to fight, they would not now respond very well as a group with the same number of children gathered from house to house in the best residential section of any Canadian city. Lots of people have wanted to adopt a baby from here, but of course they are not for adoption, except in rare cases. Furthermore, it would be almost more difficult to get one of these children away from the Superintendent, Miss Fisher, than from its own mother. If parents want to take a child back to home conditions that are not what they ought to be, she just naturally fights for it as though it were her own.

There is the case of little Dorothy, for instance. Dorothy is perhaps as winsome and dainty and attractive a little girl as ever reached her eighth month by blizzards. Her mother never found her some months ago (the family were living in one room), but mother had was in front of the stove hers was behind the stove and the father was lifting her baby carriage down to them both as best he could. The mother was sent to the sanitarium and Dorothy was brought to The Preventorium. Now the mother is better and wants the baby back and Miss Fraser doesn't want to let her go until they have better living quarters — Toronto's old housing problem again.

Perhaps thr housing problem is at the root of a lot of the trouble—that and the ignorance of the rank and file of parents concerning common health matters, and conditions that bring periods of too little employment, and the lack of transportation to bring laboring men in to their work from a little house and garden pairh outside the city, and the lack of initiative to leave the crowds and thr picture show and the two-room apartment for a "lonrly" place in the country, even if the transportation were good. There may be some thousand other causes, but thr one thet seems to prevail in the houses of thr poor and the well-to-do alike, is a foolish indulgence on the part of parents which they like to attribute to love of their children when it is really a lack of thr unselfishness to persevere in any degree of firmness for one reason good.




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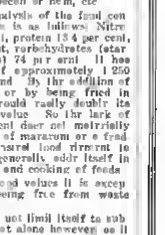
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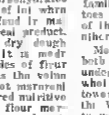
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A mother visiting her little boy after he had been in the Preventorium for a few weeks marvelled at his happiness. "Do you think he frets for me?" she asked the nurse. The nurse assured her that he did not, and the mother became almost tearful. "If I thought he'd forget me" she trembled. "I would not leave him here one day."

Another mother and mother, wealthy people bringing their fourteen year old daughter for a course of treatment told the nurse, in the girl's hearing, how very delicate she was. She was delicate, nervous, worn out, suffering from headaches, a typical product of the fool life of the High School girl who has a party for every evening of thr week. Under the regularity of the new system, twelve hours in bed every night, fresh air all the time, wholesome meals and no ice-cream sodas or candy between, she began to build up a constitution that might still serve her womanhood very happily. But her father kept making requests to break the schedule. "Could she not come home to go to the ball, or to another party?" "Some friends in the country would like to have her out for the week end."

They told him plainly that one trip like this would kill the effects of weeks of their treatment. Finally they sent her home, perfectly well, but with directions to continue the regular programme for some months. A week later the mother called on the Superintendent.

"Frances is so well," she beamed. "We can never tell you how we appreciate what you've done for her."

"I hope she keeps well," said the nurse practirelly. "Does she go to bed early?"

"Well, no," the mother smiled. "You see, she's been away from us so long, she likes to be around with us."

"And does she keep away from crowds and excitement?"

"Well, of course, that's pretty hard," again the mother smiled evidently with mere satisfaction then regret. "She's been away from her young friends so long, and they're having a lot of parties and things for her. Of course she sleeps in the mornings."

Of rourse she would. After all, what ever may be the problems of the poor, the greatest among them is the problem of well-to-do and wealthy classes in more sensible mothers.

# Macaroni, Modernized Food--II

*By* WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

CANADA is by no means poor in its meat supply—equalling almost any country in the world in per capita meat production and consumption. Nevertheless, the average Canadian to-day faces the problem of finding acceptable foods as meat substitutes. This is because we have unbalanced our diet with a ration containing too much protein.

One of the commonest ills that we are subjected to is protein poisoning. This manifests itself in a score of different ways. According to the greatest food experts we should not consume more than two ounces of protein a day, as that is all our system can properly utilize. However, the heavy meat eating people, such as Americans, consume three or four times this quantity of protein every twenty-four hours. Protein when burned in the furnace of our body is reduced to an acid forming and product, leaving in our system a heavy surplus of acid. This works havoc throughout the system producing acidosis, rheumatism and a score of other ills.

Another reason for limiting our consumption of meat is that fresh or by no means the cheapest kind of food.

Canada is very fortunate in having a remarkably large supply of fish, both fresh and salt water, frozen and fresh, pickled and canned.

Because of Canada's wonderful fish resources a special stindy on the value of fish as food is to be issued later in the remarkably Canadian fishrirrs will appear shortly in MACLEAN'S.

Fish of course, is one of the greatest substitutes for meat.

Another is rhrrer and still another is found in our various vegetables.

There is one food, however, that is a direct substitute for meat, and when properly made is a complete and natural food containing not only a balanced ration of protein, rarbohydrates and minrrol salts, but also of fat when properly prepared. This food is macaroni a manufactured cereal product.

Briefly, macaroni is a dry dough made from wheat flour. It is made from several different grades of flour and upon the flour depends the value of the food. A whole wheat macaroni would contain all the required nutritive elements whereas a white flour macaroni would be very similar to bread. Macaroni is favored as a substitute for meat not only because it is well supplied with thr "body building" and "fat furnishing" qualities as well as the mineral salts, but also because it so readily lends itself to savory combination with other foods.

MACARONI may be served creamed to add a sufficient amount of fat to balance a ration, it may be served with tomatoes to furnish mineral salts and vitamines it may be served with cheese to add protein.

When macaroni is mentioned we mean macaroni and its cousins: spaghetti, vermicelli etc., all of which are made of the same materials and differ in form only. Noodles also belong to this classification, though they may contain egg and milk as well as thr wheat flour and water and sugar of the macaroni.

The flour from which macaroni is made is usually ground from hard wheat—durum wheat. It is also known as macaroni wheat.

Macaroni is low only in its fat content, and is therefore often blended with other foods rich in fat—such as creamed macaroni, buttered macaroni, macaroni with bacon or ham, etc.

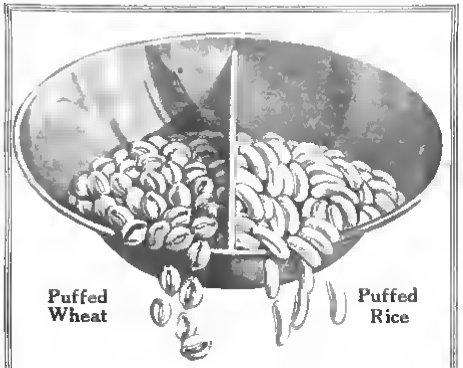
The actual analysis of the final content of macaroni is as follows: Nitrogen 2.43 per cent, protein 13.4 per cent, fats 0.9 per cent, carbohydrates (starches and sugars) 74 per cent. It has a final value of approximately 1,250 calories per pound. By the addition of fats—of cream, of butter, of olive oil in this macaroni could really double its calorir or fuel value. So thr lack of a high fel content does not materially lessen the value of macarom or a food as fat is lacking and the presence of the remarkable Canadian fishrirrs will appear shortly in MACLEAN'S.

In all other food values it is exceptionally high, being free from waste of any kind.

Macaroni does not limit itself to substituting for meat alone however as it can be used in place of potatoes, rice and other foods high in carbohydrate content. As a matter of fact some families are largely supplanting potatoes and rice with macaroni because of the ease with which it blends with other vegetables.

Macaroni offers an interesting story both in its history and development under modern science. The story of what our neighbors in the States did toward making macarom a product of the Western hemisphere is interesting to us as our own food manufacturers have followed their lead and are making real food a Canadian product.

Until a few years ago Italy was the one great macaroni manufacturing country. In Italians thr use of macaroni eating people. Yet it was known to the ancients both China and


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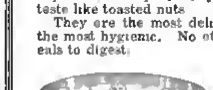
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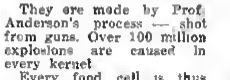
Every food cell is thus blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.



Float in every bowl of milk

**Premier delights**

Puffed Wheat in milk, at any hour, forms the utmost in a food. Puffed Rice with cream and sugar is a morning food confection.



Mix with your berries

Scatter on ice cream to give a nutty flavor. Use as toasted wafers in your soups. Mix with your berries to give the blend that crust gives to a shortcake.

Use them to make whole grains tempting so that children will get whole-grain food enough.

## Puffed Wheat

**Wheat grains exploded**

**Douse with butter**

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter. Let hungry children eat like peanuts when at play. Or serve at breakfast in this way with or without the cream.

## Puffed Rice

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### Finding a Market Here.

FOR THE last two hundred years, Italy has been recognized as the home of this elongated food. Her people depended largely upon it for their food yet manufactured enough to export millions of dollars worth a year. In 1914 for example, they sent to the United States alone five and a half million dollars' worth, or more than a hundred and twenty million pounds, and to Canada in proportion to population.

The thousands of Italians in Canada and the U.S. insisted upon having their macaroni and spaghetti, and merchants imported it solely for their consumption. But soon Canadians sampled it, found it good and created a Canadian market for this food.

Then started one of the most remarkable growths experienced in any food industry. Doubling, and even trebling its yearly macaroni consumption Canada and the United States soon became so great a market for this food that manufacturers were tempted into the field of macaroni making.

But they did not develop this new industry without encountering difficulties. For one thing, they experienced great trouble in curing their product—receiving faint encouragement from the Italians who had no intention of our rendering their monopoly and refused to part with the secrets of curing the strings of dough that were to become macaroni at once. The manufacturers, however, persisted with their experiments. How many thousands of dollars worth of "green" macaroni dough molded and mildewed no one cares to venture, but suffice to say the losses were heavy until the laboratory expert was called in. His job was to create an atmosphere in which "green" macaroni would dry or cure without molding.

By scientific calculations and experiments our drivers and "curers" were finally perfected which permitted manufacturers on this continent not only to equal the natural drying conditions under which the Italian macaroni was made, but to make their results far more certain than were those of the Europeans.

As soon as this great obstacle was overcome the industry of making macaroni in Canada and the U.S. flourished overnight. Not only were dry ing methods improved and capacities greatly enlarged, but automatic machines were invented to save for every process of macaroni making.

And here an interesting fact may be noted. Canada's per capita consumption of macaroni is equal to that of the States and we are not only importing large quantities of this food from the United States but are also making it ourselves. It is but natural that we should—as the dietary value of Canada is equal to none in the world.

The rapid growth of the macaroni industry in the Dominion is due to two things: we are rapidly learning the true value of this wonderful food and the scientific sanitary, automatic methods of manufacture have assured us of a clean, wholesome, standardized food. So much for the product—now as to its utilization.

### How to Use It Best

MACARONI, like rice, is usually utilized as the body or combination of two or more foods, its own delicate flavor blending perfectly with that of the food with which it is combined. Hence macaroni with tomatoes, macaroni with cheese, macaroni with butter, macaroni with salmon, macaroni fish croquettes, macaroni with bacon, macaroni with butter or cream, spiced macaroni, macaroni with salad dressing, macaroni with soup stocks, meats and meat extracts and curried macaroni.

Macaroni may be prepared in a half hundred different ways, developing as many different flavors and always retaining its own high food value.

An analysis shows macaroni to be exceptionally rich in carbohydrates, or "body fuel." In order to obtain the full value from macaroni we must remember that practically all cereals are high in this same nutritive element and therefore should not serve macaroni with bread, wheat in any form, corn in any form, rice or any cereal food. Potatoes are also rich in this same element so are likewise peas, turnips, beets, beans and other vegetables of like character.

### RECIPES

**Macaroni—Egg Bake**

Cut one cup of cooked, drained macaroni or spaghetti into fine pieces. Make sauce of two tablespoons butter, melted, with which mix tablespoon flour and one cup of milk. Cook until thick and take from fire. Add yolks of three eggs beaten light.

Pour mixture into dish with macaroni or spaghetti and season. Mix thoroughly. Fold in whites of three eggs, beaten stiff. Bake to buttered baking dish for twenty five minutes. Serve hot.

**Macaroni Rarebit.**

Two cups of boiled drained macaroni cut to two-inch lengths; put in chafing dish. Add cup of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls butter, half tablespoonful salt, half tablespoonful mustard, dash of red pepper. When boiling add three well beaten eggs and half cupful cream or milk. Serve hot.

**Macaroni in Tomato Jelly**

Crush and strain one can of tomatoes into saucepan. Add one teaspoon of salt, one dash of cayenne, one slice of onion and a few celery leaves. Bring to boiling point and add half box gelatine soaked in half cup cold water. Mix and add half lemon. Strain into mold and add cooked and strained macaroni. Mix well and let set. Serve cold.

**Spaghetti Croquettes.**

Cut boiled, drained spaghetti very fine. Season. Prepare batter of melted butter and two eggs beaten enough to blend yolks and whites. Moisten cracker or bread crumbs in batter. Form spaghetti into balls and dip into batter and then roll in crumbs.

Drop into deep fry fat for two minutes.

**Fruit Macaroni.**

Cooked and strained macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli or noodles may be fried in bacon or ham fat to produce a rich flavoring and add a high percentage of fat or fuel food value. Drippings from roasts, soup stock, meat extracts etc. may also be blended in each frying with the addition of a little lard or vegetable fat or oil.

**Macaroni and Minced Ham.**

Put half cup cooked ham cut into small dice in pan with half cup of water, one tablespoon butter, quarter cup chopped celery with leaves. Bring to boil. Add one cup drained, cooked macaroni, cut into two-inch lengths. Mix well.

Spread with cracker or bread crumbs soaked in melted butter. Put into oven and brown. Serve hot.

**Watch the Boiling**

THE first process in the preparing of macaroni is the boiling. No matter what the final dish is to be, this food is always boiled first. It should never be put in cold water, but always dropped into boiling salted water and allowed to cook twenty minutes, being stirred frequently to prevent it sticking to the bottom of the pan.

After it is cooked, drain and blanch in cold water for five or ten minutes. Drain again and it is ready for flavoring, or ready to be served with other foods. In a following issue we will furnish a chart of all foods, showing their nutritive content, together with their caloric value. With this available it will be a simple matter for the readers of MACLEAN'S to balance their rations by studying the composition of the various foods. The chart will show just what foods are similar in quality to macaroni and serve as a barometer in the preparing of meals in which this food is used.




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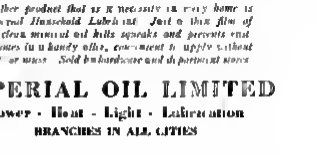
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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



Particular.—"I understand our new neighbors are strict vegetarians."

Strict? I should say they are. They won't even let their children eat animal crackers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Family Likeness.—"Wot you doin' chile?'

"Nothin' mammy."

"My, but you is gittin' like you father."—Boston Transcript.

For Bachelors Only.—It is a safe guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn't married.—Boston Transcript.

Neat.—She—See that girl at the third table. Don't you think she's awfully young to wear such a décolleté gown?

He—Well she certainly is a stripling.—Boston Transcript.

His Property.—Suspicious Neighbor—Hello, Smith what are you burying?

Smith—Seeds.

Suspicious Neighbor — Seeds? It looks like one of my hens.

Smith—It is—but my seeds are inside.—London Daily Mail.

Careless of Him.—Mother — "Poor Jimmy is on unfortunate."

Caller—"How's that?"

Mother—"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."—Tar Baby.

Too Curious.—Tillie Clinger says the reason she didn't last long as salesgirl at the jewelry counter was because when a man came in and said he wanted something nice for his baby she asked him if his baby was a boy, a girl or a chicken. Dallas News.

The Inevitable.—The man who runs the elevator of the sky-scraper was talking to a passenger.

"The Judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right, but what the ten days were for I like to know."

"That was the war tax," said a quiet citizen who got aboard at the tenth floor.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Nothing New.—"You look like an idiot," thundered the disgusted man to his swell son, just returned from college. "You grow more and more like a conceited bare brained helpless idiot." Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Charlie back, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "You're looking more and more like your father every year."

"Yes, said Charlie, that's just what the governor's been telling me."—Judge.

Bath in Doubt.—At a dinner on one occasion a professor thought he would ask a colored cloakroom attendant a few questions about his memory.

As the attendant handed him his hat he said: "How do you know this one is mine?"

"I don't know that, sah," was the answer.

"Then why do you give it to me?" queried the professor.

"'Cause you gave it to me, sah."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.








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